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The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Henry Armstrong, the Joe Walcott of the present era, will attempt to annex his third world title when he fights Lew Ambers at the Polo of New York on August 10. If he beats Ambers, Henry will accomplish the greatest feat in the history of boxing.

As customary, The Ring will carry numerous ringside scenes of this important engagement with stories of the battle written by our staff of experts. Follow the fight in the October Ring.

Max Baer is back in the fistic spotlight. He'll be the next opponent of Joe Louis. The eyes of the fight world are focused on Max. Read Hype Igoe's story of the California Swashbuckler. You'll find interesting material never before published.

Sharing the interest in the heavyweight ranks is Tony Galento. The Jersey champion continues a factor in heavyweight competition. Tony is not the first fat boy to win fistic fame. Let George T. Pardy, one of America's leading authorities, recall to you the deeds of others.

And you'll also find in this issue stories by Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Bob Edgren, Meyer Ackerman, Bill Doherty and Eddie Borden.

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MAX FOULED? BUNK!

By NAT FLEISCHER

RING history was made on June 22 at the Yankee Stadium when Joe Louis retained his world heavyweight championship in his return engagement with Max Schmeling. History was made in more than one way.

The Brown Bomber knocked out his German challenger in 2.04 of the first round, a record performance for a heavyweight titular fight. He handed Schmeling the worst beating ever administered to a challenger in so short a time. He collected the largest sum per second of fighting a champion ever received—$2832; his total share of the gate being $349,288.40.

He set a mark for viciousness not excelled even by Jack Dempsey in his most thrilling battle, that with Luis Firpo. And to top it all, he regained the prestige he had lost when Max knocked him out in the twelfth round of their previous meeting, the only setback suffered by the champion in his professional career.

Louis not only proved his absolute right to world supremacy among fighters, but also to the title of Bomber. If ever an "executioner" appeared in the roped square with gloves as the weapon, such a man was Louis on that eventful night. He was a Fighting Fury who obtained sweet revenge for the many insults the Bomber had suffered at the hands of those who gloated over his knockout two years ago.

By turning the tables on Schmeling with such swiftness, the Brown Bomber added Herr Max to the list of former world title-holders who have been mowed down by the Negro's fists, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, James J. Braddock having preceded the German in hitting the canvas where they remained either to be counted out or saved from further punishment by the referee.

The record of the champion is unique not only in that respect but also from the point of view of activity and knockouts scored over the leading figures in the heavyweight rank. No other champion since Corbett won the title from Sullivan, defended his crown so often as has Louis. His triumph over Schmeling was his fourth over challengers since he won the crown from Braddock — Farr, Mann, and Thomas being disposed of before Schmeling met his Waterloo. Match that record if you can!

* * *

THE lethal wallops delivered to Schmeling by Louis astounded a throng of 70,000 who had paid $940,096.17 to see what was generally expected to be a thrilling contest, and what proved to be just that. The fists of the Bomber crushed his former conqueror in a manner that left absolutely no doubt about the superiority of Louis over Schmeling. It wasn't a matter of luck. It wasn't any injury suffered by the challenger that brought about his downfall. Nor was it a foul punch that caused his rout. Make no mistake about that.

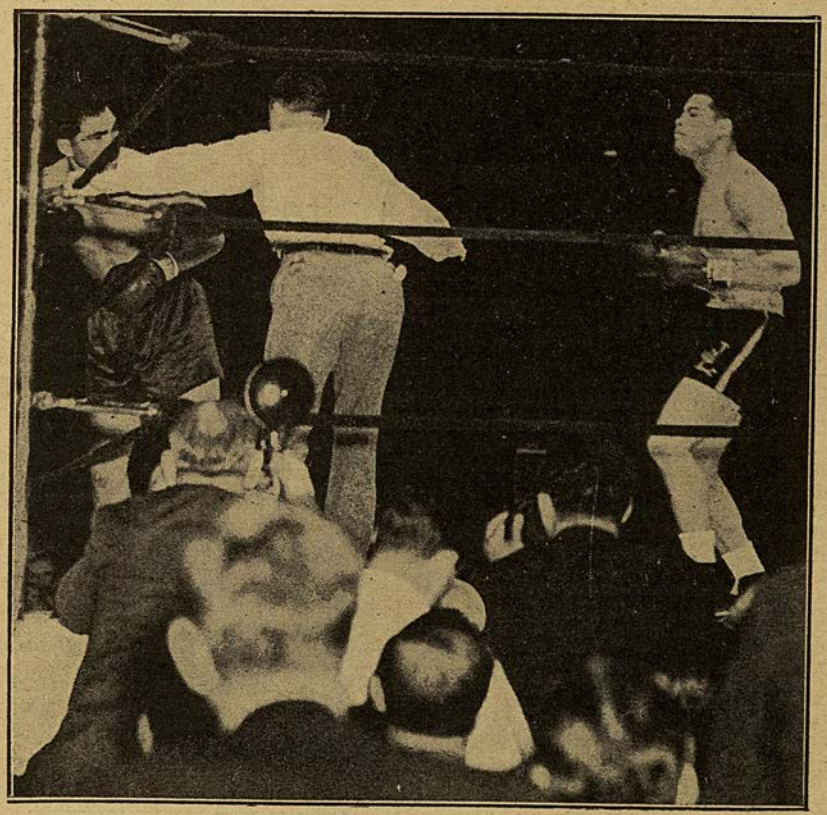
Two elements entered into the discussion: The dynamite punches of Joe Louis, and fear on the part of the challenger. I open myself to severe criticism from Schmeling's army of admirers when I bring in the element of fear, yet I stand by that. I noticed it at the weighing-in ceremonies and commented upon it on the air immediately following and I again noticed it as he sat in his corner awaiting the gong where his usual grin and greetings were absolutely missing.

If you have any doubts that he and not Louis, as had been expected, went into the mill afraid of what was about to happen, then take one good look at the motion picture after the third punch, a left hook to his jaw, almost upset him. It was Schmeling's boast at his training camp to me and others that he would prove Joe's gun-shyness in their second meeting, but the reverse was on exhibition.

Instead the 70,000 fight fans saw a gun-shy Schmeling. He was flabbergasted by the powerful and swift attack of the defending title holder. He lost all sense of fighting once Joe's battering-ram fists got into action and Max failed to put up the semblance of a fight against the assault.

In the two minutes and four seconds that the "contest" lasted, there were actually only four seconds of inactivity. It took Joe just that time to get started with two powerful left hooks and thereafter, with the exception of the time taken out for the knockdowns, Louis' fists kept up a heavy bombardment that had the challenger at Joe's mercy.

* * *

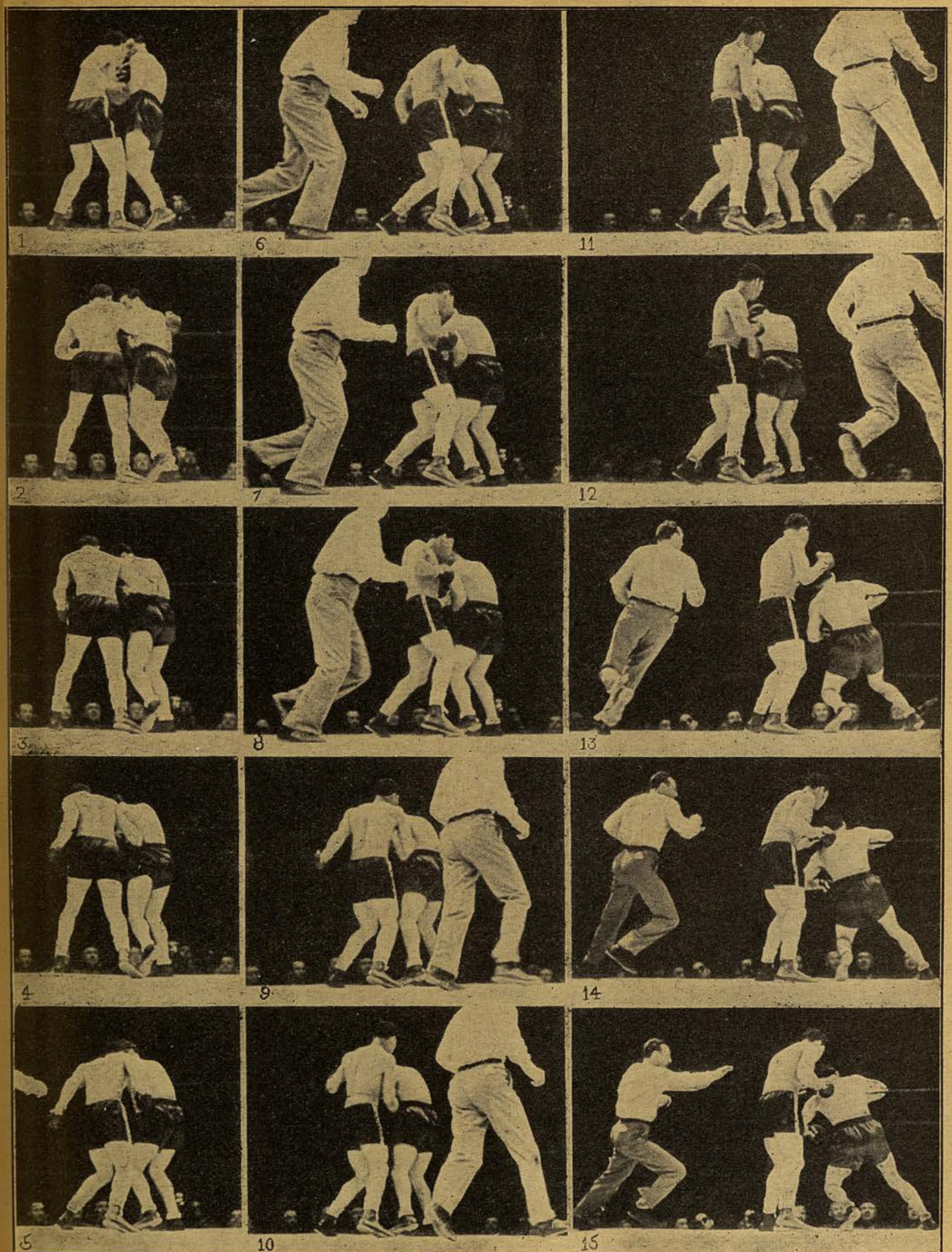


Referee Donovan sends Louis to a neutral corner while Schmeling rests helplessly against the ropes. This is where the official began to count for what legally constitutes the first of four knockdowns.

THE accusation made after the fight by Schmeling and Max Machon, his chief advisor, that Louis had fouled the German with kidney punches, doesn't hold water. In the first place, as the pictures show, Joe landed only three times anywhere near the kidneys—on the short ribs! His most damaging punches were to the jaw. There was an avalanche, a total of 41 blows, of which several missed, a few just glanced off the body and thirty-one, according to my count, landed solidly. Fourteen crashed against the chin in the first minute and had Schmeling's head bobbing back and forth like a pendulum.

Those were the punches that knocked Max senseless, not the kidney blow which came later. They were the effective blows that were instrumental in paralyzing Schmeling's body and benumbing his

MAGIC EYE SEES KIDNEY PUNCH



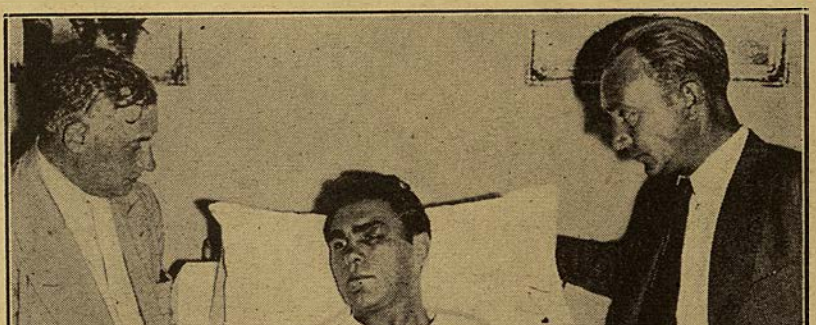
Here is the magic eye story of the punch that brought on an international controversy. In left column, from 1 to 4, you see Louis crashing his right to kidneys as Schmeling squirms under face attack and twists his body. From 5 to 8, inclusive, Louis sends devastating left to heart. Then comes a bombardment of lefts and rights and down goes Schmeling. This entire sequence took the magic eye less than a second to shoot, which gives you an idea of how many punches Joe landed in the fight.

brain. It was the right cross to the chin that brought on the first knockdown that injured Max's spine and not any kidney punch. The twisted back was the result of the peculiar, awkward tumble he took as he fell to the canvas for the first time. He fell on his left shoulder and rolled over twice before coming to a rest with his feet high in the air. He was as good as out then. Many football players have suffered similar injuries when tossed to the ground.

* * *

HERR MAX has been in the game fourteen years—long enough to know when a kidney punch is a foul. The kidney punch is a minor foul in New York which, if repeated, costs the fighter who delivers it, the round. It is described as a punch that is delivered over the region of the kidneys while the fighters are in a clinch. The rule says that it must be delivered deliberately — that is, when holding an opponent and pounding away. But when the punch is delivered while the fighter is standing clear of his opponent, as it was in this fight, then it is a fair blow the same as would be one to the jaw.

Schmeling knows and so do the thousands who saw the fight and the millions who have seen the pictures, that the one solid wallop Louis landed to the kidney was aimed for the body but struck the region of the short ribs when Schmeling, to avoid the wallop, twisted his body and took the blow on the side instead of in the stomach. To take away from Louis any of the glory to which his great victory entitled him, was a most unfair piece of poor sportsmanship. Schmeling hit Harry Thomas seven times to the short ribs, yet no foul was claimed, nor any apology made by Herr Max.



Schmeling, eye still closed, sits up in hospital cot amidst a scene of gloom. Joe Jacobs, his American manager, and Max Machon, his trainer, try to console him.

* * *

THE champion fought the type of battle he had promised those who, like myself, had continued to support him despite his knockout at the hands of Schmeling. He vindicated us in the most effective manner possible. He now stands so high above the rest of the heavyweights that even his severest critics, Jack Dempsey and Jack Johnson, neither of whom could see Joe as a good fighter, and picked Schmeling to score a quick knockout, concede that Joe's performance against Schmeling was as great a piece of fighting as they ever had seen.

The Schmeling-Louis fight reminded me of the famous battle between Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns at Sydney, Australia, except for the fact that at Sydney the Galveston challenger maltreated his opponent for fourteen rounds, while at the Yankee Stadium Louis was more merciful. He decided to put Schmeling out of his misery in a hurry and he succeeded in turning the trick in record time.

On the occasion of the Johnson-Burns battle, Jack London, famous novelist, who was reporting the fight for the New York *Herald*, wrote:

"The fight! There was no fight! No American massacre could compare to the hopeless slaughter that took place in the Stadium. It was a fight, if we might call it such, between a pigmy and a colossus. Johnson was the undertaker, grave digger and sexton, all in one."

And so it was with Schmeling. There really was no fight. It was a one-sided affair in which the challenger didn't hurl more than four punches at his opponent, only two of which seemed to reach the mark, but did no damage.

* * *

THE methodical German puncher, whose right-hand crosses in the past have landed with devastating effect, stood before the champion like a helpless, raw novice. It was a different Louis he was facing at the Stadium—not the Negro boy whom he had slaughtered two years ago. Three times the challenger was dropped to the canvas with rights and once Referee Donovan started to count over the German as he held on to the ropes, though Donovan denies it.

The pictures distinctly show Arthur ordering Louis to a neutral corner and also show Donovan raising his hand for the first count when Schmeling let go the ropes and resumed a fighting position. Commissioner Bill Brown supports my contention that Donovan started the count and therefore officially Schmeling was down four times. Louis likewise agrees on that point. I mention this, just for the record.

With the right hand that Schmeling held in contempt, Louis did all of his heavy scoring. Each time that Max was downed, it was the right that caused it. But that right was helped considerably by the left, which seemed to work in unison. For eleven seconds just before the final knockdown, the champion cut loose with a barrage of lefts and rights, every one of which except one, a total of nine, reached the mark with the accuracy of a sharpshooter.

Louis just knocked Schmeling silly. The champ took command at the very start and never let up in his attack until Referee Donovan called a halt. Joe was a cruel fighter that night. To me he was a reminder of the Manassa Mauler at his best.

Had not Donovan interceded at the count of eight, Schmeling might have been battered into a shapeless mass and a fatality might even have been recorded. Even Max Machon, faithful trainer of the challenger, realized how badly his man was whipped and tossed in the towel but his action was not recognized by the ring official.

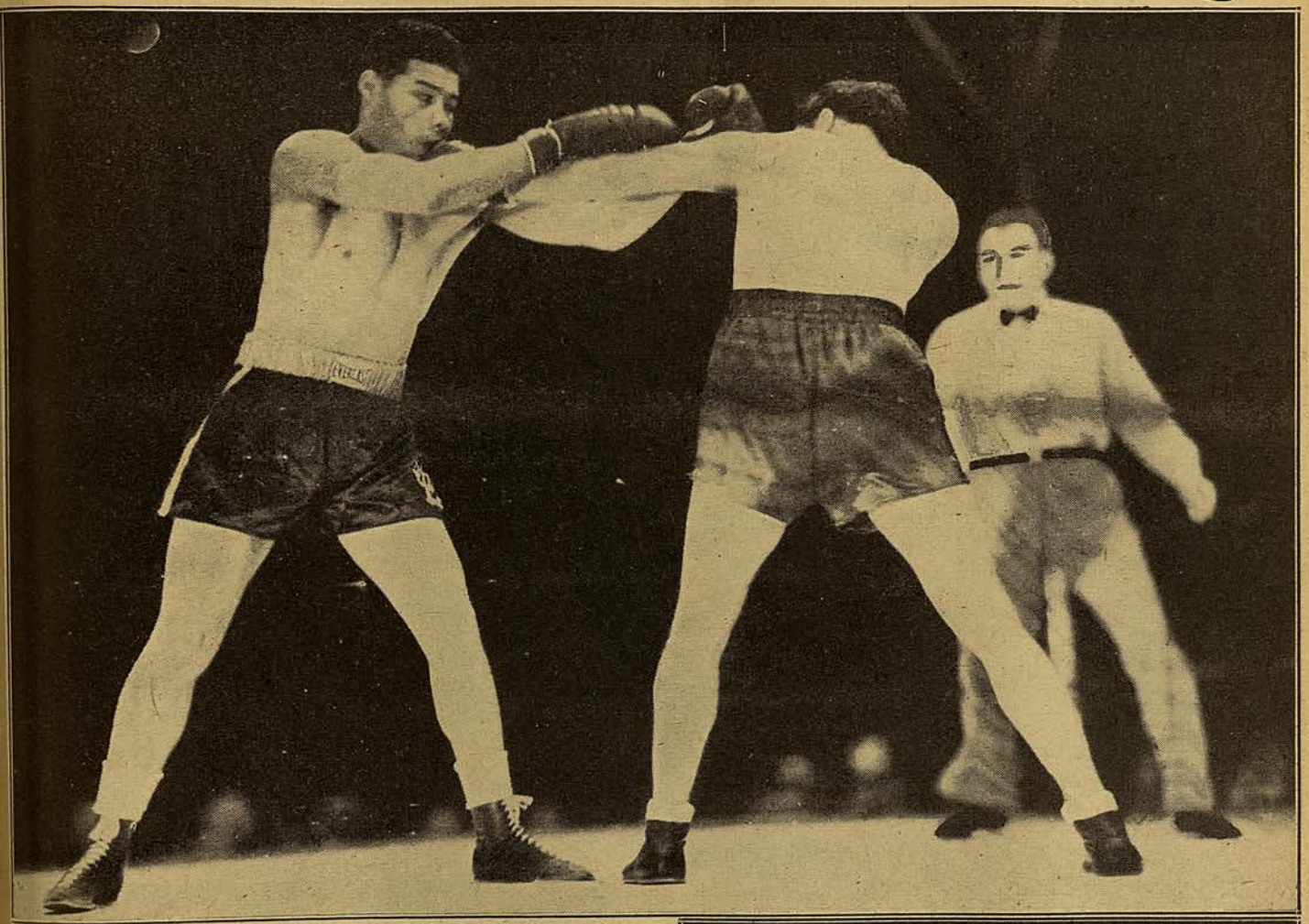
Joe, while waiting in his corner for the bell to send him against his opponent, was rarin' to go. He was like a thoroughbred, waiting to be unleashed. He never before had displayed that nervousness—a fine sign. And when he punched the fist of one glove into the palm of the other, his supporters felt cocksure that Joe would do as he had promised—come out fighting.

That's exactly what he did!

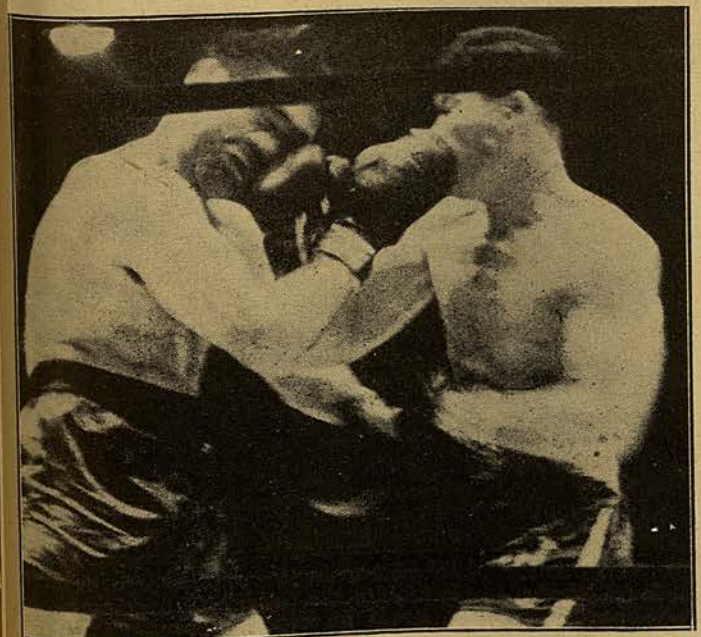
Feinting for just four seconds to get his bearing, he started his attack with two snappy left hooks that sent Schmeling's head back. Then followed a series of rights and lefts that soon had Max bewildered. He kept backing up toward the ropes, covering as best he could to avoid the punishment that was being rained on him, but without success.

Louis started the downfall of the Uhlan with five clouting hooks, then shot across a powerful right to the chin and Max's legs began to wobble. As Max saw himself dropping to the canvas, he grasped the upper strand and held on to the ropes for dear life. He had his arm locked about the upper strand and his body faced sidewise. His eyes kept blinking and his face, ashen-white, was drawn in pain. *(Continued on page 31)*

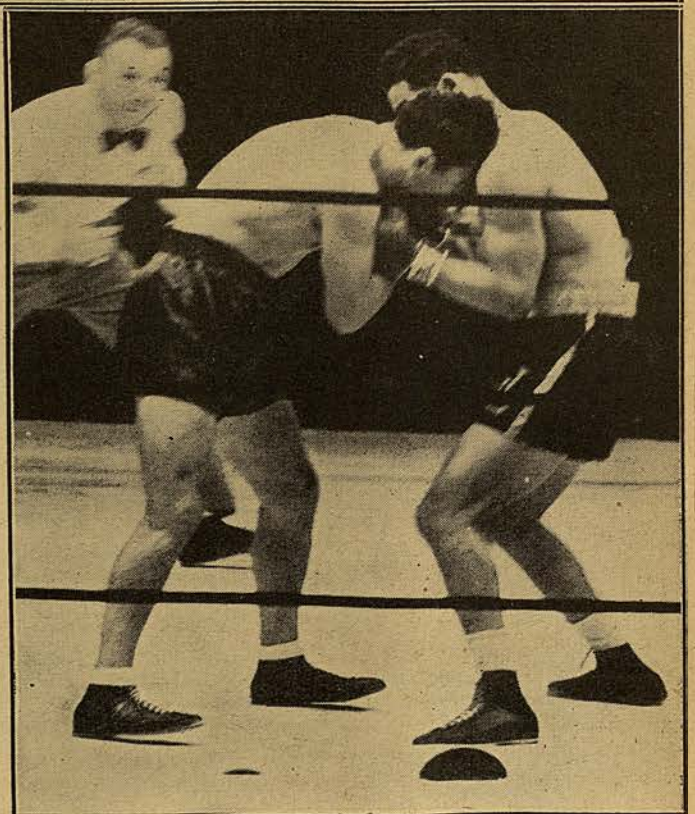
When Max Sees "Something"



Louis receives a straight left to the mouth. It was the first perfect punch that Schmeling delivered.

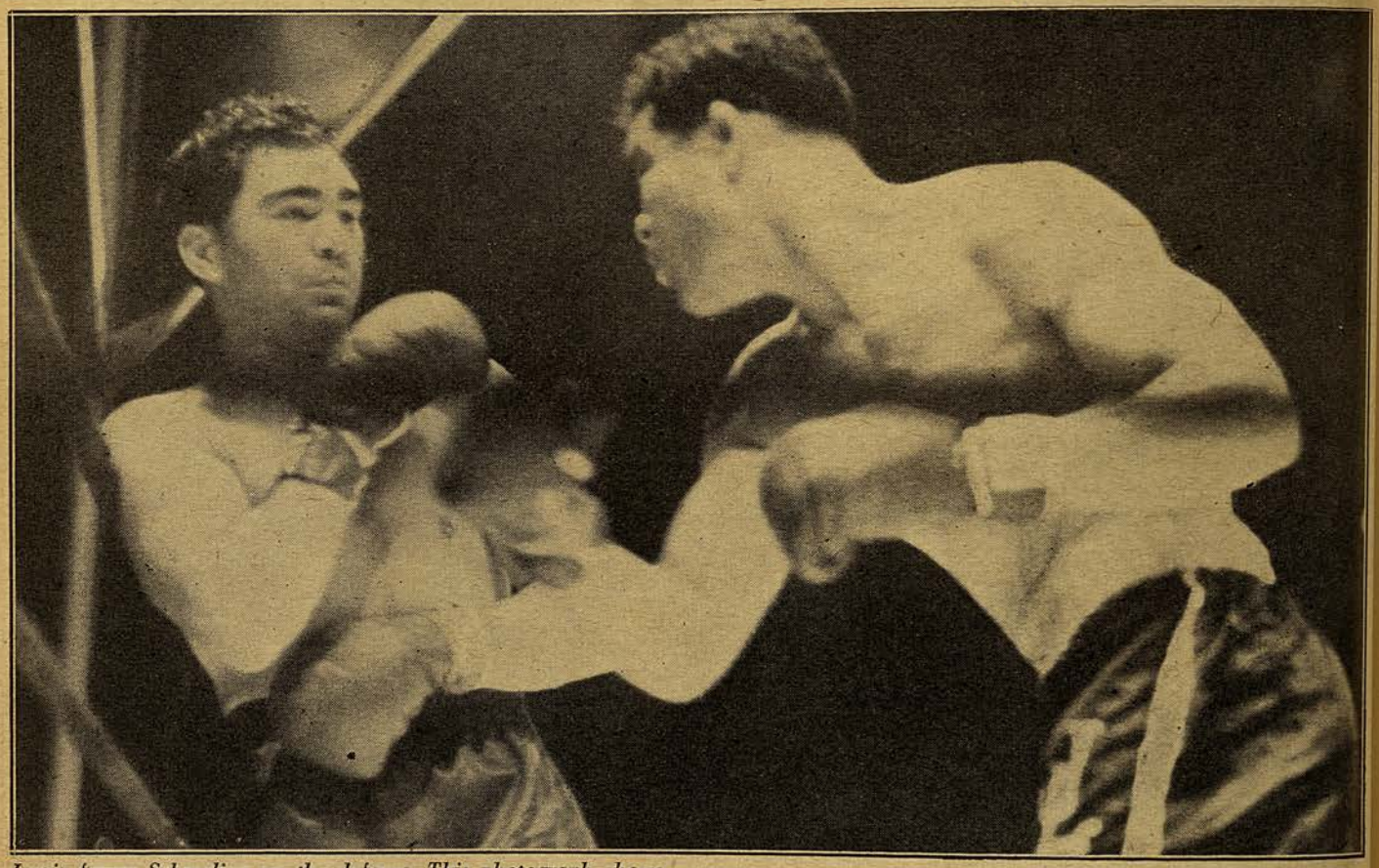


Schmeling landed less than half a dozen blows, two of which reached the face of Louis. Here is one time that Max connected. It was a right to the jaw but did no damage. The champion, in turn, crashed his right with force against Schmeling's right eye and puffed it. Note the look of agony on Schmeling's face as the bull's eye was hit.

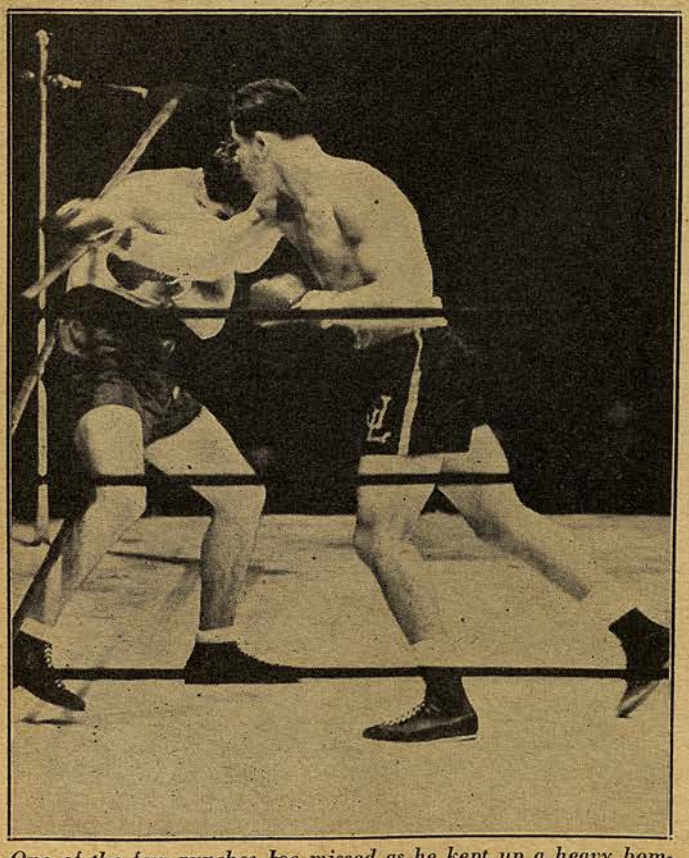


With the damage done, Louis forced the milling and by degrees got Max to the ropes where he was forced on the defense. Here we see Joe pumping rights and lefts to the chin and body while Max tries to cover up.

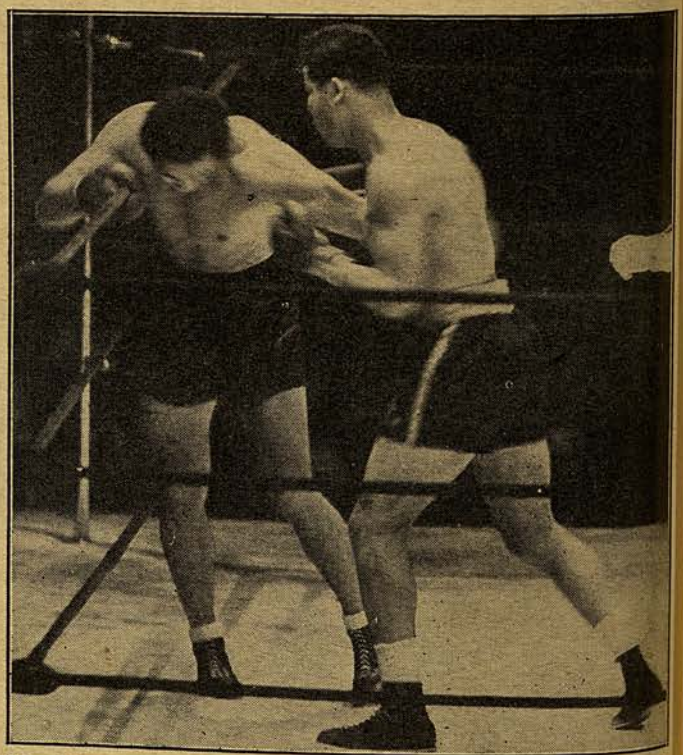
START of WHIRLWIND ATTACK



Louis forces Schmeling on the defense. This photograph shows the fear on Max's face as he realizes that the champion meant business when he said he would rush the German off his feet.

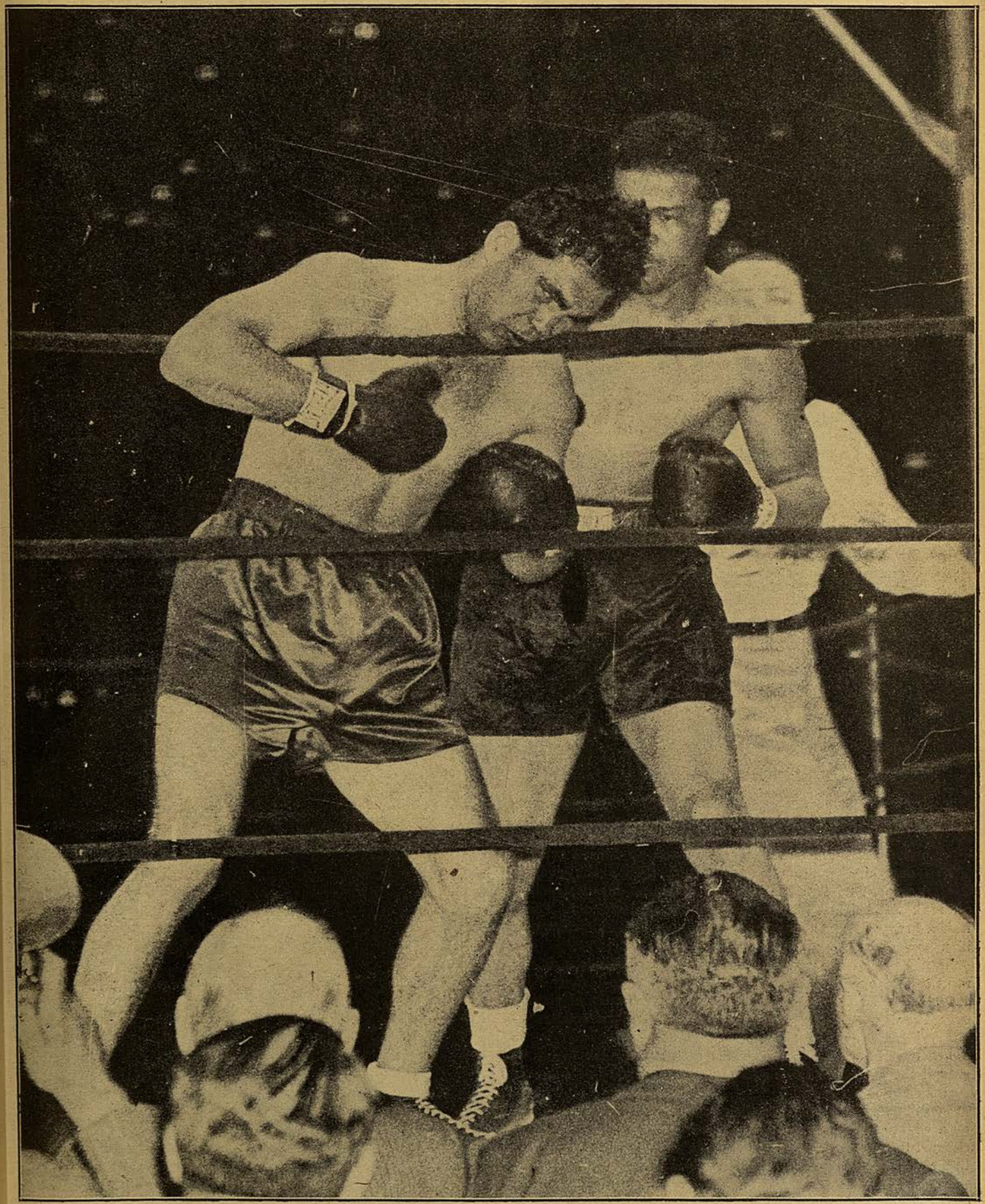


One of the few punches Joe missed as he kept up a heavy bombardment of lefts and rights in the first minute of fighting.



The blow that started Schmeling on the road to ruin. It was a powerful left that caught Max in the lower ribs and caused him to whimper. His "ouch" could be heard distinctly around the ringside. This punch followed a smashing right under the heart and rights and lefts that rocked Schmeling's head. He was against the ropes and Louis, unable to get another shot to the jaw as Max cowered there, drove home a crashing right that landed on the German's side as he turned half-way around to avoid the wallop. It was that fair punch that Schmeling later protested.

HANGING ON!

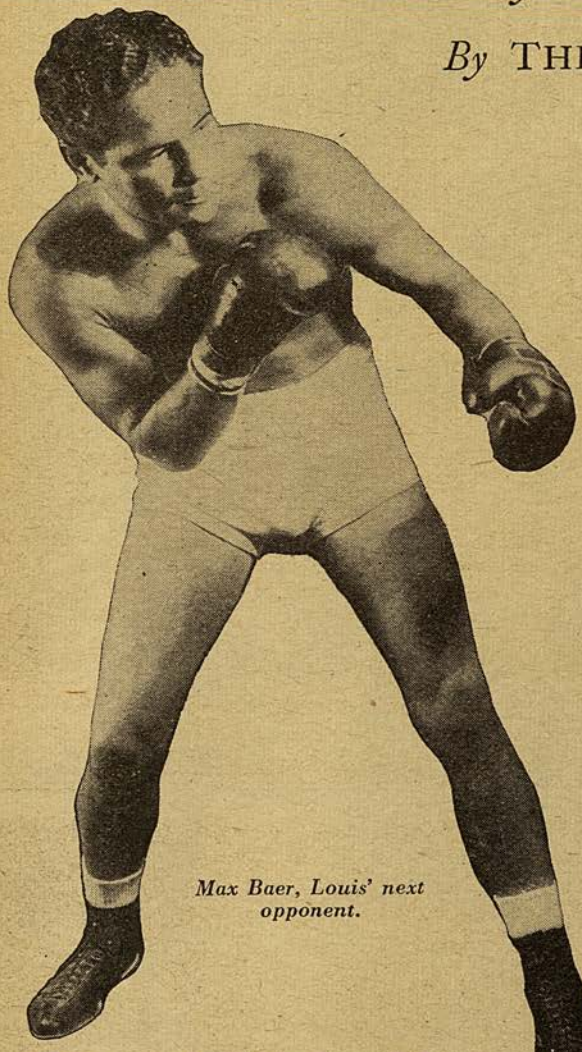


Remember the first Louis-Schmeling fight? Recall how the Brown Bomber, resting on his knees, had his chin against the lower strand and was hanging on to the ropes with both hands? Well, here is a duplicate of that scene except that the Black Uhlan, who takes the place of Jolting Joe, is not on his knees. Arthur Donovan, seen in the background, rushes to Max's aid by ordering Louis to a neutral corner. This action and the lowering of Donovan's hand to start the count, makes this the first knockdown of the fight even though Schmeling is in an upright position.

JOE STANDS SUPREME

White Hope Search Is On While Louis Dominates Heavyweight Ranks of the World

By THE RING EDITOR



Max Baer, Louis' next opponent.

JOE LOUIS stands alone among the heavyweights of the world. He is the superman of the roped square—at least so far as present day heavyweights are concerned. That's the general opinion of fight critics who witnessed his destruction of Max Schmeling. Joe's position is an enviable one. There isn't a heavyweight in the world who is worthy of challenging him.

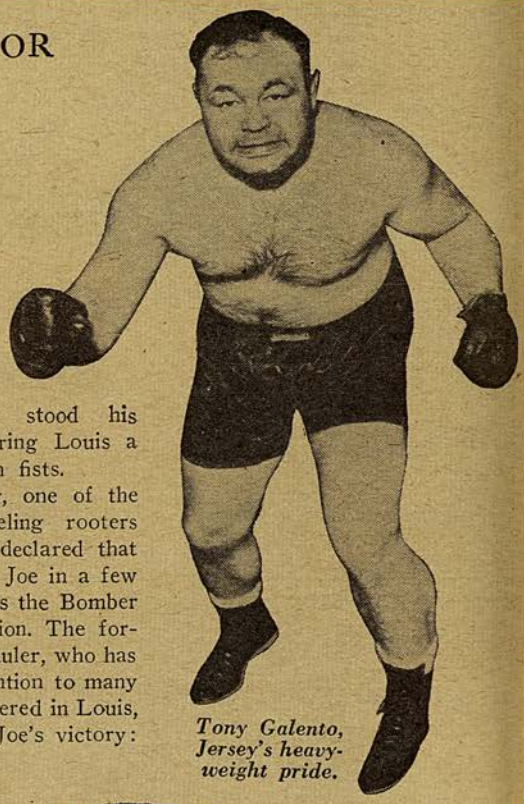
Max Baer, of the few who are rated as challengers, is the most logical opponent for Louis' next battle, with Tommy Farr and Gunnar Barlund a close second. Baer's sensational victory over Farr entitles him to first chance. Of the "contenders"—Baer, Farr, Barlund, Galento and Pastor—Max, carrying a punch sporific, has a better chance than any of the others to extend the champion if he can put up a duplicate of his performance against Farr.

Louis' triumph over Schmeling has started the fight world on a whirl of discussion. Who is there who can give the ebony-skinned title-holder a good fight? How good is Louis compared to the champions of the past? Has the Bomber reached his peak?

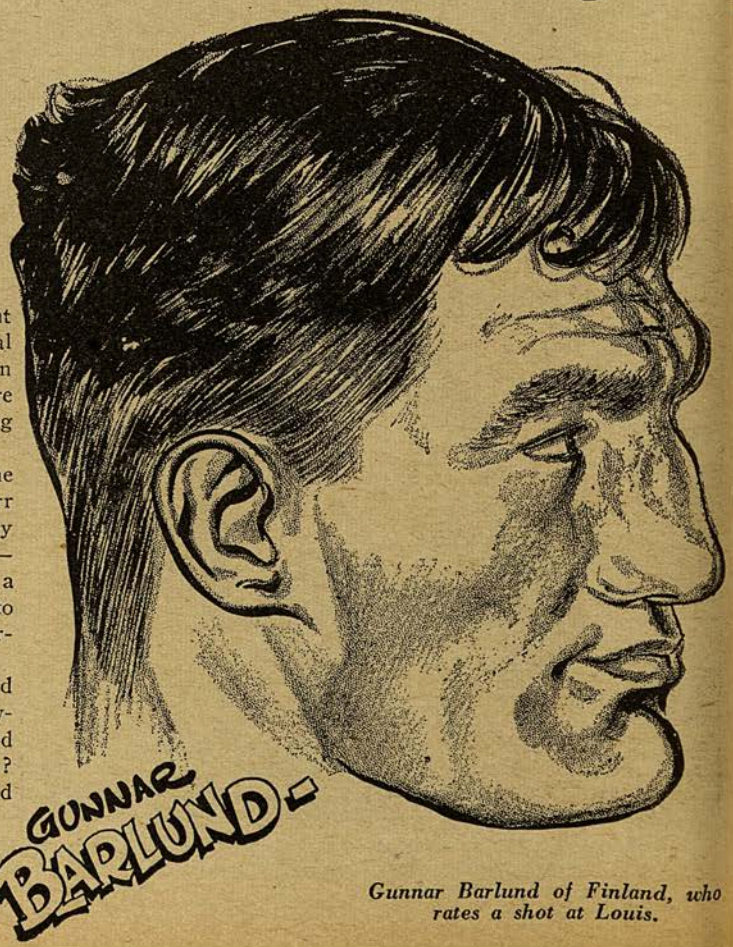
These and many other queries have been argued pro and con and the consensus is that Louis not only compares favorably with the greatest sockers of all time—but may yet develop into the best fighter in the last half century. It is interesting to note that world heavyweight kings of the past who picked Schmeling to whip Louis, now acclaim the Bomber one of the hardest hitting heavyweights since Sullivan's days.

Of all the former kings of the heavyweight division, Jimmy Braddock alone has steadfastly stood his ground in declaring Louis a fighter with iron fists.

Jack Dempsey, one of the strongest Schmeling rooters who repeatedly declared that Max would stop Joe in a few rounds, now hails the Bomber as a real champion. The former Manassa Mauler, who has often called attention to many "flaws" he discovered in Louis, remarked after Joe's victory:

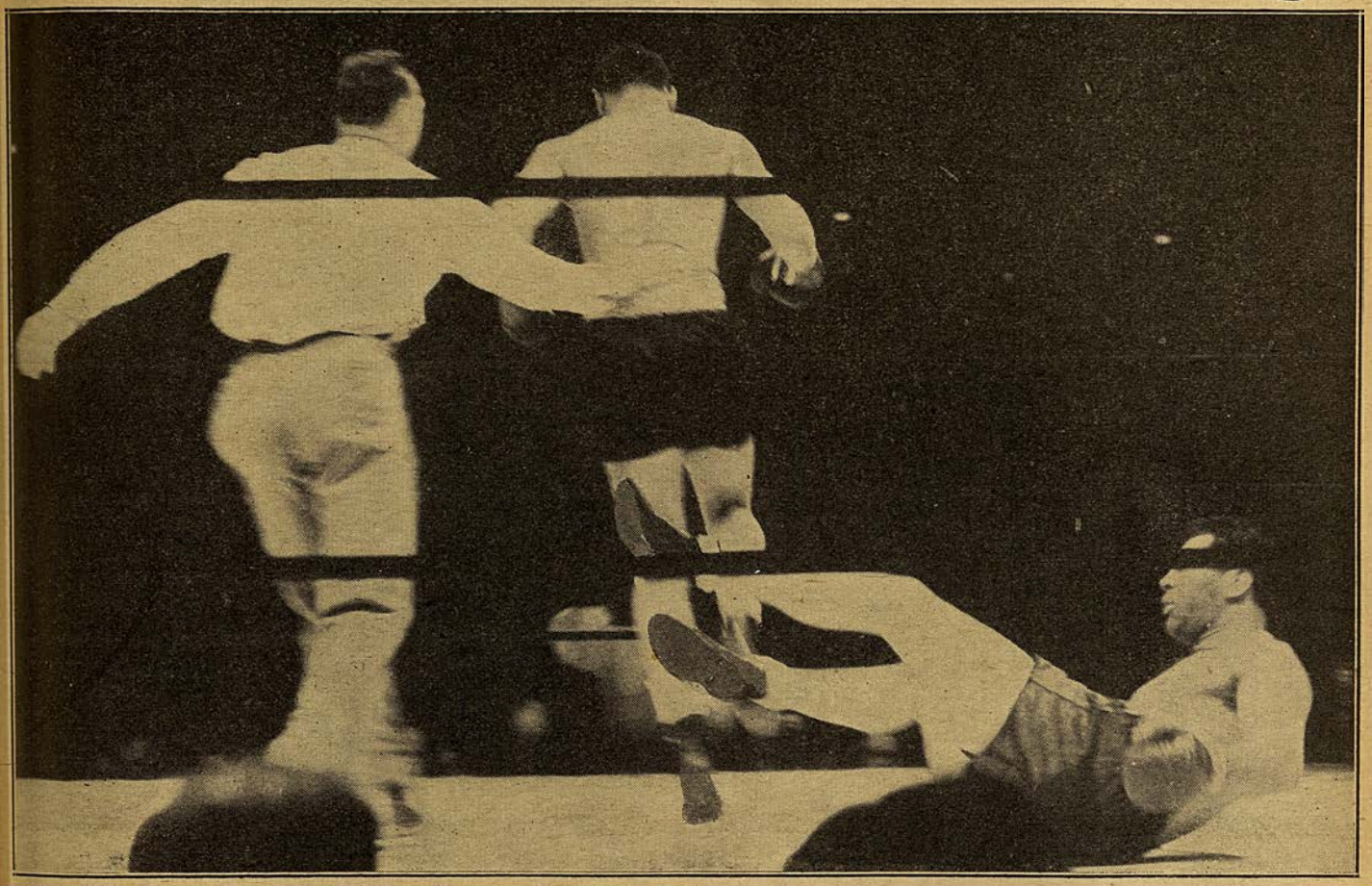


Tony Galento, Jersey's heavyweight pride.



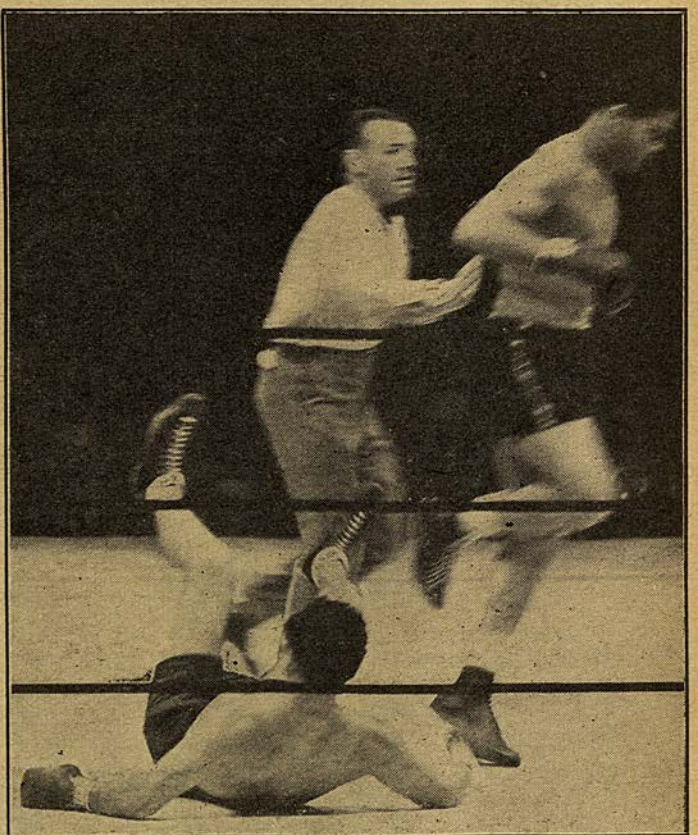
Gunnar Barlund of Finland, who rates a shot at Louis.

Max Loses His Bearings



When Schmeling released his hold on the ropes, Louis rushed forth to start a new charge. First he scored with a high left to the head, then another left, then a right to the chin and Schmeling's knees buckled under him. He twisted from the ropes and spun forward as he plunged to the canvas. He rolled over from his side and then rested in this position. It was the first time he hit the canvas.

Another view of the same knockdown. Note the position of the German.



While Donovan is sending the Bomber to a neutral corner, Max is resting for a count of three before he gets up. The consensus among the scribes and medical men is that Schmeling received his injury when he landed in this awkward position.

"I guess we'll have to admit that Schmeling was a little lucky in his first fight with Louis. Fandom can stop wondering whether Louis can take it and if he is gun-shy as a result of his knockout by Max. The way Louis proved that he can hit now indicates that he doesn't have to take it. He gives, to the other fellow, until it hurts too much."

"Louis proved in the Schmeling fight that he is the equal of the best heavyweights of modern times. He can hit like a mule and he is also clever. Henceforth we must recognize him as a worthy king of the heavyweights." That's what Gene Tunney now thinks of the Brown Bomber.

* * *

PERHAPS the severest critic of Louis since his rise to fistic fame has been Jack Johnson. Some think that Smiling Jack has been jealous of the man who is now riding high in fistic circles, but Johnson declares that his criticism has been based wholly on his analysis of Louis' faults, especially his stance. Johnson picked Schmeling to win in three rounds by a kayo but changed his mind about Louis' prowess after watching him annihilate the German.

"I didn't think he could improve so much," said Johnson in an interview for this article. "His stance has improved, his left hook has been made more effective and his right is the equal of his left in clouting an opponent to sleep. I take off my hat to him.

"He's a great champion and from now on he'll have to be recognized as a title holder of the first rank. He certainly showed nothing in training to warrant his critics, yours truly included, that he would be able to fight Schmeling as he did. He must have displayed one brand of fighting for the public in training camp and another while working in private. It was simply wonderful."

Bob Pastor, who is making a good comeback and may work into a championship bout.

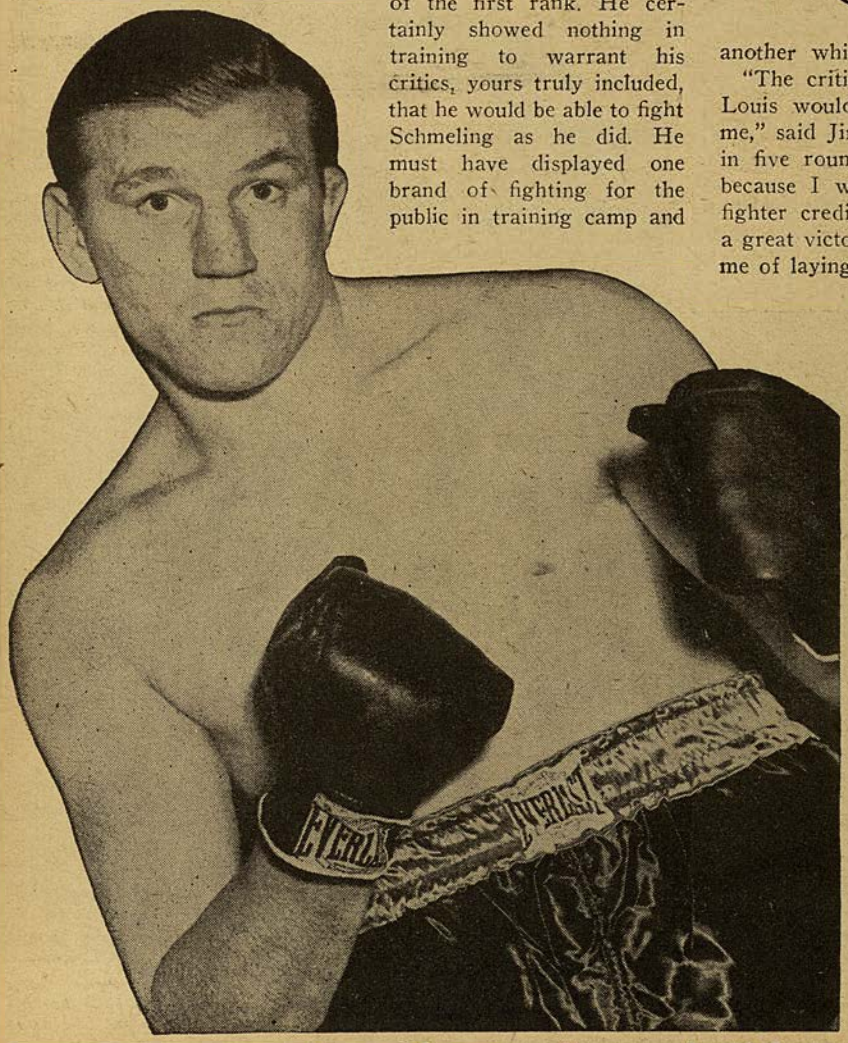
"The critics thought I was spoofing when I told them that Louis would hand Schmeling a worse beating than Joe gave me," said Jimmy Braddock, who picked Louis to win by a kayo in five rounds. "They thought I was saying it for the effect because I was licked by Joe. Some critics who never give a fighter credit for his performance and always like to look on a great victory as a mediocre win, even went so far as to accuse me of laying down to enable Louis to win the world title.

"I hope they now realize the folly of their statement. I think that after the licking Schmeling took, they'll give Louis full credit for being the greatest hitter of all time, Jeffries, Fitz and Dempsey, not excluded. I also hope that they'll give me a fair rating, considering the fight I put up against Joe as compared to the four punches Schmeling landed, not one of which was an effective one. That makes a pretty good fighter out of Jimmy Braddock, and also out of Tommy Farr, I think."

* * *

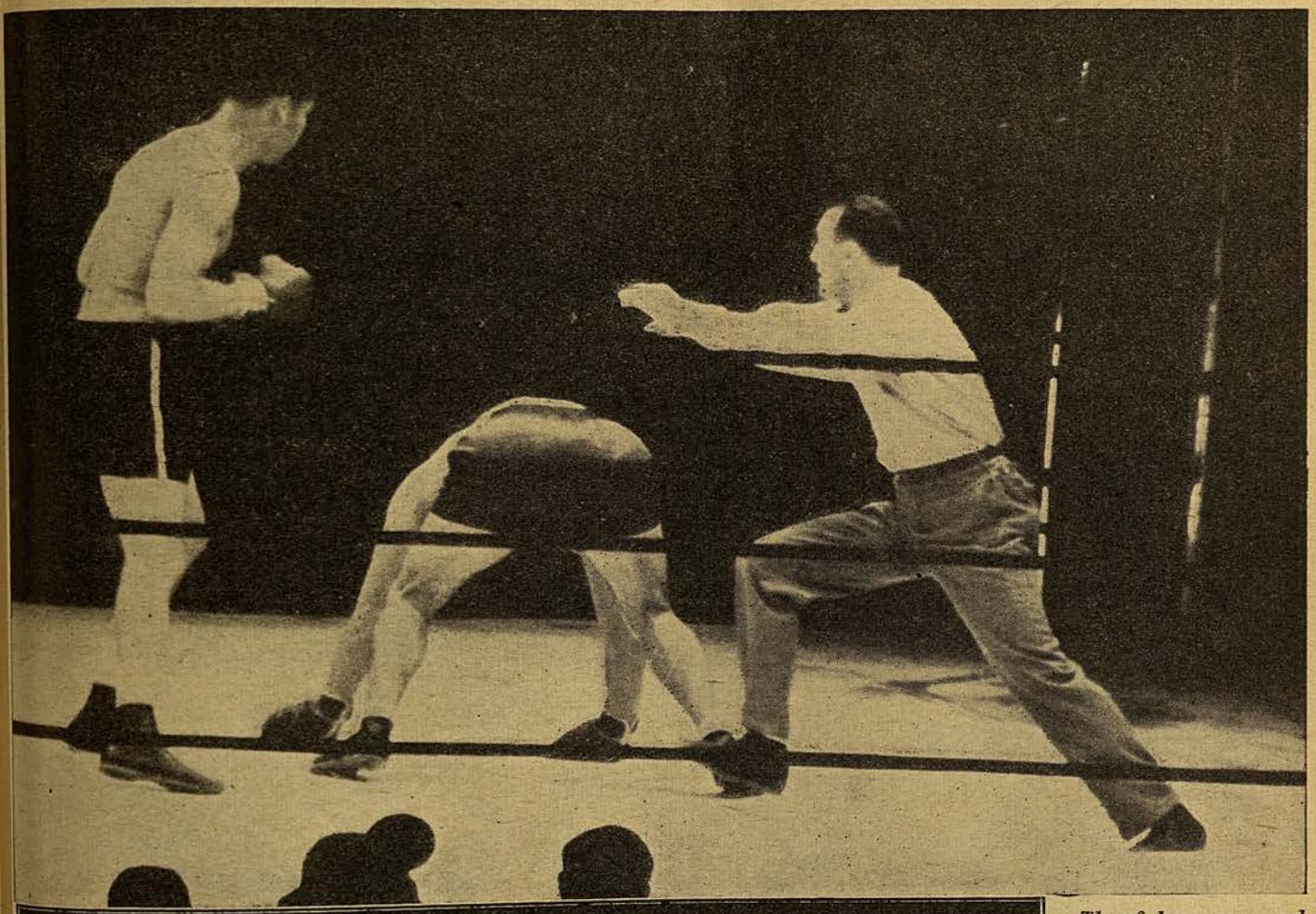
TOMMY FARR, who lasted fifteen rounds with Louis, also has reason to feel proud of his performance considering Schmeling's poor stand. A Farr-Baer return bout would be an excellent match with the winner to meet Louis. When one considers the fact that Herr Max was acknowledged by the world as being the best heavyweight of this era, even rated in general all-around ability better than the Brown Bomber, Farr has a bouquet coming to him. Regardless of Tommy's three defeats in America against Louis, Braddock and Baer, he is entitled to another shot at the champion because of the stand he made for fifteen rounds. At least he gave Louis a far better battle than has any other opponent Joe has met since he turned professional.

As for Schmeling *(Continued on page 48)*

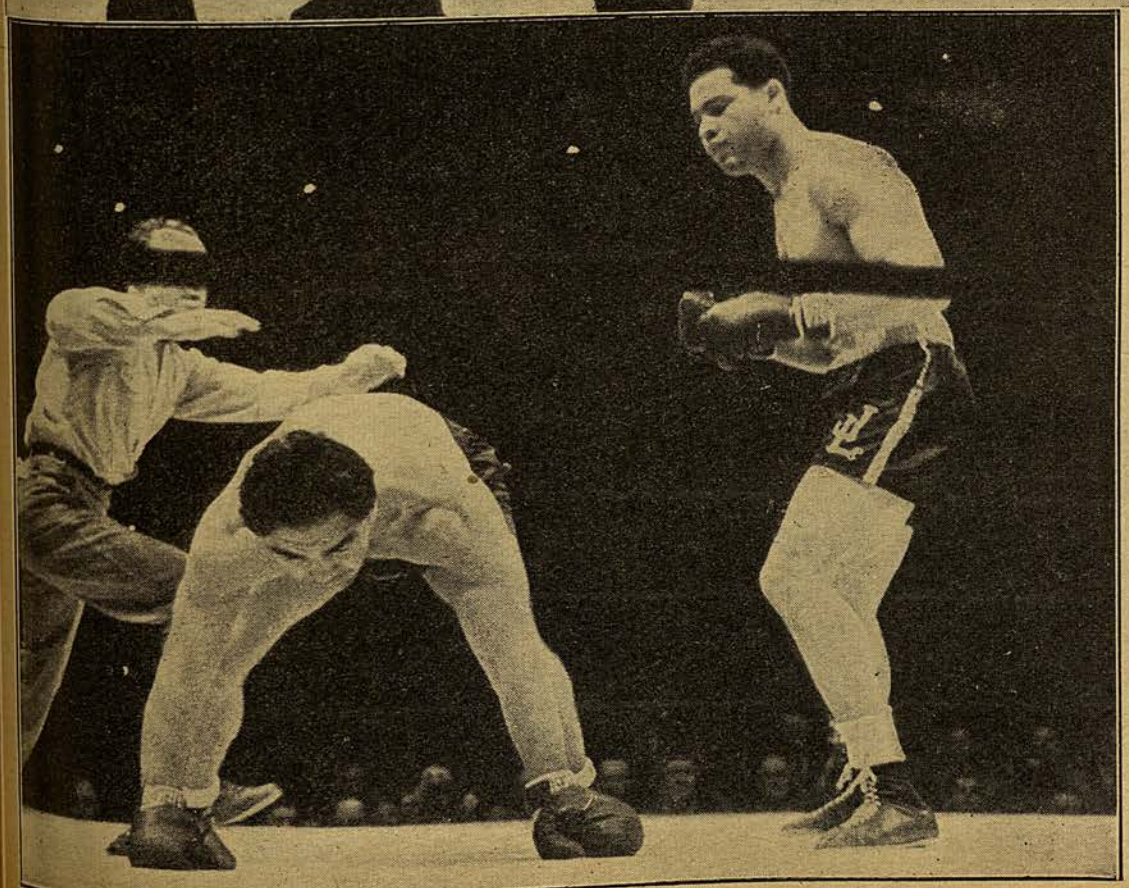


Tommy Farr, the only fighter to stay fifteen rounds with Louis.

On Canvas Second Time



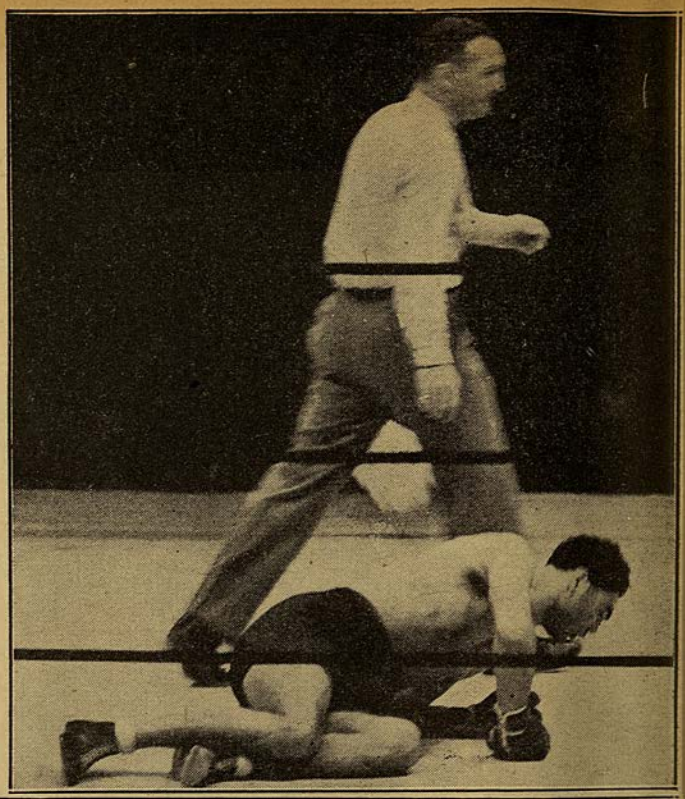
The fight resumed, Schmeling takes an awful shellacking, a bombardment worse than Dempsey handed to either Firpo or Willard. Max was nailed by rights and lefts. A right to the chin started the Uhlan for his second trip to the canvas. Here we get a back view of the landing.

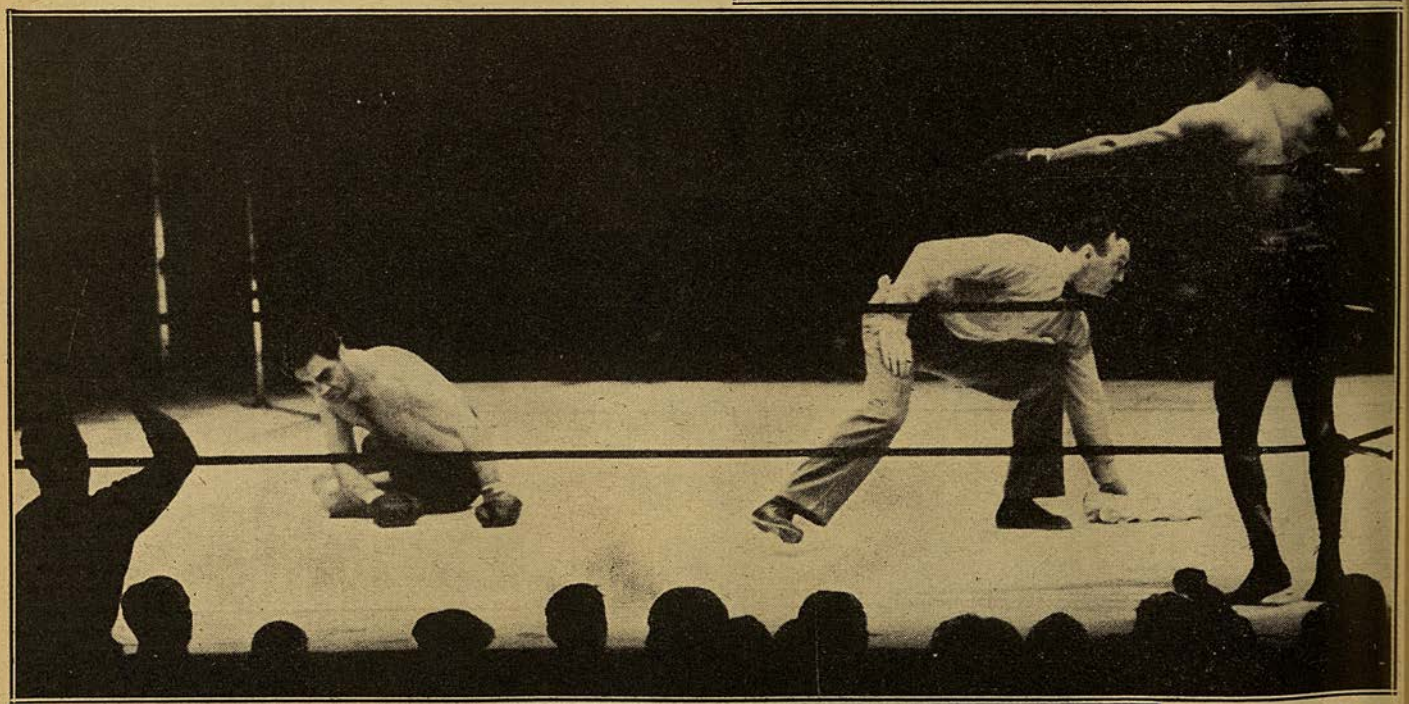


And here is Max, stupefied, failing to take advantage of a count. He pushed himself up and got to his feet at two, only to meet another barrage. His chief second, Max Machon, tried to toss in the towel, but "Doc" Casey stopped him.

End of a Perfect Night

A volley of rights and lefts to the jaw, one following the other—seven in all—prove too much even for the sturdy Schmeling. He goes down for his third trip and lands on his side, his face showing signs of agony. Bleeding from the mouth, he rests while Referee Donovan shooes Louis to a neutral corner. But while Arthur is doing this, Machon tosses in the towel in token of defeat. Arthur didn't see it, and on his way back to Max, he notices it and tosses it out of the ring.





Donovan picking up towel while Knockdown Timer Josephs reaches count of four.

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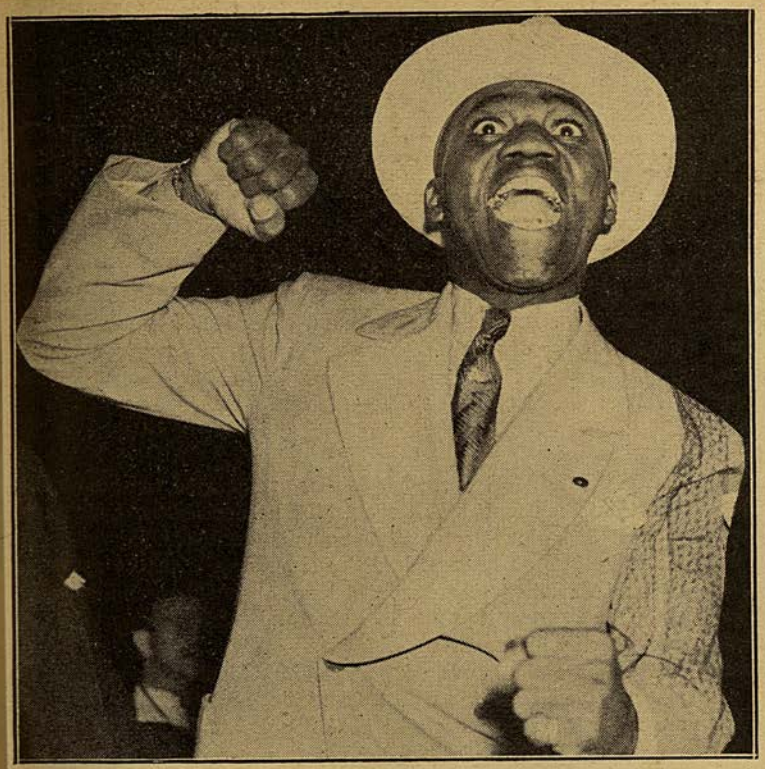
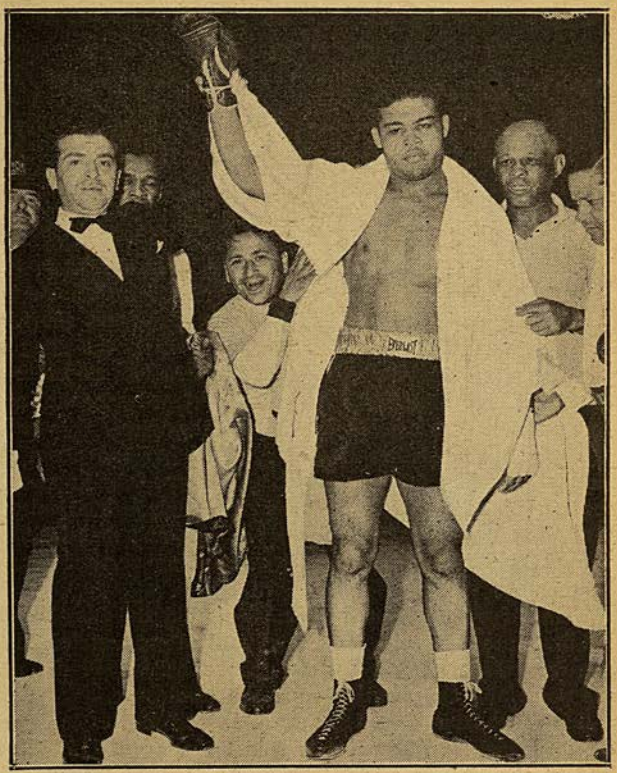
The finish of the fight. Machon rushes into the ring to aid Schmeling as Donovan calls a halt. The count of eight had been reached by the official knockdown timekeeper. Note the towel resting on the lower strands.

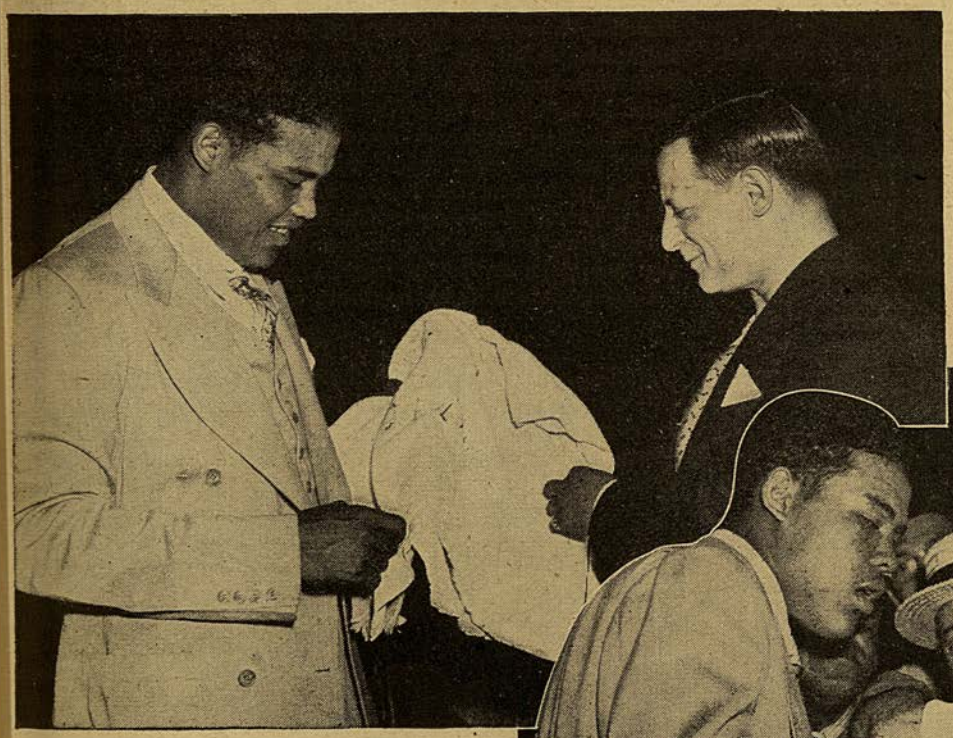
JUBILATION!



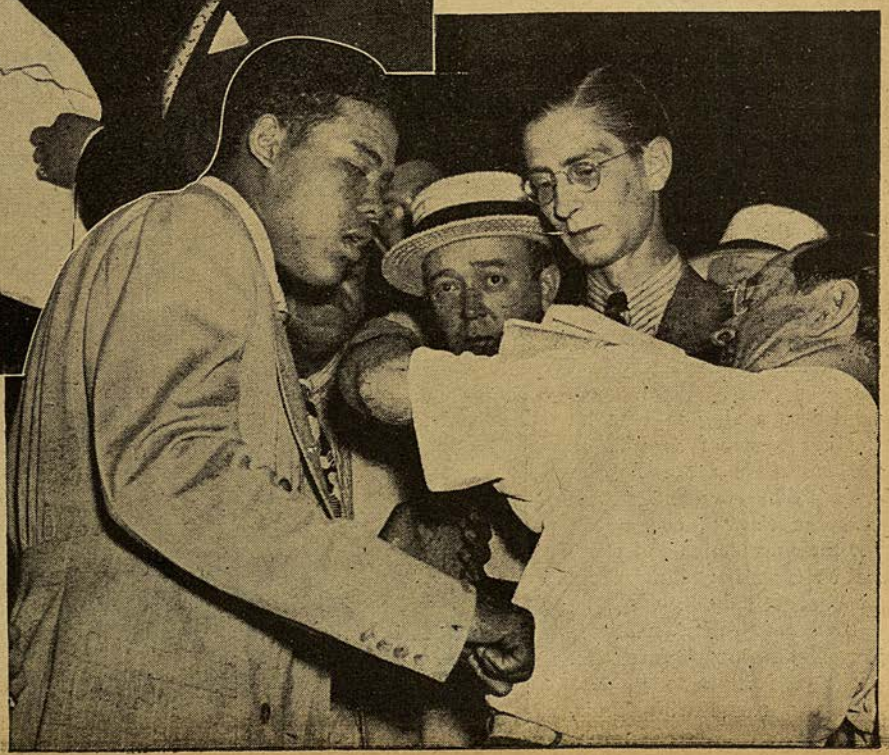
Hooray! Dancer Bill Robinson, one of America's leading sportsmen, gives vent to his feelings as Louis is announced the winner.



Manager, trainer and seconds of Louis surround him as Harry Balough, the announcer, holds up the Bomber's hand in token of victory.



In the press room of Mike Jacobs' Hippodrome, Jolting Joe illustrates, with Hype Igoe as the subject, the right to the lower ribs that he landed on Schmeling, a legitimate punch if delivered while the fighters are free.



Louis autographs the towel which Max Machon tossed into the ring. Murray Lewin, reporter for the New York Mirror, confiscated it. The Brown Bomber is getting a kick out of it.

SCHMELING'S SQUAWK MAKES KIDNEY FAMOUS

THE Louis-Schmeling fight is over and now we are to have a short recess before the Brown Bomber takes on another victim. The Joe-Max fight was short, vicious, violent, vehement. Louis went out at the gong and got rid of his man in very short order. There was no other way to do it. Fiddling around would have developed a mental angle for Joe, and Joe does not flourish in mental angles.

The quick finish has started a lot of gabbing about the first Louis-Schmeling fight, in which the Negro was knocked out in the twelfth round. Now they say that Louis had promised to let that go at least four heats for the movies, and that once involved with Max's right, Louis could do nothing about it but take a beating.

That, of course, is the bunk. Louis did the best he could in the first encounter with Max. Joe just had got married. He lacked the experience he had for the second battle. He did not have the poise and the stability—and the confidence.

Of course, that first fight made a good movie. It went big in Germany, where Schmeling is said to have got $165,000 for his end of the flickers alone. The movies of the second fight—the memorable, fast one round—will not go big in Germany. In fact, they will not be shown there. It would not do to show Max being knocked out by a Negro. That sort of thing would be contrary to the principles of the Aryan philosophy of the Nazi government. And besides—a German was knocked out.

* * *

THE one-round battle in which Louis stopped Schmeling had a lot of immediate reactions that were funny. The most comic of all came in a cable from Berlin. On being told of the unfortunate experience of her husband, Annie Onda, once movie star, exclaimed, "Boxing no longer is a sport. It is a game of cruelty and blood."

Well, if it isn't just too bad. Now it is a game of cruelty and blood! How about Max belting poor Steve Hamas until he had the American half dead! How about walloping Hamas to make a holiday! Was that cruelty and blood, or was it just a lot of fun—for Schmeling!

However, let's not hold it against the wife of a man who had received a terrific beating in less than three minutes. Naturally, she was upset. Perhaps alarmed. Her husband had been forced to go to a hospital.

Still, this hullabaloo over the fight reminds us that there is a strong tendency to grow too squeamish about things in the ring.

The time was when fighters were fighters. When they went into a ring to take all the consequences as well as the cash. Now the fighters want to be surrounded with every precaution, every rule, for their protection and physical welfare. They shriek about fouls, about pain.

I want to make an exception. Not so long before Max got that fortune to go less than one round with Louis, Barney Ross fought Henry Armstrong. Ross was battered from pillar to post for fifteen rounds. He would have been pardoned had he quit. But he took it, round after round—took it like a fighter of the old school, never a whimper, never a hint of quitting. He declared that he was getting a fortune for fighting Armstrong and owed it to the public to fight.

Reunion in Berlin. Max back with his wife, Annie Onda, former movie star.

* * *

SCHMELING opened his eyes, and started to squawk. He had been fouled. After a while, he decided he hadn't been fouled. Not intentionally. It was an accident! He went from that ring into an over-excited dressing room with the spreading of an implication that Louis had not won fairly and squarely, and THE RING mail proves that thousands of his supporters were won over by his squawk.

There are thousands of persons in this country and abroad who believe Louis won with a foul kidney punch. Certainly there are millions of Germans who hold that Louis did not win on the up and up. Before the fight, the German press charged that Max was being hounded. Then came the holler about a kidney punch.

As Nat Fleischer explains at great length, and with technical aptitude, in another article in this issue, Schmeling was not beaten by a punch to the kidneys. A wallop to the jaw put him in position to go out. In fact, the pictures distinctly show that Max twice hit Louis in the kidneys while holding, yet complains when Louis hit him on a free punch!

The kidney punch was not delivered from a clinch, but was struck as Schmeling twisted his body to get away from the terrific punishment the Negro was handing out. This type of kidney punch is legal—as legal as a straight left to the jaw.

Schmeling knew he had not been fouled. He must have known that any claim of foul he might utter would cast aspersion on the great triumph of his opponent, a clean, gentlemanly fighter.

* * *

WELL, it's all over with. Now, what for Schmeling? The soundest advice that could be given to Max is this—quit the ring. Schmeling is old, as fighters go. He no longer is a title threat. To talk of giving him a return match would be silly. The quick, conclusive way in which Louis handled him left no room for another fight.

Louis has said that he would be willing to fight Max again—but only in private. Of course, that's all hooey. But it indicates that Louis no longer is interested in Max. And why should he be?

There are smaller matches available for Schmeling. But even in these he would be confronted with the fact that boxing is a sport of cruelty and blood. It no longer would be a parlor game for him, as his wife suspected it to be.

There has been talk of bringing Schmeling back to fight Tommy Farr. There seems to be no great demand for this contest. Americans—and Britons, as well—are more

"Cruelty and Blood" Complaint of Mrs. Max on Par With Loser's Foul Punch Holler

By

DANIEL M. DANIEL

Here's Schmeling as a movie actor. Perhaps this field appeals more to his talents now.

interested in the development of younger fighters to step in and challenge Louis, rather than in providing matches for older fighters who no longer may be regarded as vital factors in the heavyweight situation.

Boxing and the boxing public do not owe Schmeling anything. They do not owe him a chance to keep fighting and earning money. Since Max is finished as a title possibility, he is finished as an attraction in the United States. The same holds for any other fighter in that position.

* * *

NOW there is clamor in some quarters for a second Louis-Baer fight. Baer had his chance against the Negro when Maxie was younger. Baer failed miserably. He failed so utterly as to give the impression in some quarters that he had gone out of the contest when he could have continued—and perhaps turned the tide.

Baer went into the ring with a poor mental angle. He had been fed on stories of the tremendous hitting power of the Negro, and the day of the fight, it was rumored that if it were not for the insistence of Jack Dempsey, who had decided to second Baer, Maxie would have called it off "on account of a bad thumb."

You will recollect the squabble Baer started over the type of glove he could use—his fight for the California glove, which he said protected that sore thumb.

Baer would be a soft touch for Louis. Baer knows this. He knows he would be belted out in less than four rounds. That he might be beaten in even less time than it took Joe to stop Schmeling.

After Baer had been beaten by Louis, Maxie asked, "What do the customers want, a massacre?"

Max, that's what the customers DO want. A massacre. They do not regard the fighters as ordinary human machines. They set them apart in a class by themselves, physically. The customer pays $30 for a seat. He sometimes pays $50, even more. He goes through all the pain and travail and expense of getting himself into that seat, and once in it he wants a massacre.

The fan wants a fight. He wants to see pain and punishment inflicted. He wants to see the nerves of men taut. He wants to see the limits of endurance and ability to take punishment.

The fan is not interested in furnishing a medium for money-making to either fighter. He wants mauling and super-slugging, and at the rates which are being charged, he surely is entitled to it.

WITH that in mind, the writer does not see anything attractive in a Louis-Baer fight—that is, attractive for the onlooker.

If need be, let Louis take a vacation. Let there be a title moratorium for a while, as younger fighters scrap it out and the game develops what some men call a New White Hope.

In the meantime I am amused at the erudition of former title-holders. Gene Tunney, for one. Gene says that Louis could be bothered—by the fast kind of fighter. Now, looking over the field from Schmeling, Baer and Farr down to Adamick, we find none of the fast kind and none of the slow type worthy of consideration for a joust with the Brown Bomber. Certainly not at the rates currently extracted from the fans for world's heavyweight jousting.

One thing in particular pleased me in the Louis-Schmeling fight. The boycott did not go. The Jewish fans turned out with the rest. Perhaps they turned out mainly because they felt Louis would win. But let us look at it from the broad angle and say they turned out because they felt there would be a good fight.

And now, Schmeling has gone back to Germany to tell them how he did not win, and Louis takes it easy, and the world rolls on just as if nothing had happened. The movies alone are vital reminders of the night in Yankee Stadium—the night on which Louis proved that he was a tremendous hitter and a great fighter.

Now that Joe knows he is a great fighter, let's hope he doesn't backslide. And when another fight comes, let us hope there is no squawking—certainly not at the rates currently extracted for heavyweight competition, which too often leave the customer with the right to squawk.

But he never does!

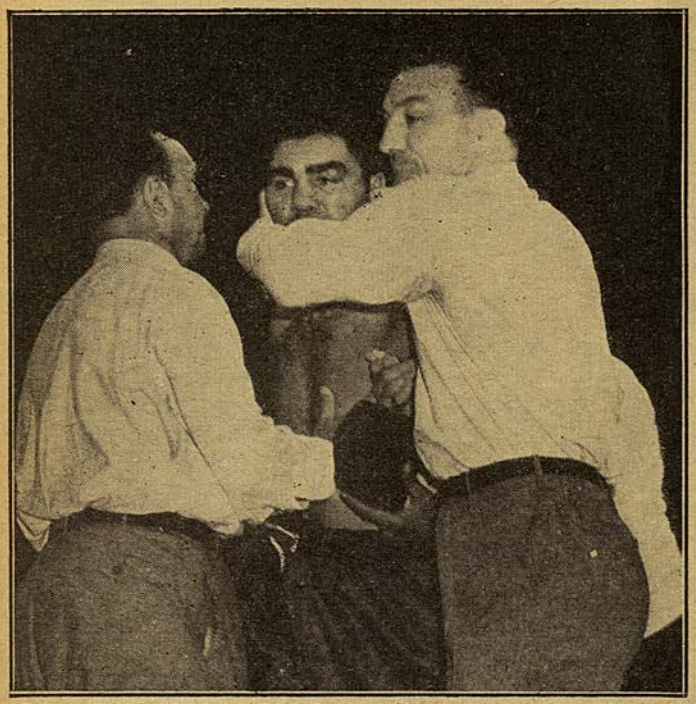
* * *

I WAS very much surprised at the greeting which Max got when he staggered off the boat at Bremerhaven. Rather, the greeting which Schmeling did not get. Here was a fighter who had been the world champion. He had carried the banner of a nation into a ring. True, he had lost. But it is not always possible to win.

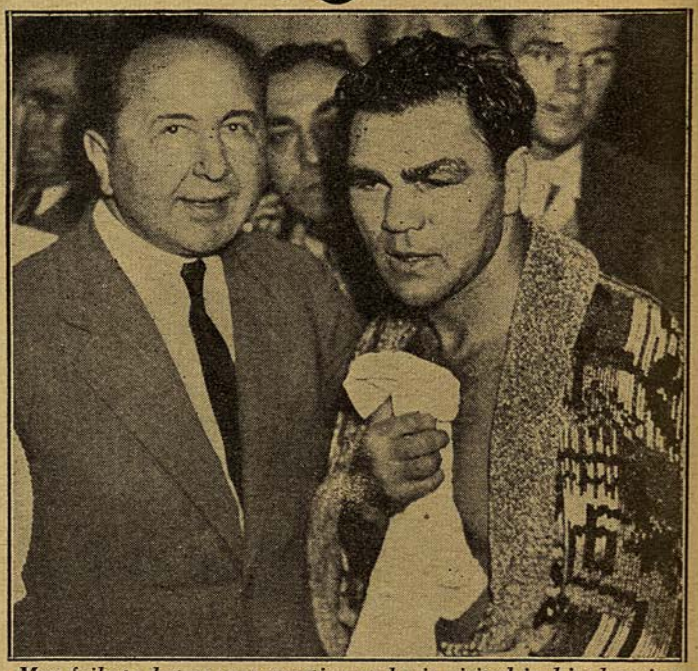
The banner of the people to which Schmeling belonged should have waved for the losing Max as it had waved for the winning Max. But no official welcome came for the man who almost had been injured fatally in the battle with the Negro.

Max must have felt a sense of futility when he somehow walked down that gangplank. He was none too steady on his feet. But his pride said, "Walk down there. Don't let them carry you." This should have been the text for the nation to which Max returned.

END of a TITLE QUEST



Schmeling, with the aid of Referee Donovan and Max Machon, is led to his corner after the official stopped the fight in 2.04 of the first round when the count of eight had been reached.



Max fails to betray any emotion as he is visited in his dressing room by Dr. Hans Dieckhoff, German Ambassador, who was as pale as a ghost as he watched the slaughter from a ringside seat.

In Schmeling's dressing room, gloom penetrates the atmosphere. Machon, second from the right, is telling a reporter that Schmeling lost because of his injury but failed to tell him that sixteen solid wallops before the injury, turned the trick. Schmeling is telling the scribes that a "foul" punch, a kidney blow, the "second or third" punch landed in the fight, beat him. Unfortunately, Max erred as the blow which he claims whipped him was the twenty-first of the fight. There was no foul landed.

Dayton's Rugged Puncher

By STAN WITWER

ANOTHER year may pass before he acquires the distinction, but Dayton feels it has a potential heavyweight championship contender in Buddy Knox, twenty-one-year-old blond Irishman, who has rolled up an impressive record in a little more than four years of professional fighting.

Knox, a rugged puncher with dynamite in either fist, is not ready for the big time just yet. Unlike many a promising youngster, Buddy is being virtually "nursed along" in his bid for the limelight. Gradually, he is facing tougher and more noted opponents. His handlers say he will be ready soon to tackle some of the headliners—if they will have him.

Since 1934, when he first fought professionally as a middleweight, Knox has had sixty fights. Of these, he lost only four, to Red Burman, Leroy Haynes, Joe Sekyra and Eddie Boyle. Three weeks after losing a disputed decision to Boyle, Buddy knocked him out in a return match. He has met his other conquerors only once.

Thirty of Knox's fights ended in knockouts. He won twenty-five others via the decision route and was held to a draw only once, by Joe Ketchell. Incidentally, in a return go he flattened Ketchell (now fighting as Joe Wagner).

Knox has been close to the big time on several occasions, but could not continue his climb. In 1936, he graduated from club fights around his home town and first attracted favorable notice by winning nine straight fights in Chicago's much-talked-of "white hope" tournament. Then he ran afoul of Red Burman, who knocked him out in four rounds. It was the first time Knox had been beaten.

Starting a comeback, Knox inaugurated another winning streak. He bowled over Joe Wagner, the veteran Charley Belanger, twice beat Art Oliver and bested Billy Treest, Dan Hassett, Eddie Corderre, Salvatore Ruggirello, Ed Wenstob, and several lesser knowns before facing Leroy Haynes.

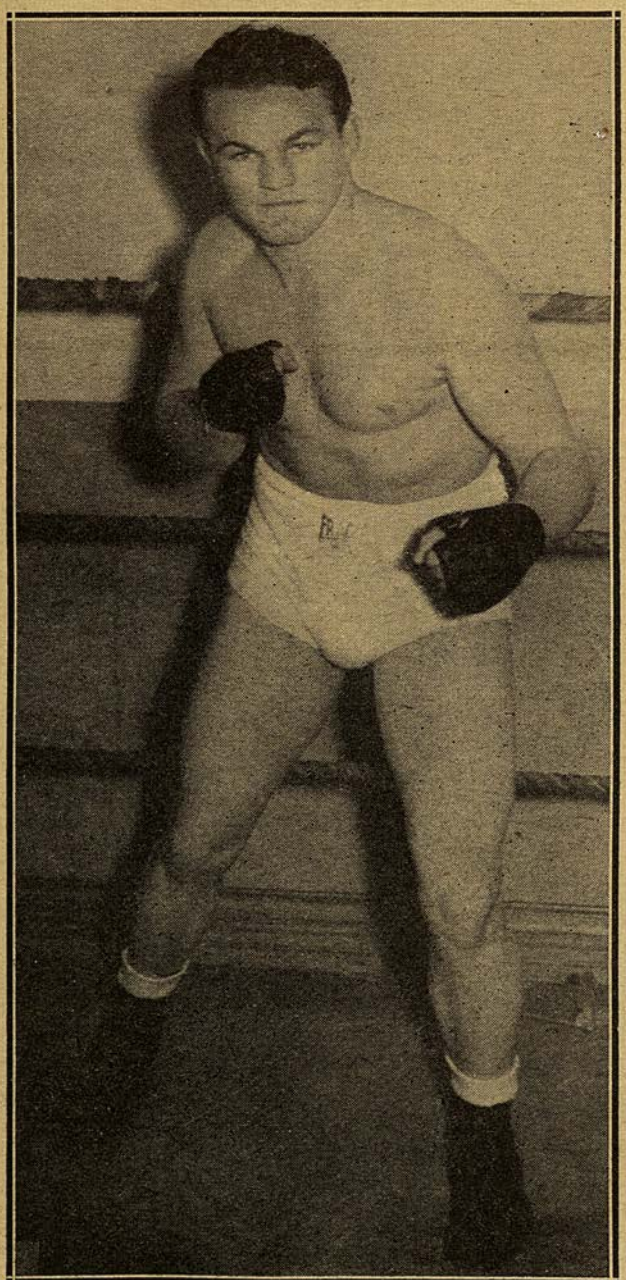
Sending Knox against the Negro apparently was one mistake in an otherwise carefully planned climb up the heavyweight ladder. The Negro was far too tough for Buddy and won on a technical knockout after three rounds when a cut inside Knox's right eyelid forced him to call it quits for the evening.

Later in the same year, 1937, Knox dropped a close decision to Joe Sekyra, a cagy veteran trying a comeback.

After the Sekyra scrap, Knox seemed to encounter a sort of "second wind." Still very young, strong and promising, he was married and became the proud papa of a bouncing boy. Previously, Knox had often shown a tendency to take boxing lightly. A natural fighter, he trained spasmodically, and although never one to haunt cafes or after-dinner places, often crawled into the ring carrying a lot of useless and hindering poundage.

As may prove to be the case with Madcap Maxie Baer, Knox, as a father with responsibilities, has become a vastly improved fighter in a few short months. He has trained diligently, and from a weight of 198 to 205 pounds ringside, has trimmed himself down to 190 and seldom goes above it.

Under the careful coaching of Oscar Menachof, a former featherweight scrapper of some note, and Jack Weinhaus, Knox has steadied a somewhat shaky defense and developed a sizzling left hook that has proved his most potent weapon. He always has been a hard puncher, and fighting with his chin tucked behind his left shoulder, he offers an elusive target at best.



Buddy Knox, a young, aggressive, punishing fighter from the Middle West.

During the early weeks of the 1938 season, Knox won eight straight bouts. He knocked out Joe Malinsky, Jack Patton, Al Reed, Eddie Anderson, Eddie Boyle and Lloyd Clements before taking a ten-round decision over Dominic Ceccerilla. The climax to all this was a six-round close decision win over George Nicholson, Negro sparmate of Joe Louis, on the Louis-Thomas card in Chicago.

Ringside critics were unanimous in acclaiming Knox's fight as the best of the evening on the preliminary program and this one appearance before topnotch critics promises to bring Buddy offers for other big town appearances.

His handlers have intimated that after a few more bouts he will be sent into the ring again with Burman and Haynes, only foes to decisively beat him.

Knox has all the requisites for ring success. His body is ideally suited for a heavyweight fistic career. Buddy has tremendous shoulders, husky arms and legs, a thick neck and a bulldog face, with brows that offer ample protection for his eyes. In a strictly masculine way he is a handsome young man, and his ring style is so aggressive that he never fails to prove a crowd pleaser.

Although only twenty-one years of age, Knox has been fighting for eight years. He made his debut as a featherweight in an amateur tournament in Dayton in 1930. He was only in the eighth grade of elementary school at that time.

After four years of spasmodic amateur battling, Knox entered the professional ranks as a middleweight. He has been fashioning a career with his mitts ever since, and doing a pretty good job.

A Great Champion Arrives

By TED CARROLL

WHEN Joe Louis climbed out of the ring after his astonishing one-round knockout victory over Max Schmeling, the heavyweight champion stood revealed in an entirely new light. Outwardly, Louis was the calm, unperturbed athlete, but inwardly, he was smouldering with a burning desire to remove the only stain on his amazing record by defeating the man who had put it there. Louis might best be likened to a long silent volcano suddenly erupting with devastating results that night of June 22nd. Not even the uncontrolled Dempsey in his prime ever unloosed a flood of punches like the barrage that swept Max to such swift disaster.

After a few seconds of preliminary fiddling around, a storm of lefts and rights broke about the head and body of the luckless Schmeling, as Louis flashed a "killer instinct" that many had claimed was lacking in his make-up.

Most amazing sidelight of the brief encounter was the lack of respect Louis showed for his erstwhile conqueror. It has many times been hinted that boxers of Louis' race always retain a certain respect for men who have beaten them, but Louis' cold disdain for the German was a living refutation of this nonsense. This misconception regarding Negro boxers is further proved a fallacy in Nat Fleischer's latest book, "Black Dynamite," the most complete and comprehensive history of the Negro in the prize ring yet attempted. In this authoritative tome, THE RING editor definitely proves, by citing individuals and performances, that courage of the prize ring brand is strictly a matter of the individual, and that no race or nationality is either lacking or distinguished particularly with this quality.

Louis lived up to his promise to walk right into the German's fire. It might have been Freddy Bartholomew before him for all the regard that the frozen faced champion showed for the challenger.

* * *

LOUIS' punching power has been recognized and duly acclaimed since his first splurge into the headlines, but prior to the Schmeling slaughter, most of his lethal ability seemed to be concentrated in his left hook. Surprisingly, however, in his most recent embroglio, his crushing right. It was not the vaunted left that proved to be the payoff punch. Major Will Corum, brilliant and enjoyable sports columnist for the New York *Journal-American,* commented on this in this classic manner:

"Joe, the sucker for a right, turned out to be a socker with one" . . . . and this tells the story to perfection.

The champion's numbing lefts to the body dressed the Uhlan up for the kill, but in every case his short, powerful rights sent Schmeling to the canvas each time the German was floored. This tends to show that as a two-handed hitter Louis has had no equals among the great punchers of the past.

Dempsey, Langford, Berlenbach and Jeffries, for example, relied upon the left hand mainly to administer the coup-de-grace. Carpentier, Baer, Firpo, Peter Maher, Gunboat Smith, old John L. and Schmeling himself were all good hitters whose power was packed in only one mitt, the right. Only Fitz, who, old-timers tell us, could dispense a brand of knockout drops with either hand, alone seems capable of disputing Louis' right to be considered the most dangerous two-fisted hitter who ever stepped into the ring.

* * *

STILL another interesting sidelight of the great contest was the active interest that the hitherto aloof Tunney took in both contestants, and particularly Louis. The retired undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, who seems to be growing closer to the game that made him famous, took time out from his varied interests to make a special trip up to Louis' hideout in the Adirondacks in order to give the Bomber a little instruction in the proper methods to forestall a straight right-hand punch. The effect of this gesture on the champion's morale was considerable, and of Tunney's visit the Brown Bomber had this to say: "I was real glad to see Mr. Tunney come up to show me those things. I thought he was in Smellin's corner." As he made this statement, traces of a smile flitted across his immobile features, and it could be seen that he was vastly pleased with Tunney's interest in him.

What the ex-title-holder showed the twenty-four-year-old champion has not been as yet revealed, but it must have been worth-while, as Louis evaded the two rights Schmeling had time to throw with an easy expertness that would have done credit to a McFarland or Gans, by rolling his head away from them. They landed but very lightly. Tunney attributed his move to his patriotic feelings on the matter, explaining that he desired to see the championship remain in the United States at all costs.

* * *

FOR the first time in his meteoric career, Joe Louis showed a genuine viciousness. He is best described as an ice box with a five-alarm fire raging inside it, and Schmeling's open disregard for his ability was the spark that set off the conflagration. The Black Uhlan made no secret of the fact that in his opinion Louis still belonged in the amateurs as far as quick-wittedness and a knowledge of the science of boxing were concerned. He made every effort to impress upon the public and Louis himself that, for all cagy Jack Blackburn's guile and ring savvy, Louis was as bad off as he was in 1936 for the simple reason that the Detroit youngster was unable to assimilate any knowledge of the real science of fisticuffs.

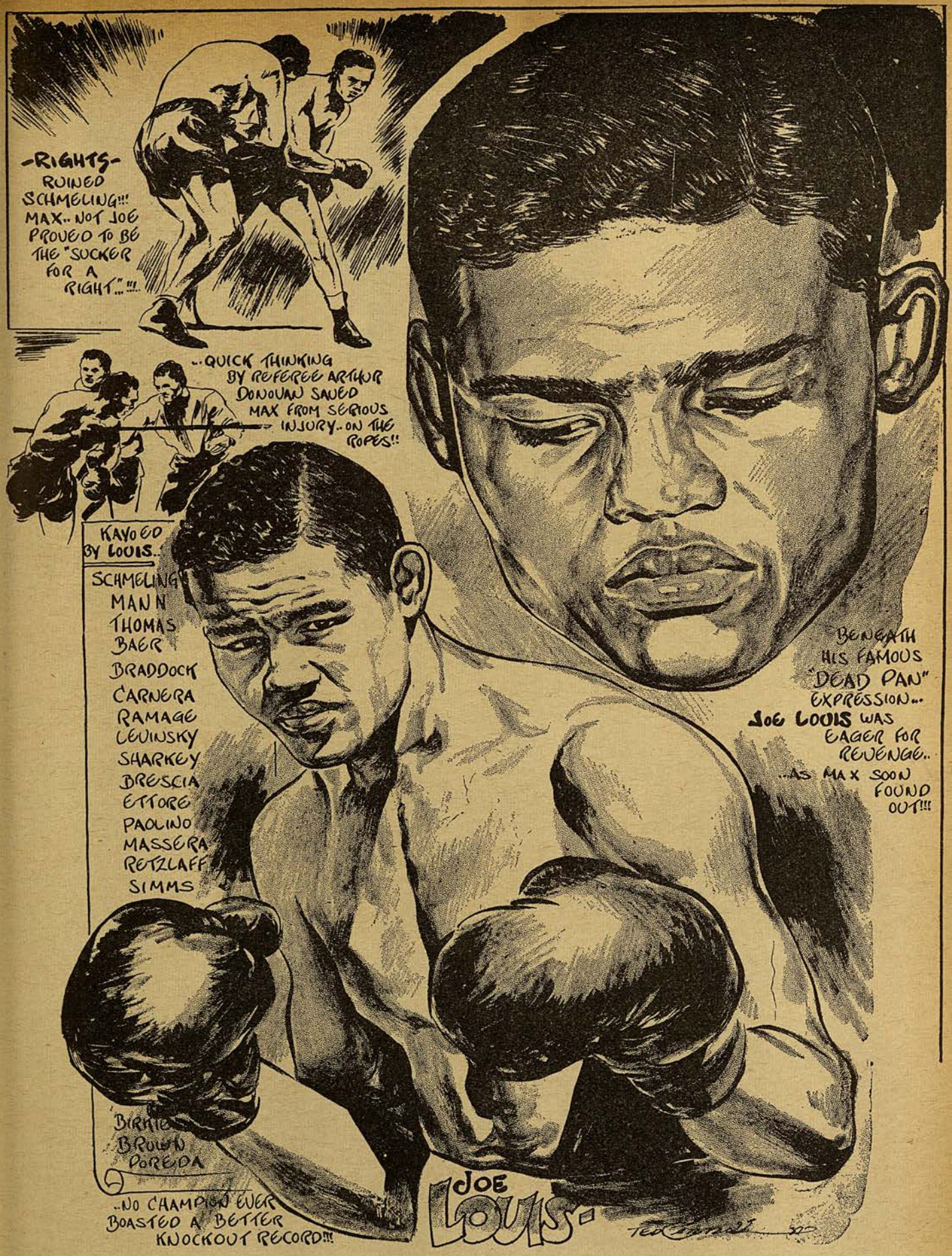
Few suspected that Schmeling's disdain had made such an impression on the stolid champion, his serene composure being what it is, but apparently the German's words had etched themselves deeply into Louis' icy personality, with the result that the dam burst and the ex-champion was inundated under a raging torrent of disaster. Future opponents of the champion will do well to bear this in mind and keep whatever opinions they may have of Joe's intelligence well concealed if their own well being is to be preserved.

* * *

IN the general hullabaloo over Louis' smashing triumph, the fact that Referee Arthur Donovan's job of officiating was again featured by hair-trigger thinking and the right move at the right time, seems to have been overlooked. Any lingering doubts as to Donovan's right to be regarded as the outstanding third man in the ring today should have vanished less than a minute after the opening gong, when, with Schmeling tangled on the ropes in a defenseless position, Donovan interrupted a barrage of withering blows that might have had serious consequences, by stepping between the men and beginning a count as the battered Uhlan hung on the ropes.

Donovan's humane action averted what might have been serious injury to Schmeling, for the Bomber, as he was well within the rules of doing, was taking potshots at the German's head and body and getting all his terrific leverage behind the blows. As matters turned out, Schmeling proved to be badly hurt at the time, though he says otherwise. The pictures prove that he was out on his feet after a minute of fighting. Had Donovan allowed Louis to continue to punish him, no one can say what might have happened. Donovan's action in halting Louis' bombardment in no way affected the ultimate ending, but at the same time removed much of the brutal aspects of the beating Schmeling was forced to take.

Among other things, the towel which came fluttering into the ring as Schmeling squatted on the canvas seemed to symbolize not only the end of the German's dream of glory, but also the complete deflation of any and all "isms," or claims to natural supremacy of any particular race or group. The complete collapse



of the Aryan theory, begun by Jesse Owens in the Berlin Olympics in 1936 and brought to a crashing climax in that Yankee Stadium ring, before the eyes of the whole world apparently sent the disciples of such creeds back to deep thinking.

Joe Louis today stands where Dempsey stood fifteen years ago—in a class by himself, as is Henry *(Continued on page 46)*

When Drama Was Written Into Fistiana

By HYPE IGOE

JOE LOUIS, stalking brave Harry Thomas at Chicago, had belted him with a terrific double-jointed left hook in the third round. Then ensued one of the strangest episodes of modern ring fighting.

Louis' punch turned Thomas around on his heels with the whirl of a swivel chair. The punches, so closely aligned that they seemed like a single blow, were so hard that Thomas said afterward that they seemed to stretch his neck and he looked over the ropes to see whether or not his head had been bounced in among the spectators on the end of a rubber band.

Johnny Dundee, who figured in a fantastic knockout at the hands of Willie Jackson.

The force of the amplified blow actually turned Thomas around so that he instinctively headed for his corner. Then the fun began! There was fifteen seconds still remaining of the fighting time. Louis, after landing the blows, turned around and was started for his corner when his handlers yelled some sort of a warning. Joe hadn't taken more than three strides when he turned on Thomas, to see him casually meandering to the Thomas angle of the ring. Joe thought the fight was over.

Nonchalantly, Thomas awaited Nate Lewis, his bald-headed little manager, hopping into the ring carrying the rest chair in his hands. Thomas sat down and they began to work over him, feverishly.

Dave Miller, the referee, had been found wanting, guilty of an unpardonable bit of laxity. It was his sworn duty to keep track of the fighting time and he lost those fifteen seconds completely!

Nate Lewis should have brought disqualification on his fighter automatically. Lewis further confused the referee by pointing up at the the big time clock on the wall and yelling something about the bell having rung. It didn't ring, ending the round, until after Thomas had had the preliminary douse of a generous ice-water shower.

* * *

LET'S go into the two corners and read a few jumbled minds and see how they were working. Jack Blackburn, foxy, ring-wise, a veteran of half a hundred fights himself, took it for granted that the fight had been stopped and that when Thomas walked to his corner before the bell had ended the round, it meant that he had "retired." They had wrapped a towel around Joe's head and had placed his famous blue satin robe around his powerful form, prepared to leave the ring for the dressing room, when Miller, the referee, came waddling across the ring to inform Louis that the fight was still on and that he had best get fixed for the fourth.

On Louis' side of the ring, they knew that the bell had not rung, ending the round just as Thomas dropped his hands and walked to his corner, supporting himself as he let the top rope slip through his closed left glove. They were right next to the bell and knew it hadn't bonged.

This is Thomas' version of what had happened:

"I was in complete possession of all my faculties. Let them think what they may. I knew what I was doing. I heard a bell! Otherwise, you don't think that I'd deliberately drop my hands in front of a hitter like Joe Louis, do you? I heard the bell and as I came toward my manager who had brought my chair into the ring, I was certain that everything was according to Hoyle. It never dawned on me that I had been mistaken about the bell. I heard it ring."

Now herein lies the secret of the whole matter. No doubt Thomas did hear a bell—BELLS, probably the chimes of Normandie. When Joe Louis whacks you with a two-ply left hook on the neck, around the ears, one is liable to hear anything, especially bells!

Nate Lewis, Thomas' manager, worked fast. His mind is an old one, used to the rigorous demands of a capable second. It was the SIXTEENTH time that Nate Lewis had sent a challenger out to try for a world's championship and when Thomas settled down in a Psyche-at-the-Well pose, and was knocked out in the fifth, it spelled Lewis' sixteenth failure to bring home a new champion and a title!

* * *

SO much for the bells which did or did not ring. Of course the official bell did not sound when Thomas started for his corner. It did ring as he sat being dolled up for the fourth round.

Here might have been the tragedy of the whole business. Thomas is an awkward, two-fisted hitter. Utterly unorthodox, he hits from any angle and hits mighty hard. A champion of the world can't afford to have any truck with him, not for a second. He had won the second round and was far out in front in the third when Joe landed that Swiss-bell-ringer punch.

This could have happened. Joe came out for the fourth round, one which never should have come along, considering the dazed condition in which he had left Thomas following the "bell" punch. Joe should have dropped Thomas with the next blow and he would have been counted out almost to a certainty, since twelve seconds still remained for action.

When the referee, Dave Miller, a man of long experience, let twelve seconds get away from the official time, he left the world's champion on the spot.

As it turned out, Thomas, with the fifteen seconds added to his sixty seconds of official rest period, came out full of fight in the fourth. On the other hand, Louis, still confused over the rapidity with which things had transpired in the last fifteen seconds of that third round, was not at his sharp-shooter's best. This was evident inasmuch as Thomas went all through that fourth round without being hurt by a blow. In the fifth, it was different. Joe got the range again and Thomas was belted out with only ten seconds of the fifth remaining. When Joe put Harry down this time the blond engineer remained buttered to the floor!

* * *

SUPPOSE, for the sake of argument and there were plenty of them after the smoke had cleared away, Thomas had got lucky in the fourth round, a chukker he never should have reached, knocked Joe out and had attained the crown? What of the arguments then?

Miller would have been placed in a horrible position and Joe in a sorrier one. This is said on the assumption that Thomas, a hard hitter with either hand, in the confusion which followed the "bell ringing," could well have landed a knockout punch on Joe's jaw. The champion is notoriously weak in defense against a right hander to the chin and Thomas can burn them across to the "button" and no mistake.

Had he landed one of his vagrant haymakers and they are that at best, he might have sat Joe down and kept him there just as Max Schmeling did after twelve rounds of right hand pounding.

The thing in a nutshell is this. Miller's blunder paved the way for a fourth round. That was Thomas' round in which to get lucky if he was to win the world's title and he failed. Had he scored a knockout, nothing on earth could have taken the title from Thomas. The referee had okayed the end of the third round as being up to snuff and once he made his decision, he couldn't change it. If tragedy was to be visited upon Joe Louis, it had to be. Tragedy took time out in this case and all ended well when Joe stretched the locomotive engineer. It could have been anything but so happy an ending for Brown Joe.

* * *

THIS bit of drama, the sort of thing which Dave Belasco often told me could never be written or reproduced on the stage, brings to mind some of the strange incidents which stud the pages of ring history. As I said before, Belasco, the master play builder was ever trying to snare some of the happenings which swam before his eyes as he sat at the ringside when great champions filled the eye. Belasco was a steady ring goer and always he went away convinced that there was no such thing as fashioning a replica of the Dempsey and Firpo fight, unbelievable, unforgettable, heart-gripping in its intensity of purpose and power on the rampage!

Tommy Loughran, who like Harry Thomas, walked to his corner in a semi-conscious state, following a blow to the side of the head by Jack Sharkey.

Shortly before Dempsey met the "Wild Bull of the Pampas" this writer visited Dempsey at his training camp at White Sulphur Springs, near Saratoga, N. Y.

Dempsey had never seen Firpo in action. He seldom cared about viewing prospective opponents. He wouldn't go across the street to see how a man he was to fight held up his hands!

Concerning Firpo it was a little different. Jack for once in his life was curious. He and I had planned to go on the road on a particular morning. I wanted a first hand story on what a champion did on the trails as he rumbled along in the cool of the coming day.

It so happened that the morning we had selected was a rainy one. Instead of taking to the road at the appointed hour of 6:30, we talked shop in his little dressing room. I had been with Firpo quite a lot. He was an intelligent big fellow, passionately fond of music and food. He taught me how to brew and drink Yurba Maté. It was nothing for him to eat two broiled lobsters and then order two thick steaks for chasers and wash it all down by sipping Yerba Mate through a silver straw.

The question of Firpo's style came up. What made him the great puncher that he was? All these things Dempsey asked:

"What is his best punch?" Jack quizzed.

"My notion is that his best blow is a right hander for the body, a sort of side-sweeping crack to the ribs which doubles them up when he lands it," I told Dempsey.

"How's it go? Show me," said the champion.

I stood up in the little room and imitated Firpo's side-wheel blows as best I could. I explained that it was more like a clubbing motion and that the fist seemed to be held in such a position that he caught a man in the side with the outer side of the fist as he swung it in, palm up.

"It is a dangerous blow and he puts all his tremendous power behind it. He tells me that he got the idea from swinging at young trees with a native knife in his far away Argentine," I told Dempsey.

* * *

DEMPSEY made me repeat the sweeping motion of my upturned right fist and he seemed to satisfy himself that he could both time and block such a blow.

Instead of taking to the road that morning Dempsey and I went out to the punching bag platform and did the big bag get fits. He ripped it to pieces and before anybody else was up at the camp, Dempsey and I walked away to his cottage, leaving the wadding of the big bag all over the platform. When the folks got up and dropped into the open-air arena later in the day, they had mute evidence that Mister Dempsey had been in training!

What happened? Something next door to a tragedy, when the fight itself came. Dempsey had remembered that side-swiping punch and when the bell started Firpo and himself off on what was to be the most thrilling two-round kill the ring ever has known, Dempsey was ready for the rib-crushing punch. FIRPO CROSSED HIM! The Wile Bool threw that right, 'tis true, but NOT for the ribs. Expecting it to come for the body, Dempsey had left his jaw completely exposed. As the Wile Bool drew near he let go with an unearthly swipe for Jack's chin instead of his body. The punch landed like a hammer on an anvil. The champion's knees buckled and one of them touched the floor as Jack fell into a clinch.

The next day, Dempsey couldn't tell you in which round the bout had terminated. He didn't remember being out of the ring and he denied that Firpo's first punch had banged against his stout chin.

So many stories have been writen about that hair-raising fight that it seems almost useless to transgress further but I want to make clear one point about it. Dempsey was not in the least danger when bowled out of the ring by Firpo's mighty fist in the first round.

It so happened that the whole business took place right above me, and I saw the action clearly from my position in the press row.

Dempsey had his back to the ropes. He was bobbing and weaving and just as he assumed a squatting, bobbing position, his back to the middle rope, Firpo drove out straight with a right hander. It wasn't much of a punch. As a matter of fact it was a "push" and Dempsey, from the squatting position, was flipped right over the middle rope. He landed, laughing, in the arms of the writers directly under him. He was four feet from my finger tips. As the news scribes shoved him off Dempsey reached up, grasped the middle rope, and as the writers shoved him upward, Dempsey shouted:

"Alley oop!" He wasn't in the least dazed. There was no rule against assisting a man to regain his footing outside the ring at the time and no rule about counting over a man knocked through the ropes. The New York boxing board passed a ten second edict after that incident and now it is universally observed.

As for hitting Firpo when he was down and socking him as soon as he got up, let me say that the rules of that day and night permitted a man to stand close to a foeman who was floored, especially if the fellow was knocked down close to an opponent's corner. Because Dempsey, full of fighting fury, crowded Firpo every second, there was a lot of criticism. They passed a rule that a man must repair to the "farthest corner" after flooring a man. That rule today is universal and perhaps much fairer. It eliminates all chance of "coping a sneak."

* * *

THE rule about going to a far corner worked tragically against this same Dempsey after he had floored Gene Tunney for the "long count" in Chicago. Dempsey's failure to rush to a distant point in the ring, robbed him of the chance of being the first modern heavyweight champion to regain a lost crown.

Two people were at fault, Dempsey and the late Dave Barry, the referee, who broke the existing rule by failing to chase Dempsey to a far corner and resuming the count at "one" instead of "five" where he had left off when *(Continued on page 45)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jackie Jurich Is World Flyweight Champion
Tommy Burns Claims Record In Title Bout
Jimmy Adamick Suffers Through Blunders

SINCE the failure of Lynch to make the weight for his fight at Paisley, Scotland, with Jackie Jurich, whom he knocked out in the twelfth round, I have been flooded with letters from all over the world asking me to pass upon the action of the British Board of Boxing Control and the National Boxing Association in refusing to recognize Jurich as the title holder.

The case of Lynch is an exact duplicate of that of Charley Phil Rosenberg on February 4, 1927, in Madison Square Garden, in which the New York State Boxing Commission acted as did the British moguls. When the British Board of Boxing Control took Lynch's title from him, but refused to acknowledge Jurich the world champion, it did the wrong thing, in my opinion.

Lynch, as flyweight king, agreed to defend his title against the American challenger but on the day of the fight he found that instead of scaling 112 pounds or under, he could do no better than 118½ pounds, the weight of a full-fledged bantam. When Jurich weighed only 110½ pounds, the British Board gave Lynch an opportunity to get down to the class limit. But Benny, realizing that he couldn't lose six pounds in an hour, failed to appear at the second weighing and the British Board correctly ordered his title vacated.

But that action didn't satisfy the American manager, who insisted that according to the rules of boxing Jurich should have been named the new champion regardless of the outcome of the fight. The claim advanced for Jurich was sound and will be supported by all who have any intimate knowledge of fight law.

As soon as both men had weighed in, they were in the fight, legally. Lynch's title became jeopardized. And since he did not come up to the terms of the agreement, he lost that title.

Lynch handed the American a severe drubbing. He knocked out Jackie in the twelfth after flooring him five times. A right to the body ended the bout. Lynch had a twelve-pound advantage in weight.

* * *

HERE is my decision in the case of Lynch's failure to make the flyweight limit of 112 pounds for his fight with Jurich. **Jurich is the world's flyweight champion.**

The fact that Jurich fought Lynch, who was six and a half pounds overweight, and was knocked out, has absolutely no bearing on the case.

The fight is just as if it never had happened. It was Jurich's keeping faith with the public and the promoter.

When Lynch failed to make the weight and Jurich scaled under the weight, Jurich became the champion.

The subsequent fight was an overweight match in which Jurich's title was not at stake. This decision is based on ring law and on civil law. Had Lynch not weighed in, that would have altered the situation. As soon as he did go on the scales for the official weighing-in, the fight officially was on. Had he not done so, Jurich could not be termed the champion. He then would have rated only the No. 1 challenger; which post was given him by the British Board and the National Boxing Association.

Merely declaring Jurich the No. 1 challenger was silly. Because when Jurich signed for the fight, he already was recognized as the No. 1 challenger by Lynch and the Boxing Board that sanctioned the fight. Jurich was entitled to a fight at the weight limit, and since Lynch could not provide that, Jurich became the legal champion. Recently I wrote an editorial on this subject and in view of the latest controversy, I think it timely to reprint what I then saw.

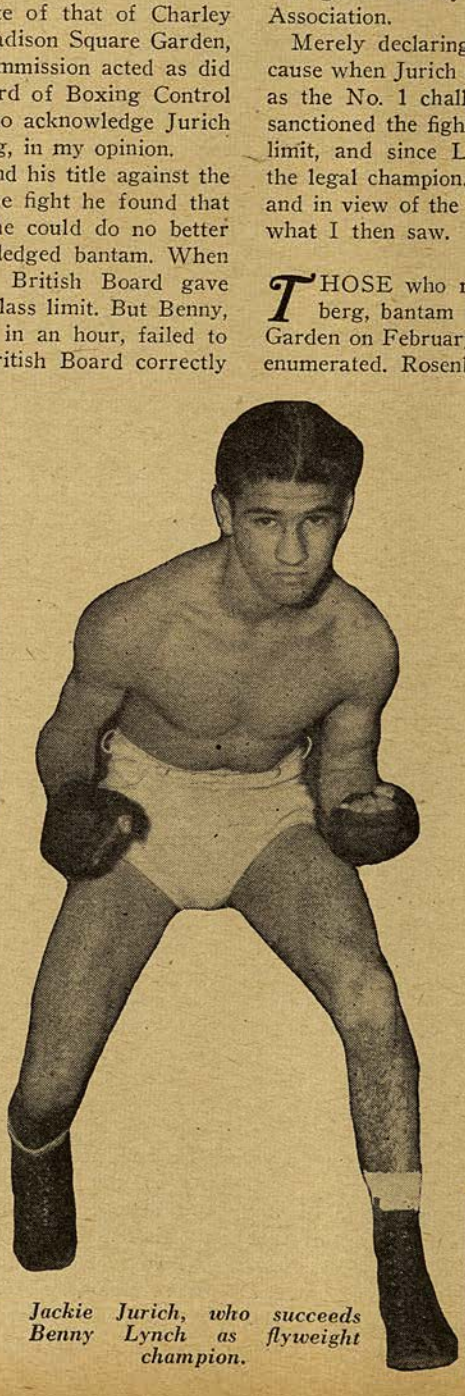
* * *

THOSE who recall the fight between Charley Phil Rosenberg, bantam king, and Bushy Graham in Madison Square Garden on February 4, 1927, will remember a case such as I have enumerated. Rosenberg came to the weighing-in, lean, haggard, eyes almost popping out of his head because of the strenuous time he had in trying to make weight. Graham was asked by Commissioners Farley and Muldoon to get on the scales. He weighed 117½ pounds.

Then came Rosenberg's turn, and he scaled 122½ pounds.

Muldoon, a stickler for rules, declared that either Rosenberg would take off that surplus weight or lose his title. But Phil already was as far down as he could get without injury to his health. He so informed the commission, and Messrs. Muldoon and Farley, following a few minutes conference, announced to the boxing writers that Charley Phil Rosenberg had forfeited his title as bantam king because he no longer could make the weight, and that if Bushy Graham defeated him in the Garden that night, Bushey would be declared the champion.

Graham's mentors argued that regardless of the outcome of the bout, their boy was the legal world bantam champion and Commissioner Farley agreed with him, but Muldoon, citing the law, said that only if Graham won, would he gain the honor, and if he lost, he would be regarded as the No. 1 challenger to meet the best available bantam for the world crown. At the time, the Boxing Commission rules stated that if a champion failed to make weight for a championship bout, his title would be declared forfeited and that rule, which has always been recognized as a proper one from the very earliest days, deprived Rosenberg of the title.



Jackie Jurich, who succeeds Benny Lynch as flyweight champion.

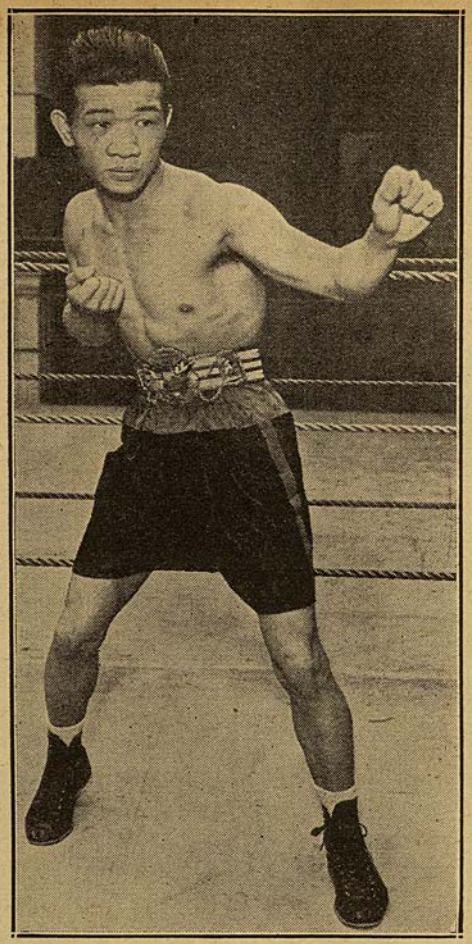
THAT night, before a crowd of 13,952 persons, who paid $66,945 to see the mill, Rosenberg handed Graham the worst shellacking the Utica lad had ever received, but that, plus his purse, was the sum total of Rosie's glory. He had lost his title but had won a brilliant victory.

It was my contention at the time that, regardless of the outcome of the match, Graham had won the bantam crown at the weighing-in without as much as raising a hand in his defense. I backed the claim of Graham's mentors and Commissioner Farley's contention with an editorial that I wrote for the New York *Telegram*, of which I was then Sports Editor, and the day after the fight, Muldoon, at a luncheon I had with him at the New York A. C., remarked:

"I read your statement this afternoon and after digesting your arguments, I think you are correct. I shall take up the matter at our next meeting and have Graham declared the champion."

At the next meeting, however, Muldoon was prevailed upon by Commissioner Farley, who had changed his mind, not to make that an official ruling. Instead, it was agreed that Graham was the leading bantam in the world and on May 23, 1928, Graham faced New York's No. 1 challenger, Corporal Izzy Schwartz in a fifteen-round bout designated by the Commission as for the championship, and Graham won, thereby receiving official recognition as title-holder—something he should have received when Rosenberg failed to meet the weight requirements.

* * *



Small Montana, who seeks a match with Jurich. Such a bout is urged by THE RING *to end the controversy between the rival claimants and bring about international recognition of the winner.*

I HAVE been asked, in letters I wrote in answer to inquiries, why Max Schmeling, based on the same ruling, was not declared world heavyweight king when he weighed in for the "phantom" fight and Jimmy Braddock had failed to put in an appearance. My answer follows:

There is no analogy. In the latter case, the boxing commission was informed three months before the scheduled fight that there would be no battle between champion and challenger because Braddock had ducked the issue. Schmeling knew that there would be no fight. Everyone, it seems, was aware of that but the Commission, which, to save its face because of the international problem involved, with an attack on Hitlerism being the chief issue, ordered Schmeling to continue to train and then ordered champion and challenger to appear at the weighing-in ceremonies. All the time the Commission knew that this was only a gesture on its part and that it could not and would not deprive Braddock of the title.

Had Braddock appeared and weighed in and Schmeling had weighed in, then Braddock's refusal to enter the ring automatically would have settled the issue and a new world heavyweight king, Max Schmeling, would have ruled the roost.

* * *

THE claim of Small Montana to the crown or to the No. 1 post of challenger, which would make him the head of the division, is out of order. Jurich fought a draw with Montana last October then beat him in ten rounds in December to win the American championship. Since then Jurich scored a knockout over Little Caesar in two rounds, lost a decision in ten to Little Dado at Oakland, California, and then was stopped by Lynch in twelve.

Montana, in his comeback, has done well. He beat three outstanding world bantams in decision fights, Frankie Jarr, Baby Yack and Pancho Villa, each in ten rounds in Toronto. A bout between Jurich and Montana would settle all further arguments regarding the matter of superiority. With Peter Kane now a bantam, the two best flyweights are Jurich and Montana. The winner of a bout between them would give the class an undisputed head. Tiny Bostock was recently whipped by Tut Whalley. Those two and Pierre Louis make up Europe's most prominent flyweights.

* * *

THE quick knockout of Schmeling by Louis has brought a flood of mail asking information on the shortest knockout in a heavyweight championship fight. Tommy Burns claims the record with a mark of one minute and twenty-eight seconds, the time he required to put away Jem Roche in Dublin, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day, 1908. Louis' time of 2:04 is next, but if the type of opposition is to be considered as it should, then the Brown Bomber holds the record. Jem Roche, as a fighter, was on a par with the ordinary fifth-raters who are carried on barnstorming trips. He didn't rate. If we are to give Burns credit for the record knockout against Roche, then we must give Jack Dempsey credit for having put opponents away in less than one minute when he was touring the country as title-holder.

That's exactly what Burns was doing when he clashed with opponents like Jack Palmer, Jewey Smith, Jem Roche and several others before he decided to accept the challenge of Jack Johnson for their bout in Sydney, Australia. In his fight with Bill Squires at Colma, California, on July 4, 1906, billed for forty-five rounds, Burns scored a knockout in 2:08 of the first round. Jim Jeffries was the referee.

The clippings in my possession give the time as 2:09, but Tommy says it was 2:08. That, prior to the knockout of Schmeling by Louis, constituted the record for a heavyweight championship fight in which a legitimate challenger faced the champion.

* * *

BOXING seems to be the subject of attack of educators these days. First we find the National Collegiate Association asking for a curb on boxing as now practiced in the collegiate institutions, and now comes a member of the United States Naval Medical Corps, Lieut. J. A. Millspaugh, with a condemnation of boxing in a treatise he prepared for a naval medical journal. His attack is based on "punch drunkenness." Says the eminent physician, who, if I'm not mistaken, was a member of Spike Webb's Olympic boxing team several years ago:

"Punch drunkenness is a condition brought about from absorbing too many punches . . . . Patiently the etiology of dementia pugilistica is trauma."

In short, translating his words into the plain talk of the common folk, Lieut. Millspaugh calls punch drunkenness by a new name, "pugilistica dementia." To go a step further in his interpretation, I would say that he wants his readers to know that a fellow who is walloped on the head too often becomes "goofy." "A boxer who has developed this, often may be found in his living room 'scowling, snorting, blowing, grimacing, crouching and squaring off.' These are common in such cases," says the Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Millspaugh's observations are nothing new, but he fails to report in his treatise that, whereas such condition was prevalent in boxing circles in pre-commission days, when lack of supervision over boxing often *(Continued on page 48)*

FIGHTERS *in the* FLICKERS

By T. W. McNIEL

Maxie Rosenbloom, who is often used by Hollywood movie studios.

WHEN old Horace Greeley made his celebrated crack, a great many annums ago, about "Go West, young man, go West," he must have been speaking for the special edification of battered young men who had reached the end of their fistic rope. At any rate, his advice seems to fall on particularly attentive ears as regards the beak-spearing trade.

And, having gone West, it is only natural that these relics of ringdom's warfare should turn their time and talents to the moving picture industry. The work is easy, the hours are short and the pay is good—and certain. What more could a retired box-fighter ask for?

While the boys with the classic profiles may drag down the heavy sugar, there are times and occasions when a battered mug is a downright necessity. And believe you me, Hollywood's ex-pug colony can supply just about anything the occasion may demand in the way of an abused pan.

* * *

A "WHO'S WHO" of the California movie colony's extra list sounds like a rollcall of yesterday's prize-ring heroes. Yes, sir, there's something about that West Coast film industry that attracts ex-pugs like nobody's business.

Let's take a stroll down through Hollywood's boulevards and see just who is who in the land of the flickering film.

Take Victor McLaglen for instance. Perhaps not one person in a hundred knows that this gay boulevarder was once a brash young pug with the audacity to contest Jack Johnson for the world's heavyweight title. That he failed to lift genial Jack's crown is no disgrace, since I know of several other fighters who failed to achieve the same purpose.

Billy Papke, whose three ring battles with Stanley Ketchel were masterpieces, was an extra in Hollywood for a dozen years before his tragic death at his own hand last year.

Norman Selby—Kid McCoy to you and me—was a featured performer for many years during the days of the "silent" film.

Al Kaufmann, a dazzling prospect during the "white hope" days, has been playing minor roles in pictures for the past twenty years.

One of the most popular extras among the ex-pugs is the old ex-middleweight king, Al McCoy. Originally out of Brooklyn, the old southpaw shock-absorber has been in California for the past decade, and getting more than his share of movie assignments. McCoy is the lad who nailed George Chip on the whiskers one night back in 1914 and helped himself to the 158-pound title. Mike O'Dowd finally jarred him loose from the crown three years later.

* * *

ANOTHER ex-ringster who finds a battered mug an asset instead of a liability is the old Chicago warrior, "Broken Nose" Murphy. When an "underworld rat" type is in demand, Murphy plays the part to perfection.

Ex-heavyweight champion James J. Jeffries is often featured in pictures built against a prize-ring background. Incidentally, Jeff tutors many of the screen stars' children in the gentle art of sock.

Joe Benjamin, the California lad who raised quite a rumpus in lightweight circles during the reign of Benny Leonard, divides his time between the broomtails and the Klieg lights. Joe has been in many feature pictures during the past few years. He even went so far as to acquire himself an actress wife in the person of the lovely Marian Nixon, but the venture hit the rocks a couple of years ago.

Georges Carpentier, one-time idol of the fight world, was another who took a fling at the movie game. The gorgeous one, with a phiz of a Greek god, despite many sanguinary ring duels, was an accomplished actor and is still one of the stars of the French movie industry.

Former welterweight king Ted "Kid" Lewis, who, with the aid of Jack Britton, acted out a twenty-one-chapter ring serial in real—not reel—life, is a favorite actor among the British cinema colony.

The old Lancaster, Pa., middleweight, Leo Houck, was another who earned his bread and butter in the movies. Leo acted minor roles for a decade before returning to his home state to take over the coaching job of Penn State boxing teams.

Primo Carnera, the Ambling Alp, who dusted off Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight title, also had his fling in the flickers. He was featured in a couple of Hollywood productions, and helped make one serial picture.

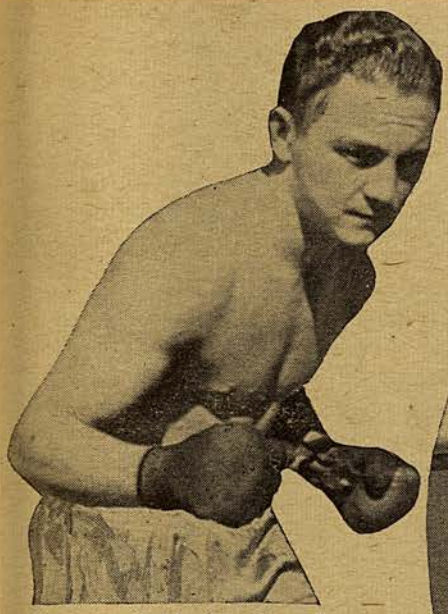
* * *

RIGHT now, the most popular mittman on the Hollywood lots is our old friend, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom. Maxie, who gained no little notoriety in ring circles because of his penchant for doing roadwork in gay spot night clubs, like Tennyson's proverbial brook, apparently intends to go on forever. Just the other night Maxie took time out from his night club and movie duties to whale the tar out of San Francisco's "white hope," Louie Nova.

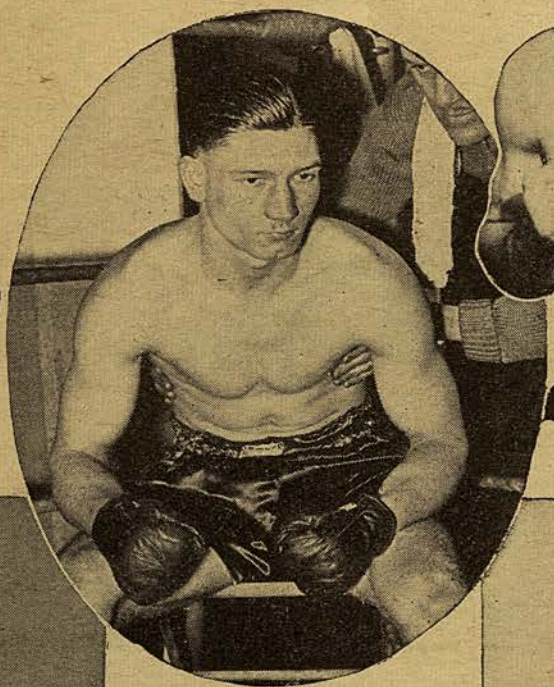
Charley Eyton, one-time welterweight king of the Pacific Coast region, and later one of the ring's foremost referees, was another who became a featured film star. Charley began his film career back in 1915 as an extra.

(Continued on page 44)

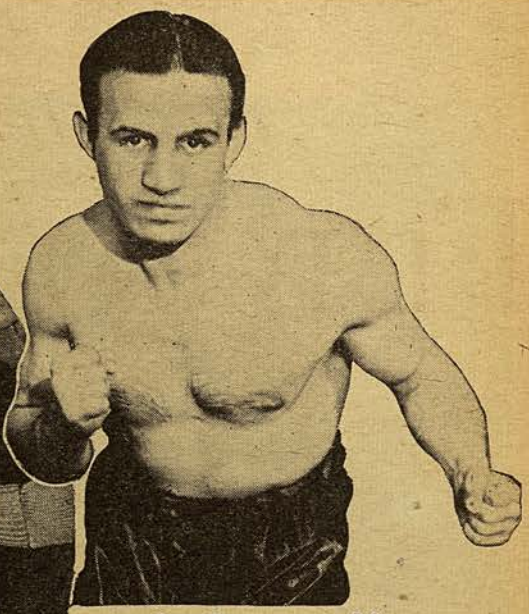
Good Club Fighters



Tommy Cobb, San Jose bantamweight.

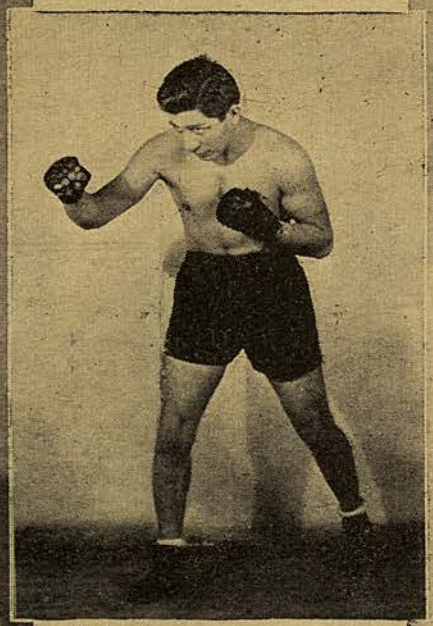


Johnny K. O. Stevens, Cincinnati lightweight.

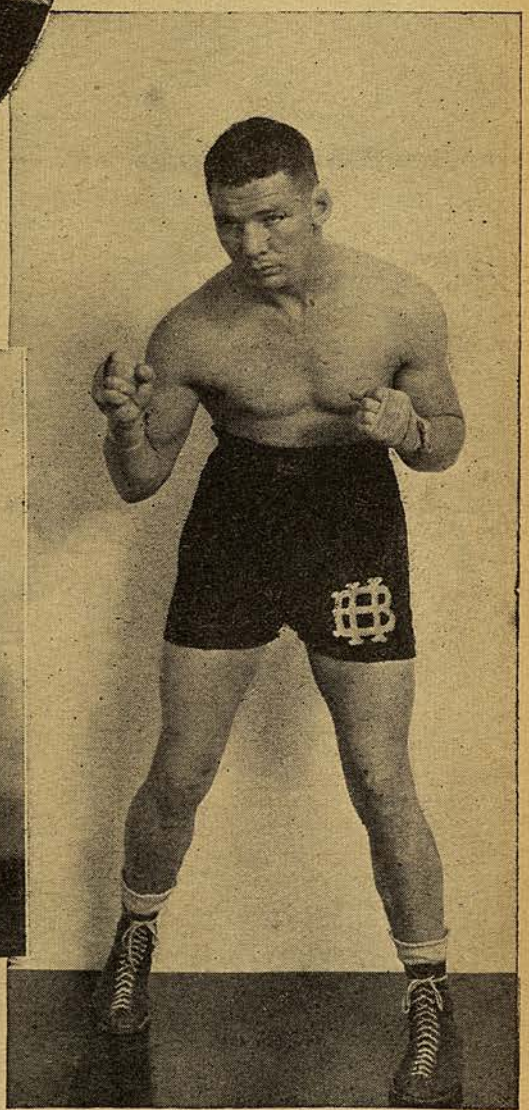


Joey Brown, rugged Syracuse featherweight.

Al George, Columbus, Ohio, lightweight, now on the Coast.



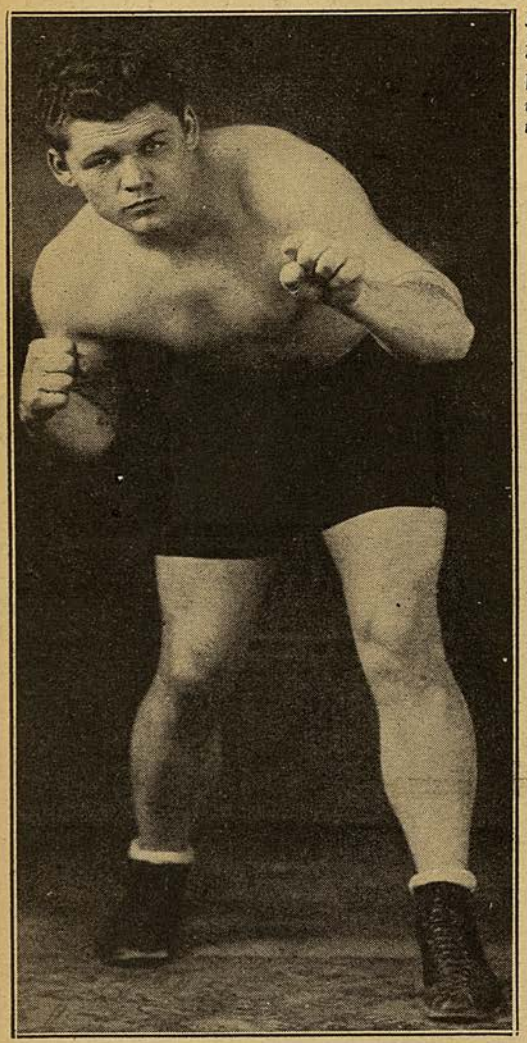
Ted Garcia, featherweight from Denver, Colo.



Billy Hood, St. Augustine, Fla., middleweight.

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



Jack Patton, a 190-pound "threat" from West Virginia, who is known as the "Anthracite Assassin."

THREE STAR JACK HENNESSEY has dug down deep in the coal mines of Century, West Virginia, for his latest heavyweight hope, with whom he hopes some day to replace Joe Louis as the world champion. In partnership with Tom Biglin of Akron, Ohio, he is managing Jack Patton, youthful slugger with an imposing record.

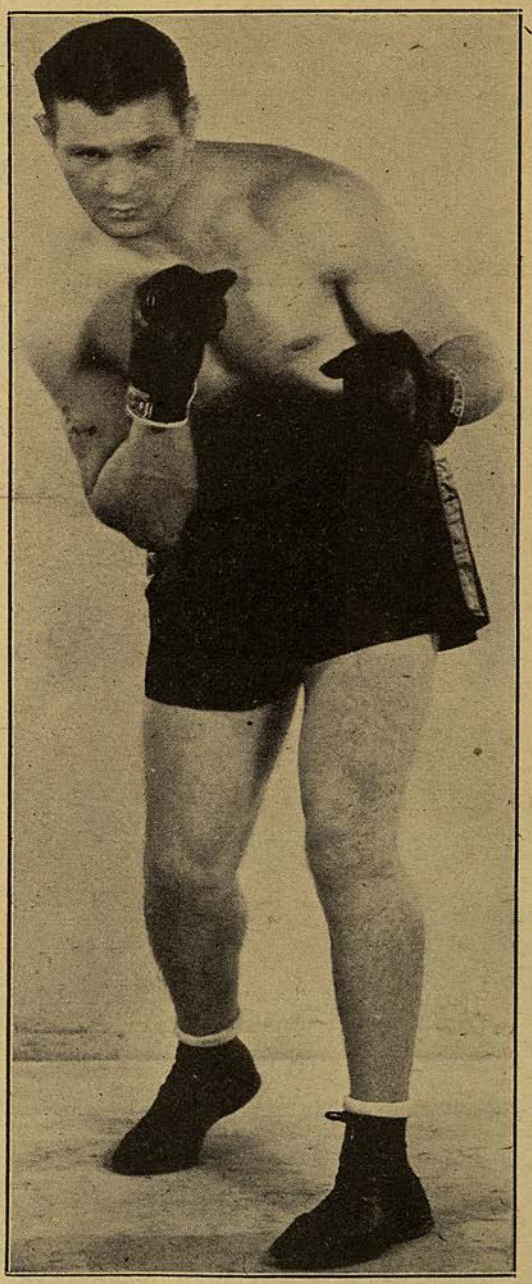
Patton was born in Century, West Virginia, on July 9, 1917. He is five feet nine inches tall, scales a few ounces under the 190-pound mark, and is a husky boy. Only twenty-one years of age, Patton should reach the six-foot mark before the year has passed.

As a youngster, Jack followed in the footsteps of his father, who came from a long line of rugged, hard-working mining folk. He helped his dad load coal from the neighboring regions. His father was proud of his boy's natural strength. Jack's broad shoulders and his sturdiness attracted the attention of his playmates, and it wasn't long before he set his heart on boxing, the sport he liked best. The elder Patton was amazed, but not wishing to curb the ambitions of his son, allowed him to enter the field of pugilism. And thus far in his career, the boy has done nothing that would cause his father any regret.

Patton has engaged in fifty-three contests and has scored forty-four knockouts. He has won eight fights by the decision route and has lost but one duke, a fight to the experienced Buddy Knox. Of his list of kayoes, twenty-two opponents have been curdled on the resined canvas in the first round, a feat which speaks volumes for his punching ability.

Midwestern scribes have taken to the young heavyweight and have labeled him the Anthracite Assassin. The young man, who starred at football in Davis-Elkins College, where he went for his education, has scored knockouts over Frank Roper, Bob Ludwig, Al Wagner, Art Mills, Steve Crunch, K. O. Clark, Mike Dunn and Kid Walker, among others, and some of the men over whom he has taken decisions are Pat Smith, Joe Alois, Jack Kutex, Bob Anderson, Frankie Simms and Carl Knowles.

A likely looking youngster, Jack Patton may be headed for the big time of fistiana by the time winter boxing rolls around.



Jarl Johnson, the "Blond Thunderbolt" of Norway, who is making progress in the heavyweight ranks.

* * *

GEORGE FARMER has sent an interesting yarn relative to Frankie Kid Bonser, the Nottingham, England, flyweight, who is causing quite a furore overseas in the ranks of the little fellows. A legitimate challenger for the world honors, Bonser is fast forging to the front of the ranking flyweights by a successive string of victories that entitles him to a place in the fistic sun.

Bonser is a smashing, two-fisted scrapper, whose victories over Jim Warnock, Jimmy Webster, Gaston Vanderbos, Peter Miller, and Billy Nash will attest to his qualifications. That he is definitely entitled to consideration as an opponent for the champion may be gleaned from his record.

Bonser received the worst break of his career when, after fighting his way through the elimination tournament that is now being conducted in England, he was forced to cancel a fight with Paddy Ryan when he accidentally dropped a brick on his hand, putting him temporarily out of commission. An X-ray revealed that he had fractured his right hand, the most potent weapon in his fistic make-up. The damage has forced him to the sidelines for a short

vacation from the whirl of flying leather, but he is expected to get back into action shortly.

And when he does, watch out, you pretenders to the throne!

* * *

A YOUNG Puerto Rican who has his heart set on becoming another Pedro Montanez may set sail for these shores very shortly, and if he can fight just a little on the style of Pounding Pedro, he will be a very welcome addition indeed. His record says that he has ability that shows great promise. His name is Monserrate Basora.

Basora was born on February 8, 1918, in Lajas, a city on the island of Puerto Rico. Born of humble parents, he took naturally to boxing, and started his fistic career in the streets of his little city on March 8, 1935. His first effort ended in a draw.

Under the capable supervision of his manager, Enrique Ramirez Irizarry, he then started an uphill climb. Under his direction, Basora engaged in sixty-one fights as an amateur boxer. Of these, he won twenty-one by the knockout route, thirteen on technical kayoes, twenty-two by decisions, and fought two draws. He lost only three fights—a most imposing record.

In the Olympics of Central America and the Caribbean celebrated in the Republic of Panama last February, Basora represented his country in the lightweight division. He captured the championship by whipping two fighters, one from Costa Rica and the other a battler from Jamaica.

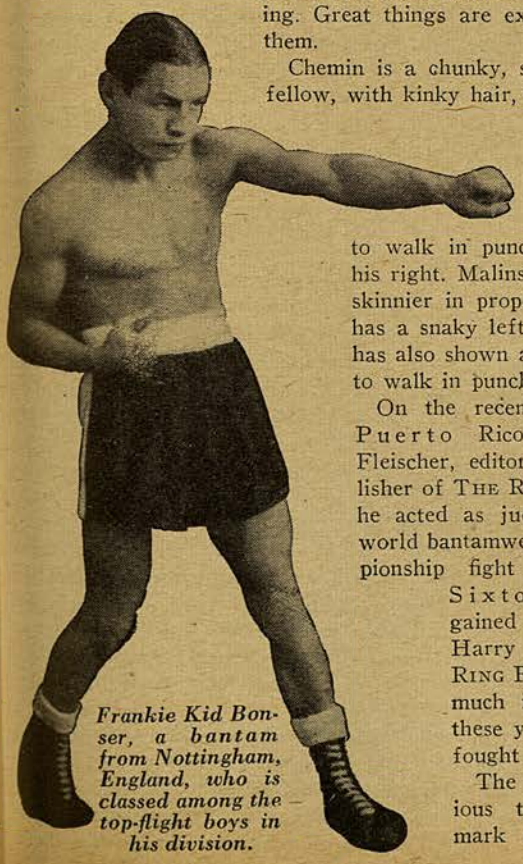
The boy is now engaged in hard training for some battles in Puerto Rico, where fights are being lined up for him, and if he is successful, he will set sail for these shores to try to emulate the fistic accomplishments of the man he admires, Pedro Montanez.

* * *

THE fistic firm of Dr. Francisco A. Marquez and Ismael Calderon of Aguadilla, Puerto Rico, is high on the possibilities of its two young featherweight prospects, Battling Chemin and Joe Malinsky, who are making quite a hit in their native land.

They are two boys whose fast style of milling borders on the club style type. They have made a tremendous impression on the native followers of boxing. Great things are expected of them.

Chemin is a chunky, squat built fellow, with kinky hair, who loves to walk in punching with his right. Malinsky is built skinnier in proportion and has a snaky left hand. He has also shown an aptitude to walk in punching.



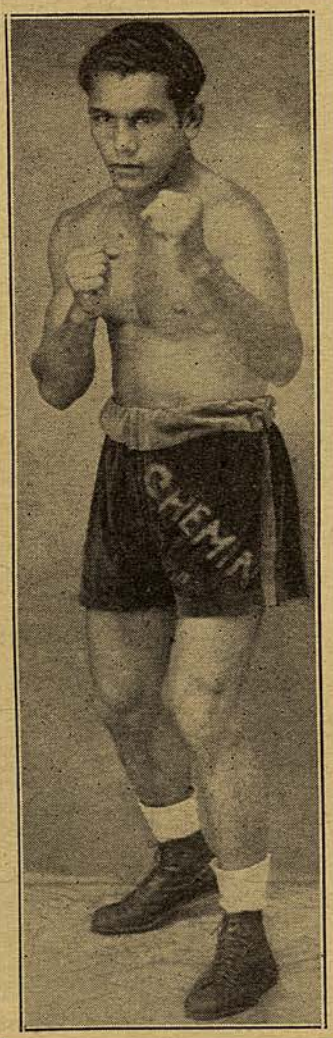
Frankie Kid Bonser, a bantam from Nottingham, England, who is classed among the top-flight boys in his division.

On the recent visit to Puerto Rico of Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING, where he acted as judge at the world bantamweight championship fight in which Sixto Escobar regained his title from Harry Jeffra, THE RING Editor was very much impressed with these youngsters, who fought on the card.

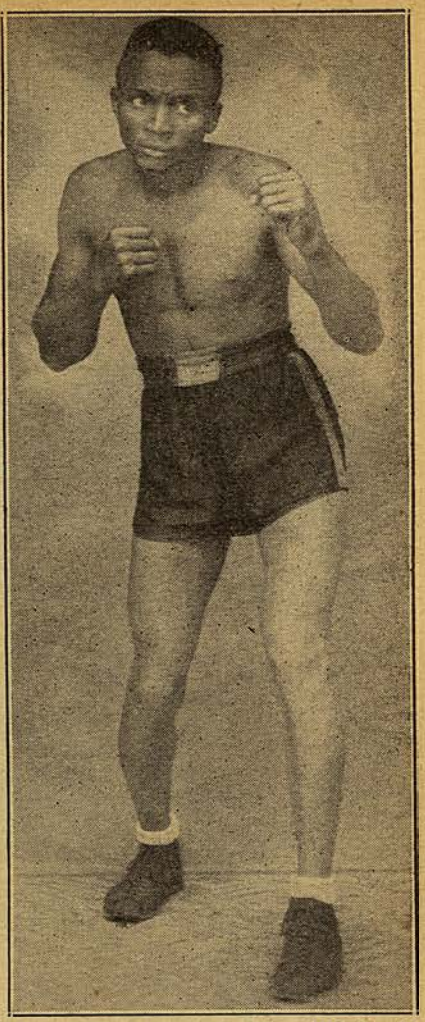
The boys are anxious to make their mark in the boxing game because they know if they can keep up their consistent winning streak, it won't be long before they will be headed for the States.

* * *

AT last we have found a heavyweight who hasn't had for his idol Jack Dempsey, and that in itself is something to write about. The man of whom we speak is Jarl Johnson of Norway, and surprising as it may sound, the big fellow has been wrapped up in his own stablemate, Pedro Montanez.



Battling Chemin of Aguadillo, Puerto Rico. Chemin is a good featherweight.



Joe Malinsky, another Aguadillo featherweight who is rated high in Puerto Rico.

The Blond Thunderbolt is but twenty-three years of age and was born in Norway. He is possessed of great natural ability as a boxer, and can punch with the best young heavyweights in the game today. In a career that has seen him in ring combat sixteen times, the Norwegian giant has never been knocked off his feet. He has lost but one decision to Henry Cooper, a young man who shows much promise himself.

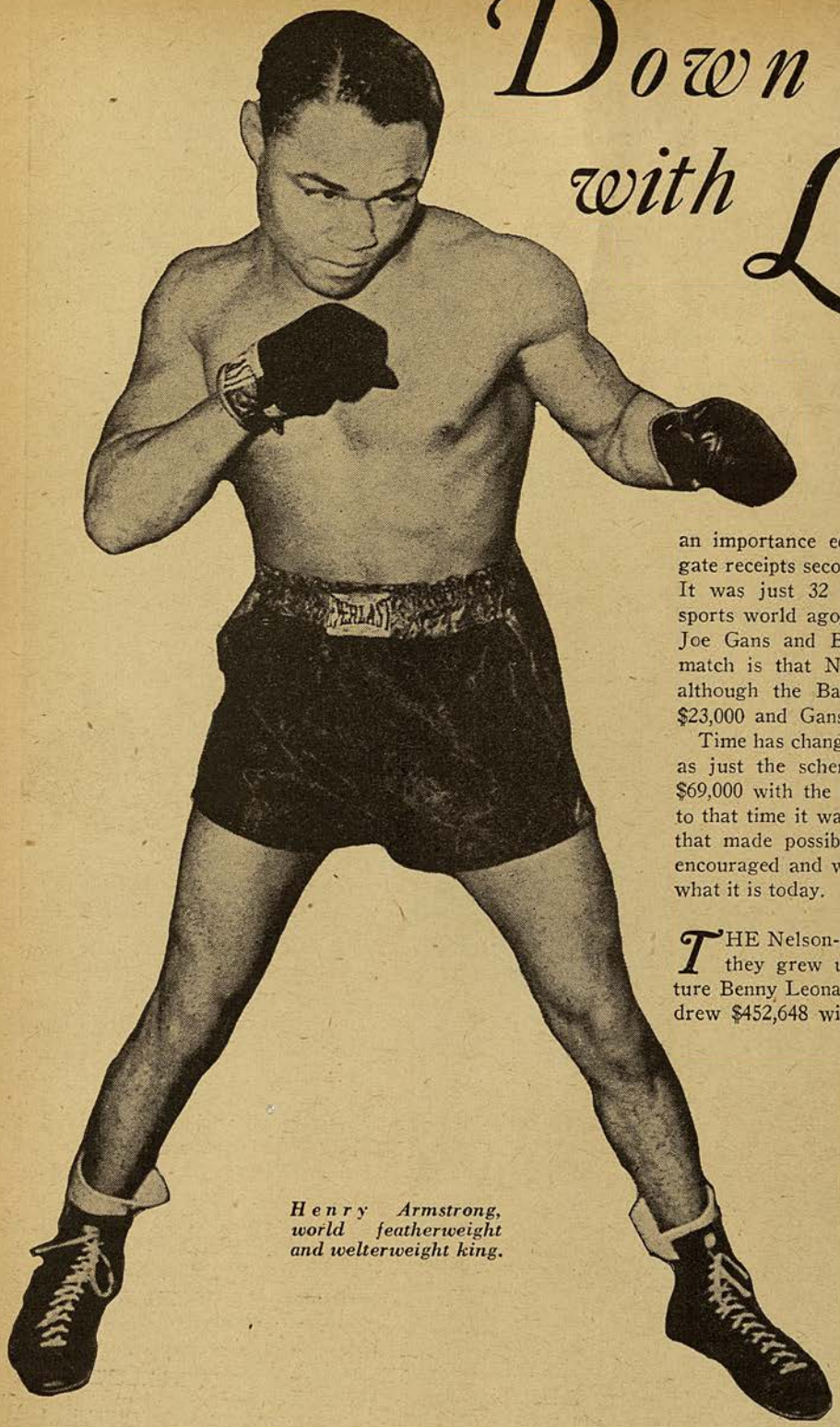
In his native country Johnson engaged in eleven amateur fights and won all. His career took in a period of four years and the long stretch of time is due to the fact that amateurs don't fight in Norway as often as they do in the States. They are content to box but three or four times a year. He did some extensive travelling while a simon-pure, displaying his wares in Germany, Sweden, and Belgium, besides his own country.

He came to the United States a rank novice and was placed under the fistic banner of Lew Burston. He learned fast and made rapid progress. He scored quick knockouts over Phil Donato, Johnny Goering, Bill Kling, Andy Wallace, Bill Comiskey, Bill Merritt, Jack Moran, Paul Joffre and Mike McMahon. He also whipped experienced fighters such as Gene Bonin, George Higgs and Phil Sommese.

He lost to Henry Cooper in his (Continued on page 45)

Down the Ages with Lightweights

By
MURRAY LEWIN



Henry Armstrong, world featherweight and welterweight king.

NEXT to the heavyweight class, there has been no division in boxing which has been more attractive and more interesting from a point of view of competition, than that of the lightweight section. From the time of the inception of the class back in 1863 to the present day, with but few exceptions, there has been no lull in the activity.

The names of some of the greatest boxers of all time, the Immortals of the roped square, are enrolled in its list of fighters. Listed among the great champions of the lightweight class are Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne, Benny Leonard, Tony Canzoneri, Frank Erne, Jimmy Britt, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, Willie Ritchie and Freddy Welsh, fighters who have gained a niche in the fistic hall of fame.

When Benny Leonard came into the spotlight, the class assumed an importance equal to that of the heavyweight division, with gate receipts second only to the fights in which Dempsey appeared. It was just 32 years ago that the late Tex Rickard set the sports world agog when he offered $34,000 for a match between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, and a strange part about the match is that Nelson drew down more money than did Gans although the Baltimore Negro was the top man. Nelson got $23,000 and Gans only $11,000, he being the champion.

Time has changed those figures. At the time they were regarded as just the schemes of a wild man. Rickard drew more than $69,000 with the fight and claimed a profit of about $16,000. Up to that time it was the costliest fistic promotion. It was that fight that made possible the high trend of boxing, for Rickard was encouraged and went on to greater things and to make the sport what it is today.

* * *

THE Nelson-Gans fight started the big purses! Little by little they grew until seventeen years after that Goldfield venture Benny Leonard, then the lightweight champion of the world, drew $452,648 with Lew Tendler at the Yankee Stadium. That still stands as the record for the lightweights, and topped the $367,862 the same pair had drawn a year before in Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City.

What a difference to the financial rewards that came to those old battlers who instilled the spirit of fighting in the present generation! Historians of boxing place the lightweight class origin as 1863, when a fellow named Tom Chandler beat Dooney Harris of England for a $10,000 side bet and don't forget there was no gate to "cut" in those days. But really it was not until the early '80's when Jack McAuliffe, Harry Gilmore, Billy Fraser and George Fuljames were around that the class really became established. They were all fighters who weighed from 128 to 133 pounds. Each in turn claimed the title but there was nobody around to okay the claims.

The first recognized champion was Abe Hicken, who claimed the title and then knocked out Pete McGuire in five rounds at Perryville, Md., in 1868. But Hicken dropped out of it and then a fellow named Joe Collyer claimed the crown as did Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, names still recalled by the old-timers. Edwards later beat Collyer and then he and Chambers were matched.

* * *

THERE was something of a modern tone in this fight. After boxing thirty-five rounds, Chambers WON ON A FOUL. But all those fights were before Marquis of Queensberry rules were invoked, and before gloves bigger than skin-tight ones were introduced to the game. Several whose names are barely known

to the game today claimed the title and at times the championship was even without an owner.

Then came the advent of Jack Dempsey in 1884. He ruled as king for two years then entered the welterweight division. He beat such men as Jimmy Mitchell, Billy Dacey, Bill Fraser, George Fuljames, Tom Henry and others. Then he outgrew the class.

Jack McAuliffe was the next crown wearer. Jack had been boxing as an amateur but in 1886 turned professional and then history began to ring of the lightweights, for McAuliffe was colorful. He got less for his tough duels than preliminary boys do today. In 1887 Jack fought Harry Gilmore for the title. Gilmore retired in that fight because of a broken nose and at a time when McAuliffe was so blinded he could hardly see.

It was only one of Jack's tough fights. That very same year he fought Jem Carney of England at Revere Beach, Mass., for $4,500 a side. It was called a draw after seventy-four rounds after some bettors had broken up the fight in a riot.

Succeeding years saw Jack defend his title, and then the courage that is not often displayed nowadays was exhibited by him in a fight in which he engaged in 1889 against Billy Myer, the "Streetor Cyclone." The fight went sixty-four rounds when it was stopped and called a draw. For many rounds McAuliffe fought with a broken arm. He went through with the battle to save his backers $2,500 they had bet on him.

The following year Jack knocked out Jimmy Carroll in 47 rounds for a mere $5,000 side bet and then in 1891 he fought the famous Austin Gibbons of Elizabeth, N. J., for six rounds for a $3,500 side bet. That bout was stopped by the police.

* * *

IT was back in 1892 that Jack retired after fighting Billy Meyers in New Orleans and knocking him out in fifteen rounds at the famous carnival which saw Jim Corbett beat John L. Sullivan and George Dixon beating Jack Skelly. It was the biggest purse McAuliffe ever drew. It was a $9,000 purse, winner take all, and a $5,000 side bet.

Upon his retirement, McAuliffe turned the championship over to Kid Lavigne, who knocked out Andy Bowen in fourteen rounds and then stopped Jimmy Handler in five rounds later on. In 1896, the mite of a champion went to England to fight Jim Burge and created a sensation when he stopped the Briton in the seventeenth round after being on the short end of the 5-to-1 betting. Lavigne got $15,000 for his end.

Frank Erne of Buffalo won the championship from Lavigne in 1899 in twenty rounds and Erne went on until 1902 when Joe Gans knocked him out in a round at Fort Erie, Can. But Gans was reluctant to defend the title at the required 133 pounds and Jimmy Britt claimed the laurels until in 1905 he lost to Battling Nelson in eighteen rounds.

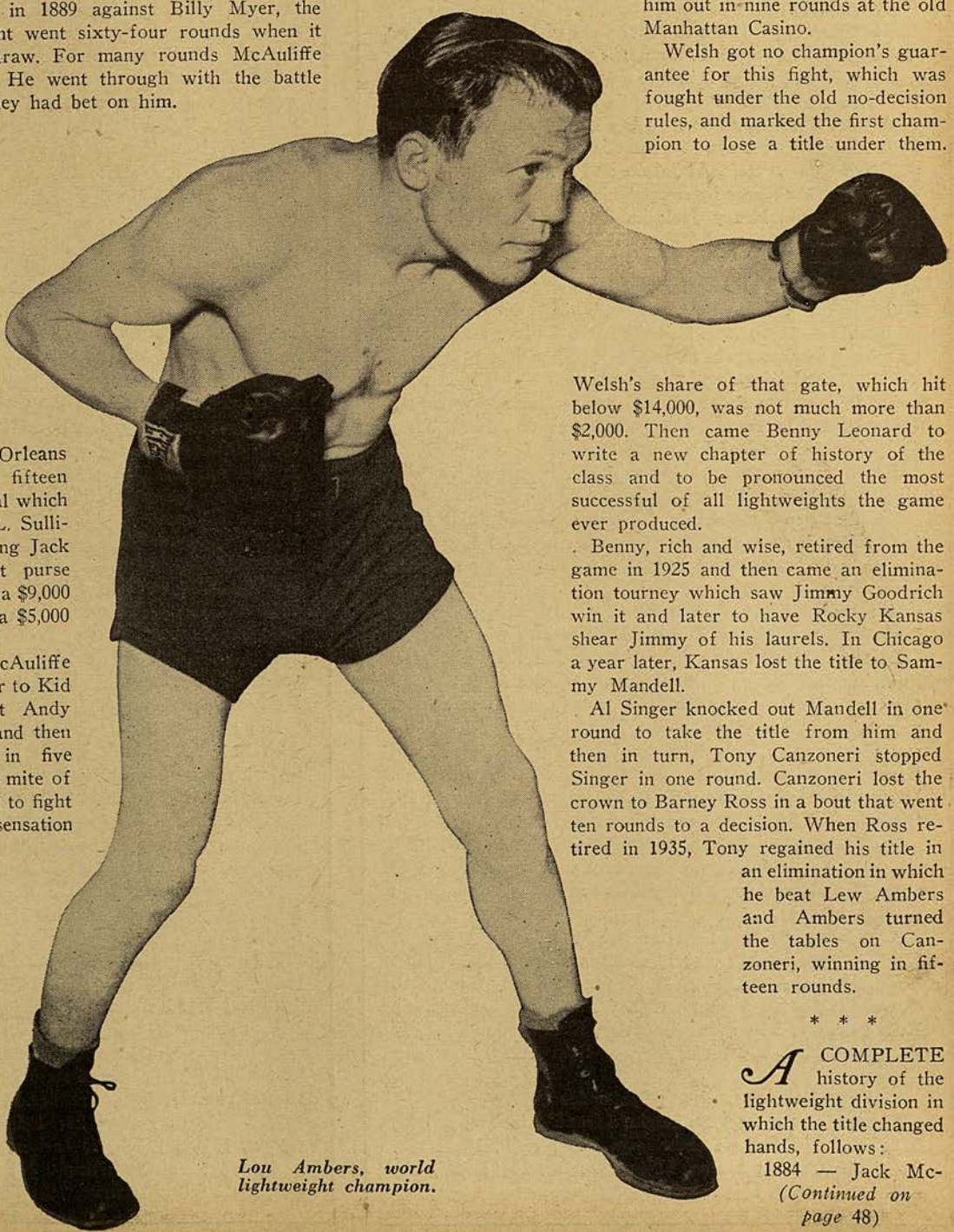
Then Gans changed his mind and came back as a lightweight. He met Nelson in that famous Tex Rickard promotion at Goldfield and had to take the short end of the purse because of his earlier delinquency. He won back the title on a foul in the forty-second round.

In 1908 Nelson got his chance again, and this time stopped the failing and tubercular Gans in seventeen rounds and repeated in twenty-one rounds a few months later. Ad Wolgast succeeded Nelson in a forty-round battle at Colma, Cal., in 1910 and then Willie Ritchie came along to win the title on a foul in 1912 in thirteen rounds.

* * *

RITCHIE did not last long. He was a business man and took what was then a fortune in the ring—$25,000—to go to England and fight Freddie Welsh. He lost a twenty-round decision by a close margin. That was in 1914 and Freddie held the title until 1917 when Benny Leonard knocked him out in nine rounds at the old Manhattan Casino.

Welsh got no champion's guarantee for this fight, which was fought under the old no-decision rules, and marked the first champion to lose a title under them.



Lou Ambers, world lightweight champion.

Welsh's share of that gate, which hit below $14,000, was not much more than $2,000. Then came Benny Leonard to write a new chapter of history of the class and to be pronounced the most successful of all lightweights the game ever produced.

Benny, rich and wise, retired from the game in 1925 and then came an elimination tourney which saw Jimmy Goodrich win it and later to have Rocky Kansas shear Jimmy of his laurels. In Chicago a year later, Kansas lost the title to Sammy Mandell.

Al Singer knocked out Mandell in one round to take the title from him and then in turn, Tony Canzoneri stopped Singer in one round. Canzoneri lost the crown to Barney Ross in a bout that went ten rounds to a decision. When Ross retired in 1935, Tony regained his title in an elimination in which he beat Lew Ambers and Ambers turned the tables on Canzoneri, winning in fifteen rounds.

* * *

A COMPLETE history of the lightweight division in which the title changed hands, follows:

1884 — Jack Mc-

(Continued on page 48)

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Henry Armstrong

WORLD featherweight and welterweight champion. He was born in St. Louis, December 12, 1912. Came from a poor family. Parents died when Henry was quite young. Henry is 5 feet 4½ inches and scales 132 pounds. Family name is Jackson. Started working as a newsboy when seven. Graduated from Vashon High School of St. Louis. Contributed to support of twelve brothers and sisters by odd jobs, including railroad work, shining shoes and fighting.

Reigning sensation of pugilism. Possesses most remarkable record of knockouts over good talent. Pleasant chap, well spoken, educated, a keen student of the Bible. Married to a preacher's daughter. Has one child, a girl. His early ambition was to study medicine but financial embarrassment caused him to enter field of boxing, at which he has gained fame and fortune. Is powerfully built.

His style of fighting is unlike that of any other champion. Tears in regardless of opponent's attack, and clouts with both fists. Tireless, always on top of opponent, gives him little chance to get set. Is controlled by a syndicate composed of George Raft, Al Jolson and Eddie Mead.

Started fistic career by campaigning as an amateur under his own name, Henry Jackson. Then turned to bootleg boxing under name of Henry Armstrong. Followed that with professional boxing and when amateur boxing was at its height in Los Angeles and boys were trying out for Olympic team, Armstrong resumed his "amateur" career under his correct name. Failed to win a place and turned to money market again and made good with a vengeance.

Moved to California where he now makes his home. Engaged in sixty-two ring battles as an amateur and won fifty-eight bouts. Is regarded by critics as a second Terry McGovern because of his aggressiveness.

Began professional boxing in 1934. Managed by Wirt Ross until 1936, when Wirt sold the contract.

His first pro fight was under promotion of Jules Beck in Pittsburgh at Apple Myer's Bowl, where he lost to Al Iovino, who substituted for Jackie Wilson, with whom Henry was originally matched. Was knocked out in the fifth round. In second fight, also in Pittsburgh, at Hickey Park, dropped Sammy Burns three times to win decision.

Lost only three fights since 1936, to Joe Conde, Ritchie Fontaine and Tony Chavez, last named on a foul. Kayoed Chavez in return bouts in two rounds and one round, respectively. Scored thirty-five knockouts in thirty-eight starts since 1936. Only Aldo Spoldi, Baby Arizmendi and Barney Ross so far this year have gone route with him. His greatest fights were with Baby Arizmendi, four in all, two won by Arizmendi and two by Armstrong.

Won featherweight title in Garden on October 29, 1937, stopping Petey Sarron in six rounds. Won welterweight title via decision from Barney Ross in Garden Bowl, fifteen rounds, May 31, 1938.

His ten outstanding fights are: Baby Arizmendi, won 10 rounds; Aldo Spoldi, won 10 rounds; Mike Belloise, K.O. 4 rounds; Frankie Klick, K.O. 4 rounds; Benny Bass, K.O. 4 rounds; Enrico Venturi, K.O. 6 rounds; Tony Chavez, K.O. 1 round; Petey Sarron (title), K.O. 6 rounds; Billy Beauhuld, K.O. 5 rounds; Barney Ross (title), decision 15 rounds.

Was voted the outstanding fighter for 1937.

Measurements: Age, 25; height, 5 feet 5¼ inches; weight, 133; reach, 67 inches; chest exp. 37½; neck, 15; waist, 28½; thigh, 18½; biceps, 11½; forearm, 10½; calf, 11; ankle, 8¾; wrist, 6½; fist, 8.

Lou Ambers

HE was born at Herkimer, N. Y., November 8, 1913. Christened Luigi D'ambrosia. Stands five feet six inches. Scales 135 pounds. Italian-American. Product of upper New York State bootleg boxing. One of ten children. Father dead. Mother living. High school education. Well mannered. Soft spoken. Friendly disposition. Loves music. Plays musical instruments. Hopes to become an orchestra leader when he retires. Sole support of his family.

Started career as an amateur. Had sixty bouts as an amateur and forty-five professional contests before being named Number 1 lightweight challenger by New York State Commission. His record consists of many victories but very few knockouts. Acted as sparring partner for Tony Canzoneri.

Made Madison Square Garden debut against Harry Dublinsky and won. Followed with a fifteen-round victory over Sammy Fuller. Received cauliflower ear early in his career. As lightweight he took the measure of many stars to gain championship fight with Canzoneri. He was an overwhelming favorite to win the title from Tony, but lost the bout. Gained championship in second contest in fifteen rounds.

His style is that of a jumping jack. He is very elusive and his opponents have a difficult job to connect solidly. Varies his style according to the opponent that he meets. He can box in one fight and then transform into a fighter the next. As a preliminary fighter he packed a heavy wallop but sacrificed his heavy hitting for speed as he developed as a top-notcher. The only decision that he lost in the preliminary ranks was that to Steve Haliako.

The most money that he received for one contest was the lightweight championship tilt against Pedro Montanez. It was estimated that he received $80,000 for that one contest, an unheard of figure for these times among the smaller fellows.

His greatest setback was suffered at the hands of Jimmy McLarnin. Badly beaten in ten rounds in 1936. Fought his best fights in 1937, engaging in nine. Among those was a draw with Enrico Venturi in a stirring ten-rounder. His only loss that year was to Pedro Montanez in ten rounds. He avenged the defeat with a one-sided victory on the Carnival of Champions card in fifteen rounds with the lightweight title at stake.

Has engaged in minor contests since. He fought a draw with Baby Arizmendi on the Pacific Coast and followed up with a ten-round victory over Jimmy Vaughn in the same place. He injured his thumb in that fight.

Hasn't altered his style of living since getting into the big money. Takes great pride in caring for his family. Has purchased a home for his mother in Herkimer, N. Y. Has invested his money in government bonds and in annuity insurance. Does not drink or smoke. Is well liked in the profession.

His ten outstanding fights are: Sammy Fuller, won 15 rounds; Fritzie Zivic, won 10 rounds; Tony Canzoneri (title), lost 15 rounds; Frankie Klick, won 10 rounds; Baby Arizmendi, won 10 rounds; Tony Canzoneri (title), won 15 rounds; Jimmy McLarnin, lost 10 rounds; Tony Canzoneri (title), won 15 rounds; Pedro Montanez (title), won 15 rounds; Baby Arizmendi, draw 10 rounds.

Measurements: Age, 24; height, 5 feet 4 1/3 inches; weight, 134½; reach, 70 inches; chest exp. 39½ inches; neck, 15½; waist, 30; thigh, 20; biceps, 13; forearm, 12; calf, 14; ankle, 10; wrist, 7¼; fist, 11½.

Macnib's Report of the Title Bout Between Lynch and Jurich

TO "Macnib", boxing scribe of "The Evening News" of Glasgow, THE RING Editor doffs his hat for his unique report of the Benny Lynch-Jackie Jurich fight in which Lynch lost his flyweight title by failing to make the prescribed weight but knocked out the American in the twelfth round after flooring him six times. "Macnib's" story of the fight by rounds is a masterpiece and The Editor of THE RING takes great pleasure in reproducing his report. Here it is:

THE public was in such a state, since Benny didn't make the weight, that Benny had to start with plans, to compensate those angry fans. He came out fighting at the gong. His left was whipping straight and long. But Jurich also showed attack, and forced the hefty Scotsman back.

Now Benny didn't want to play—he bumped that boy from U.S.A. He socked him nicely on the mark, and plunged that Yankee in the dark. But Jackie was of sterner stuff, he didn't want to cry "Enough!" He rose at nine and fiddled round, until he heard the welcome sound.

Next Jurich showed that he could box, and trade a nifty line in socks. He walloped Benny in the lunch, but couldn't fetch the bye-bye punch. He ducked and swayed and rode the blows, and peppered lefts on Benny's nose, and really looked as if he knew (as people say) a thing or two.

Round three saw Benny back in form, with hooking lefts that made things warm, including one which shook the Yank, and made his face look rather blank. Then Benny's heart began to sing. He chased his quarry round the ring. But, keen to end the whole schemozzle, he stopped a beauty on the schnozzle.

In round the fourth the Jackie boy, showed boxing such as fans enjoy, with tricky lefts and nice finesse, and weaving style and smart address. Then coming close, contrived to pin, his head beneath the Scotman's chin, and tended to harass his nibs, with wicked punches in the ribs.

Round five again gave fans a start, the Yankee went for Benny's heart. Round six saw an unhealthy trend, with Lynch at the receiving end. But round the seventh found Benny tough, determined now to do his stuff; and twice, for counts of eight and more, he had the Yankee on the floor.

In round the eighth we saw again, the greatest of wee boxing men. With pounding lefts that shook the ribs, he made the Yankee earn his dibs. Twice down again, the Jurich boy—held on, with tactics to annoy. Round nine and ten, and then eleven, he clung to earth, though bound for heaven.

But in the twelfth those blows put paid. Too late to rise wee Jackie made! So Benny Lynch, who lost his crown, yet proved his claim to ring renown. Though beaten by avoirdupois, he can't be beat by boxing boys. The sternest critic now must own, he's match for all—except eight stone.

MACNIB.

Max Fouled? Bunk!

(Continued from page 4)

Louis, quick to take advantage of the situation, leaped forth to deliver the coup-de-grace. He let loose a terrific right hand for the body and Schmeling, in an effort to avoid it, twisted his body and took the punch on the short ribs. Max let out a screech, "Oh!" Donovan, seeing Max's plight, dragged Louis away from his victim, an act which showed that Arthur regarded Schmeling as down. He waved Joe to a neutral corner. Then Donovan raised his arm and slowly dropped it for a count of one. As he did so, Schmeling left the ropes to resume his fighting pose.

Under the rules, Donovan was perfectly justified in doing as he did. They state that when a fighter is hanging on to the ropes in a helpless condition, the referee shall start the count just the same as if the fighter's body were touching the floor.

With rapid fire Louis pumped into Max's face with thrill-providing lefts and rights. The punches tilted Schmeling's head. One eye began to puff. He was stung badly. Back and forth bobbed the head as first a left then a right crashed against the chin with only one return, a right cross, reaching Louis' jaw. Trying to force down the defense of the challenger, Louis shifted momentarily to a body attack and as Max dropped his guard, Louis, like a flash, shot up a terrific right to the jaw that knocked Max crashing against the ropes.

The champion was now a scowling black Dempsey. He sensed the kill. The revenge which he had been seeking for two years was now within his grasp and he had no intentions of letting it slip away. Like a tiger, Joe was at him. He wasted no time nor many punches. The few that missed didn't matter much. Too many were landing with telling effect.

Before the crowd realized what was taking place, Schmeling was groggy. The shoe was now on the other foot. The same position that Louis assumed when he was downed by Max in the twelfth two years ago, was now suffered by the helpless German except that Schmeling wasn't kneeling on the canvas.

Louis subjected Max to an unmerciful lacing while he stood against the ropes trying to find some means to avoid the punishment. Backing slightly away, Joe saw an opening, and with the full power of his shoulders behind the punch, he drove home a vicious right that landed cleanly on Schmeling's jaw. He started to topple forward. He went down and immediately set himself in position to arise. At three he gamely got up to face another bombardment.

Louis came tearing in at him in a jiffy. A left to Max's mouth brought the claret. Then came a left and a right to the jaw that crashed with a thud. Another right to the jaw and Schmeling went down. This time he got to his feet at the count of two, more groggy than before and in a semi-conscious state. He was bleary-eyed.

SCHMELING now staggered back a few steps. He was unable to defend himself. His jaw was a sure-shot target for Louis' heavy artillery and he did not hesitate to shoot at it. First came a left and right to the mid-section and then six rights and lefts, perfectly timed, each crashing home like a bullet hitting the bull's-eye.

With the German unsteady, Louis paved the way for the finish with two cannonading hooks. The rapid-fire delivery was too much for the challenger, who couldn't offer any defense for it. Then came the finish. A powerful right crashed against the jaw and Schmeling slowly toppled over to the canvas. He fell on all fours and tried to straighten himself to rise but as he did so, Machon hurled the towel into the ring, a token of defeat in some states and countries but not in New York.

"One—two—three—four," called Josephs, while Donovan whirled back into position to be able to perform his duties. He took a good look at Schmeling who, with the blood flowing from his mouth and his eye swollen, presented a sorry sight, was trying gamely to get up. Timekeeper Josephs had reached eight when Donovan, who had not even started the count, spread his arms in signal that the fight was already over.

He had stopped the uneven match. Machon in the meantime had leaped into the ring to aid his fallen idol. The jinx that has followed former champions trying to regain the crown, remained unhurdled as Schmeling went down to defeat.

When Fortune Smiles

By HARVEY THORNE

OPPORTUNITY may not always make the man, but if you want a good, safe bet, put a small blue stack on the proposition that opportunity makes the fighter. You won't believe it, eh? You think that an ace is always an ace, no matter where it lies in the deck. Very true, but it takes some shuffling to get to the top where you can turn it over. It takes more than a forty-horsepower wallop and an iron jaw to make a champion of the world, and with these tools alone, few men have ever been able to tear their way through to a title. Just put that in the old bonnet.

Let's step down and look about us. Let's examine some of the data in the records of famous fighters. Perhaps we can be convinced. Take the record of Young Corbett. He was a prize pork and beaner until Santa Claus slipped a chance into his stocking. He was a corking good preliminary boy when he cared to fight, but if it hadn't been for the chance he got to meet Terry McGovern, Billy would probably never have reached the heights he did. You see what a difference that chance shot meant to the Denverite!

* * *

IT is possible that Joe Gans would not have passed into the Great Beyond as quickly as he did, and would not have lost his crown when he did, but for the making of one match which seemed so much of a cinch for him.

On the night when Jimmy Britt annoyed Bat Nelson with a bombardment of body blows that made raw beefsteak out of Bat's hide, Joe Gans sat at the ringside and whopped in his great grief because he had not been the one to write "Finish" at the end of Bat's record.

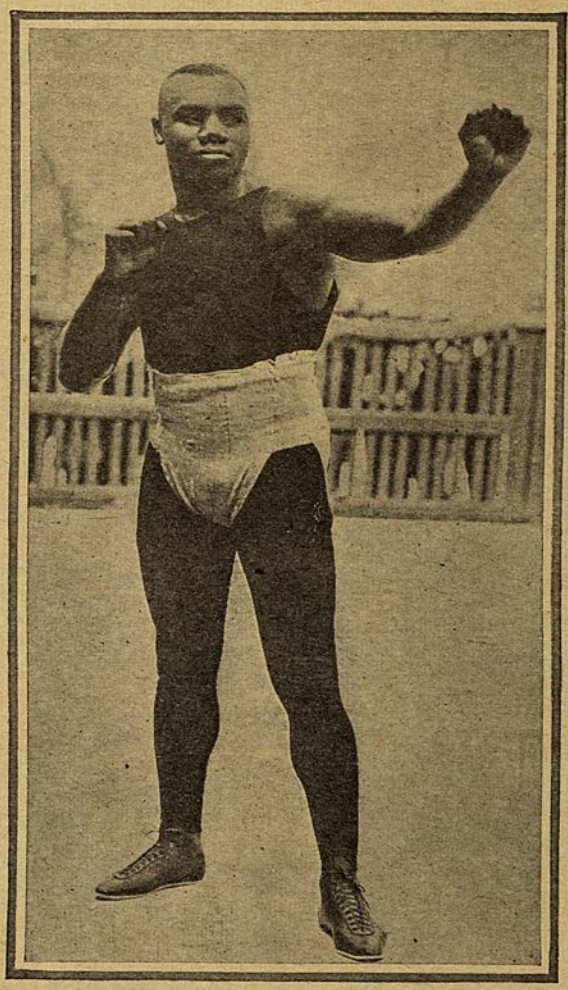
"O-o-o-o-h! If I only had you in the ring tonight!" yelled Joe, "what I'd do to YOU!"

* * *

LATER Joe made a match with Nelson. It seemed like soft money after what Britt had done to the Dane. In seventeen rounds Bat stepped in close and jolted the famous mulatto to the floor, and there was a new champion of the world. After Bat's wretched showing against Britt, Gans had a perfect right to refuse to meet him, but he gave Bat the chance, and the Durable One made the most of it.

Everybody thought that Jim Corbett was a chesty sort of a sapling to ask for a fight with the great and only "yours-truly-always-on-the-level" John L. Sullivan. John was not forced to make that match. There was no great popular clamor for a meeting with Corbett.

Everybody in the East was too busy asking where this fellow Corbett 'tended bar. John might have said, "Run away, little boy, and sell your papers," and ninety per cent of the sporting men would have applauded his action. But that winner-take-all-of-the-purse thing sounded good to John, and he gave a younger man a chance.



Sam Langford, on whom Dame Fortune refused to smile. Had he been given the opportunity to fight for the world title, he probably would have emerged the champion.

That chance made a new champion, and dumped the greatest pugilistic idol the country has ever known. Corbett, "the man who didn't have a look-in," dethroned the mighty "John L."

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES hadn't really placed himself in line for the championship by his battles with Ruhlin, Choynski, Tom Sharkey, Peter Jackson and other spirits of great ones gone before. New York got one look at him and cried, "Take him away!"

He was such an outsider in the betting that strong men wept because they could not find any one to take their 3 to 1 on Fitz.

"Just a little more raw meat," said Fitz, cheerfully.

And he woke up to find that the big, rough boy from California had cashed in his opportunity for a championship. If a champion hadn't fought him, Jeff might be a pork-and-beaner today. Think it over.

How long was Stanley Ketchel ramming around the Western country half killing dubs? Nobody ever heard his name until a near champion needed pocket money and agreed to fight an unknown. I venture to say that "Steve" was just as dangerous then as he is now. Fate cut the cards, brought him to the top of the deck, and lo! a nice red ace.

I might go on multiplying incidents and examples. It takes a great deal of scheming, some wire-pulling, a lot of plugging in newspapers and some gilt-edged luck to jockey a good fighter to the front of the bunch when the class is crowded. A fighter cannot make for himself a reputation better than that of the men he has whipped, and that's another prize-ring axiom that you can go away and bet on.

* * *

MANY a man of quality has remained in the hungry division through no lack of ability. For a dark and shining example, go to the record books and look up the history of Sam Langford, one of the greatest colored fighters in ring history. Suppose it had been Langford whom Tommy Burns had picked instead of Jack Johnson? Is there any doubt but that Old Tham, instead of Lil' Artha, would have been crowned the world heavyweight champion! Then the tables would have been reversed. Instead of Sambo pleading with Jack for a championship shot which he never got, the fistic world would have seen Johnson going around with his hat in his hand, saying:

"Mister Langford, won't you please give me a l'il fight for the title."

And so we can go down the line to the present day. Take the most recent case of Max Baer. Here was a fighter who showed that he had plenty of ability when he stopped Max Schmeling. That was his great opportunity. Did he take proper advantage of it? He certainly did not! Wine, women and song were his hobbies before he married, and when he *(Continued on page 45)*

FIGHTING NAMES

By BILL DOHERTY

Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

A QUESTION asked in THE RING a little while ago set me thinking. A reader wanted to know who the "Three Jacks" were, and the Editor, of course, replied: John L. Sullivan, Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil).

It struck me that the good old habit of bestowing catchy nicknames on fighters has been allowed to lapse, either through lack of interest on the part of the public, or through some shortcoming in the fighters themselves. This is a pity, in my opinion, and I think an effort should be made to revive the grand old custom which resulted in the pages of prize-fight and boxing history becoming sprinkled with fighting names so apt and expressive that they seemed to leap up and meet the eye of the reader.

There was something in those old-time names that smacked of the romance and thrill of fighting even when they were mentioned apart from the doings of their owners. Mysterious Billy Smith, who had everybody guessing and inquiring about him, and who was as mysterious and successful in the ring as he was in gaining publicity out of it, is an example. There was Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, who was like no one else in two continents, and Torpedo Billy Murphy, who was as dangerous to his opponents as the instrument of warfare after which he was named. Griffo, Pluto, Little Chocolate and Shadow Maber were also nicknames that were subtly attractive in themselves, apart from the magnetism of their clever and enormously popular owners.

Why, even the punches had nicknames in the old days. There was the one-two punch (Jackson's); the pivot (La Blanche, and a foul, by the way); the solar plexus (Fitzsimmons); the Mary Ann (Moran's right), and the corkscrew (McCoy's)—among others.

* * *

IN some cases where a nickname could not be bestowed, owing to the dignity or decorum of the particular fighter, there was that almost forgotten word "Gentleman"—Gentleman John Jackson, Gentleman Jim Corbett, Driscoll, Dawson, and so on.

Particularly stirring and catchy were the nicknames that had a place or home-town flavor, such as the Boston Tar Baby, the Boston Strong Boy, the Benecia Boy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Buffalo Costello, Denver Ed Smith, the Iron City Express (Greb), the Illinois Thunderbolt (Papke), the Manassa Mauler (Dempsey), the Michigan Assassin (Ketchel), and the Fargo Express (Billy Petrolle).

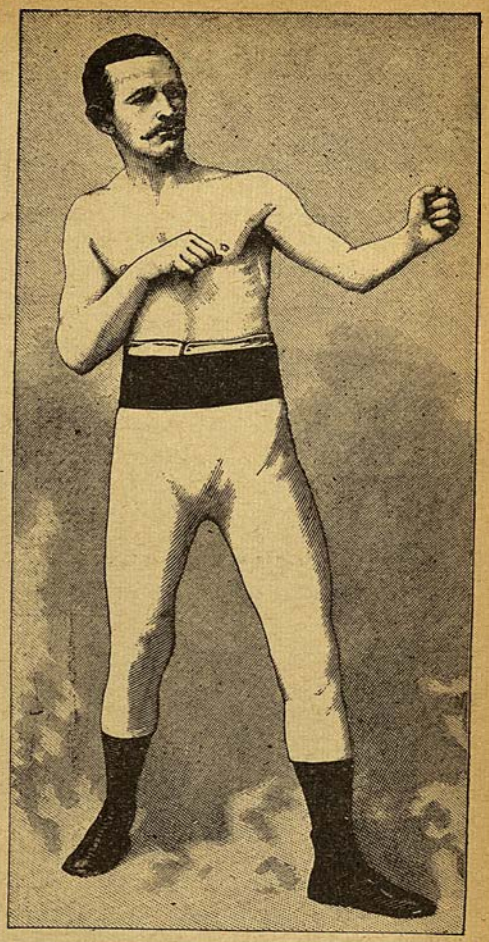
Then there were the Kids, about a dozen of them, all dangerous men, headed by McCoy and Lavigne, and others, perhaps not so dangerous in the ring but with nicknames calculated to strike terror into the heart of an opponent who was gifted (or cursed) with imagination. Among them were Death Oliver, Hammer Lane, Firby the Young Ruffian, the Tipton Slasher, the Game Chicken, Iron-bark Jim Burge, Jim Fogarty the Jawbreaker, Awful Gardner, Battling Nelson, Battling Levinsky, Battling Siki, Rocky Kansas, One-Round Hogan, Knockout Brown, and Terrible Terry McGovern.

Then there was Dutch Sam, who wasn't a Dutchman; Yankee Sullivan, who wasn't a Yankee; Australian Kelly, who wasn't an Australian, and the Irish Lad, who wasn't an Irishman.

There were the Jems and Toms with names redolent of the prize-ring as though their owners had been born and christened to the part they had to play—Jem Belcher, Jem Ward, Jem Mace. (Can anyone think of a better name for a prizefighter than Jem Mace?)

And the Toms were Tom Cribb (if there is a better name than Mace, it is Cribb); Tom Spring, and Tom Sayers.

And about that time there were "Ould Nat" Langham and Simon Byrne, the Sprig o' Myrtle — the ill-fated Sprig o' Myrtle who killed a man in the ring and was later himself killed in the ring by Jem Burke, the "Deaf 'Un."



"Torpedo" Billy Murphy, who struck with force when he landed on an opponent.

And there was Bold Bendigo, that astonishing character whose fame travelled to the ends of the earth, and whose nickname was given to a creek in Australia which became first a goldfield and then a magnificent city. Bendigo, with his "Nottingham Lambs," plays a picturesque if not very creditable part in prize-ring history. He was one of triplets, called by their mother after the Biblical characters Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego, merely to distinguish the order of their birth.

Bendigo's real name was plain William Thompson. Of course, the friends and relations of the Thompsons in the poorer quarters of Nottingham more than a hundred years ago soon turned the Abednego into the slicker and more easily uttered Bendigo, with far-reaching results.

* * *

SOME of the nicknames attached themselves naturally to the fighter by virtue of a calling that he had followed before taking to the noble art in earnest. I, myself, for instance, was known as the Footscray Quarryman when I entered the game in the early 'eighties. Others (of far more note than yours truly), were Sailor Tom Sharkey, George La Blanche the Marine, Gunboat Smith, Bombardier Wells, Sailor Burke, Fireman Jim Flynn, Pedlar Palmer and Newsboy Aaron Brown. Also in the very long ago there were Hooper the Tinman, Brassey, Will Wood the Coachman, and George the Brewer.

In the old days a Negro champion was not in the limelight long before a suitable nickname was chosen for him. All of us who are getting on in years remember the Coffee Cooler, Old Chocolate, the Old Master (Gans), the Tar-Baby (Langford), and in Australia, Happy Nig (Sallars), Starlight Rolins, Black Paddy, and Wandy. And, of course, away back in the time of Cribb and Belcher, there was Massa Tom Molineux.

Jack Johnson was generally known just as Lil' Arthur, but he shares with Jem Belcher and *(Continued on page 44)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WHEN I heard the results of the Schmeling-Louis fight on the radio, I believed Louis evened his score with Schmeling, and proved himself the better man. However, after reading the results of the fight in various newspapers, I was forced to change my opinion. I do believe that the kidney punch that fractured the traverse process of the third and fourth lumbar vertebrae, which resulted in a hemorrhage of the lumbar muscle temporarily paralyzed Schmeling and rendered him nothing more than a stationary target and an easy victim for Louis to knock out.

This fight proved two things; one, that Louis is a great puncher, which we all know, and that the kidney punch may cause temporary paralysis or even permanent injuries. I offer two cases to substantiate my proof. Primo Carnera was struck with such a punch in his second fight with Leroy Haynes, his one leg became paralyzed and he was confined to the hospital for some time and he left this country on crutches. The second case is that of Schmeling in the Louis fight. Since this punch may produce such drastic results, I do believe its usage should be prohibited.

AL J. BRUMME, JR.,
Long Island City, N. Y.

[*The kidney punch is taboo only when delivered in a clinch when one arm is locked. At no time is it an unfair punch when delivered with the arms of each fighter free. It is up to the fighter to protect himself. How can a fighter avoid an occasional kidney punch when blows are being tossed? If a fellow turns his body to the side when he sees a punch coming, he'll be hit in the kidney. Schmeling lost fairly. Head punches, and not a kidney blow, whipped him. Look at the pictures and note how Max hit Joe twice with kidney punches.—Editor's note.*]

* * *

I HAVE just enjoyed reading in THE RING for the current month an article describing the fight between Ad Wolgast and Joe Rivers at Vernon, California, July 4, 1912. It was interesting because I had a ringside seat. I forget now what I paid for my seat, but whatever it was, I bet that same amount on Rivers. However, at this late date, at least, I would not let that fact keep me from stating the exact facts: It just happened that Nat Goodwin, the actor, sat right next to me on my left with a friend. I had seen Rivers in several good fights. When he was right, he was almost unbeatable.

On that same day and at the exact same time, Jack Johnson was fighting Jim Flynn at Las Vegas, New Mexico. There was a telegraph wire at our ringside direct from Las Vegas reporting the Johnson-Flynn fight. I am a telegraph operator and was listening to the fight in Las Vegas from the wire, which was only about four or five feet from me, and reading it out of my head to Nat Goodwin as it came over the wire. Nat Goodwin had bet heavily on Jack Johnson and Ad Wolgast, and, of course, won both bets.

Your article described the fight perfectly. It was about even right up to the finish, but I would say Rivers had a slight edge in that he had landed two or three Sunday punches that stung Wolgast badly. Then Wolgast came in with a wild blow that struck Rivers squarely in the groin. The sporting editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner* later showed me a perfect photograph of the blow as it landed. Rivers, of course, fell and when he did, his knees were up in the air from the pain, and Wolgast fell over him just as your article says.

In doing so, Rivers' knee went into Wolgast's groin and fouled him just as badly as Rivers had been fouled. Rivers fell directly in front of me, and Roger Cornell, Rivers' second, came running around to the edge of the ring where Rivers was lying and yelled into his ear, "For God's sake get up, Joe. All you've got to do is stand up and you will win."

Rivers understood this clearly and got up, but was in terrible pain. Still, he was on his feet and Wolgast was not on his feet. No count had started. Then Jack Welch walked to where Wolgast was lying, picked him up in his arms and raised his right hand. At this time, Wolgast was not standing straight up but at an angle and standing mostly on his heels. There was a loud roar of disapproval because Wolgast had brought his own referee down from San Francisco. Well, I had to pay that bet, and it certainly hurt, and I have never since that time bet on a fight, but still like to go and see them, and always will.

After the fight one sporting editor asked Welch how he figured Wolgast had won. Welch answered him by saying: "I don't figure, HE JUST WON."

J. I. HILLIARD,
San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

IN an article, "News of the Mat World," you published that Strangler Lewis desires to meet Gama in India, but the wary Indian giant asked three months to train, so Strangler Lewis got disgusted and he returned to America. I can assure you that it is a wrong report. Gama stated that Lewis should first meet and defeat his nephew, Hamida, and his brother, Imam Bux, before coming to grapple with him.

Send your first-class wrestlers to India to wrestle our super-wrestlers and watch the result which country produces better wrestlers. We would clean up.

When Gama invaded Europe with his troupe of champion wrestlers, they defeated such champions as Dr. Roller, Stanislaus Zbyszko, John Lemm, Maurice Deriaz, Armand Cherpillod, Capilot Diloli and others.

The Indian wrestlers in the troupe at the time were Gama, Ahmed Bux, Imam Bux, Gulam Mohiuddin, Gama and Court Ramamurti. Frank Gotch was the American world champion at that time and was afraid to test the strength of these Indian giants. When Ahmed Bux challenged him in England, he fled to America. George Hackenschmidt was at that time in England, but he dare not wrestle Gama or any other Indian.

When Gama wanted to give battle, none faced him. Now he is sixty. But still he is strong and is afraid of no wrestler in the world. Recently he has issued a challenge of non-stop fight to the European wrestlers who are at present in Bombay, offering Rs 5,000 to anyone who draws or defeats him. Where was Strangler Lewis sleeping when Gama challenged these European wrestlers? He was in Bombay at that time, but he dared not accept it, nor would the other European wrestlers. Imagine wrestlers of the West in their prime being afraid of Gama, the sixty years old champion of the world!

So you can judge the calibre of our super-wrestlers from their feats in the entire universe. Please publish my letter.

AN ORIENTAL,
India.

* * *

WHAT'S all this controversy about Jesse James being at the Sullivan-Kilrain fight in 1889? Mr. Pardy may have been correct after all. There is a man living in San Antonio, Texas, under the name of Jim Williams, who has proven beyond a doubt that he is the living Jesse James. I refer to the magazine, *Frontier Stories*, page 19, Summer Issue copy. What do you think about it?

ROY BROWN,
Wartrace, Tenn.

[*The United States Government on several occasions has declared that the real Jesse James was killed many years ago. I read the story of the San Antonio James and have no doubt that his name is also Jesse, but after looking through my old "Police Gazettes" and "Police News" and seeing the illustrations of the killing of James, his burial, etc., I'm convinced that he was killed in the eighties.—Editor's note.*]

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

I DON'T know how rough the wrestlers are in the U. S. A., but last year in South America I saw a match that was the nearest thing to murder since the Roman Arena shows went bung.

A Russian who looked like the missing link and an American who looked like a throwback to the Stone Age, having first knocked out the referee and two policemen, set about each other in a style that would take something to equal. After an opening of flying tackles, the Russian got his opponent's head into chancery and held it there while he bashed the face into a red pulp with his closed fist. The American struggled free and, having floored the Russian, developed anthropophagous tendencies, and when that Slav gentleman managed to struggle free, his throat looked as though some wild beast had been having a meal of it. Next thing, the Russian kicked the American in the loins, and while he was squirming on the mat, the Slav still further altered his face by standing on it and twisting his heel, balancing himself by the ropes.

But the American grappled with the Missing Link's legs, got him down on the mat again and sank both thumbs up to their hilts in the Russian's eyes. The crowd nearly went mad at the sight of the claret squelching up. The "entertainment" ended with the American battering his opponent's head on the ringpost.

The Russian's eyes were in terrible shape. He was partially blinded. He also had two ribs broken and had two fingers chewed off in the fray, so everybody went home happy.

H. Stant,
Dunedin, New Zealand.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your excellent magazine for many years and, like numerous others, I consider that it is easily the finest boxing and wrestling book printed. After reading the choices of the late Joe Humphreys and others as the best ten, I am writing this letter to put forward the claims of two Australians, James Leslie Darcy and Young Griffo.

On any discussion about the prince of middleweights, Darcy is seldom mentioned; yet he scored K.O.'s over Americans Fred Dyer, Fritz Holland, Eddie McGoorty, Buck Crouse, Alex Costics and George Chip, and whipped Gus Christie, K. O. Marchand, Jeff Smith, Fritz Holland, Jimmy Clabby (2), K. O. Brown, Eddie McGoorty, and these worthy foes gave their opinions on the Aussie phenom. as follows:

Fred Dyer: I am sure Darcy would beat Jess Willard. He has the strength of four middleweights, can hit, and can box. Willard wouldn't lay a hand on him. He would knock Ketchel out in ten rounds and whip Mike Gibbons. (Clabby beat Gibbons over ten rounds and was beaten by Darcy; St. Paul, U.S.A. referee.)

McGoorty: Darcy is a better man than they think, and would defeat Gibbons.

Fritz Holland: Darcy is the best man in the world, including Jess Willard. Anyone who can take McGoorty's left and right hooks without flinching couldn't be hurt by anyone.

Jerry Dime, trainer George Chip: Most boxers are strong in one department. Gibbons is clever; Clabby, crafty; McGoorty, a great puncher. But Darcy has them all—nothing upsets him. (Chip also said he was a wonderful fighter.)

Crouse: I acknowledge he is too good. Gibbons wouldn't have a chance at 11.6, the same with Dillon (leading contender for Willard's title).

Tommy Burns: Sent a letter of condolence and said he knew two Australians who were responsible for him not being recognized in America. He also said he regarded the Australians as best sportsmen in the world.

Tex Rickard: For his weight and inches, he was the greatest boxer who ever drew on a glove. He was every inch a champion and one of the most likeable boys the boxing game has ever known. The way he was treated was a shame.

New York Police Gazette, 1916: If fear of Mike Gibbons has anything to do with Darcy not coming to this country, he may change his mind when he sees that he could not out Kid Lewis, who was beaten by the Australian lightweight, Herb McCoy. It looks as though Darcy will easily win the middleweight crown. There is only George Chip left with a trace of class. (He K.O.'ed the latter in nine rounds.)

Darcy was five feet seven inches and eleven stone six pounds, but was growing so rapidly he would have grown appreciably only he died at twenty-one. His only American test was when he stopped the giant Negro, Fulton, in one and one-half rounds in a gym tryout. The scenes at his funeral were unprecedented in Australia. He was a murderous hitter when roused. McGoorty asked Darcy to let Crouse stay ten rounds and bet on it. At the end of the first round, Crouse got home a terrific blow on Darcy. McGoorty yelled, "You blinking mug, now you'll cop it." The next round was the last.

Griffo was rated as the cleverest of them all by Humphries, and he told of him fighting on a handkerchief, but he did not tell how, half-trained, he drew with Lavigne, drank from a beer bottle at each interval, and got the newspaper decision in 1896.

You seldom see Billy Farnam mentioned, who twice beat Peter Jackson in 1884 in three and six rounds for the Australian title, or Williams, a brilliant lightweight of old Melbourne. Jack Johnson, who named Dunne as the best middle produced by Australia, evidently didn't see Darcy.

America was unfortunate they didn't see Dencio, who had Criqui beaten when he collapsed and died in the nineteenth round. The latter won the feather title from Kilfrain. I think Miller was a great champion, and consider Lynch, Armstrong, Carrol, Steele, Lewis and Schmeling outstanding in their divisions.

A. Bridge,
Sydney, New South Wales

* * *

YOU will note from my address that I live in what is to you, a remote corner of Africa. Yet there are people here who get The Ring Magazine. I myself have nothing but praise for your wonderful publication. In five years I have missed only one copy and that was because my news agent failed me. Being an exceptionally keen follower of boxing, I want the best news on the sport. I find I get the best news in The Ring.

I am keen on getting a pen friend in one of the American cities, and anyone reading this who has a similar wish will find a keen correspondent if he writes this address.

In conclusion, my sincere thanks for the many pleasant hours I have had with The Ring, and my best wishes for its and your continued prosperity.

Les Gardner,
P. O. Box 122, King William's Town,
Cape Province, South Africa.

* * *

THE RING is a great admirer of Jack Dempsey. May I ask for what reason? Not long before he won the title, he had been fought to draws over ten rounds by third raters. In Willard he encountered not only a man who was never a great champion, but one who was past his best and untrained. In his fights with Brennan ad Carpentier, the latter a cruiserweight, Dempsey was on each occasion nearly beaten.

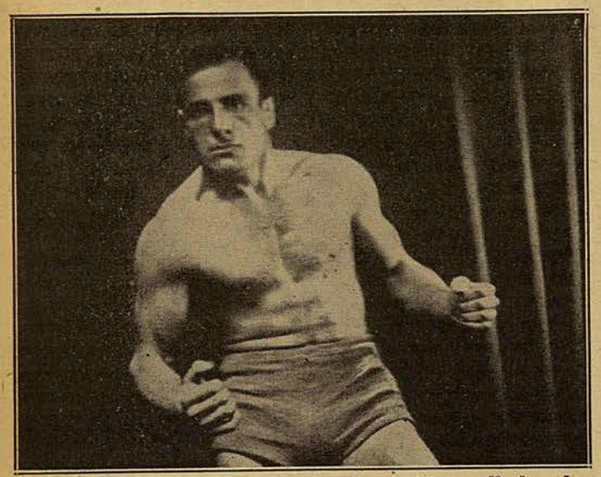
Again, he could do no more than obtain a points decision over Gibbons. In his fight with Firpo he was knocked out of the ring in the first round and in the opinion of many, if not all, was outside beyond the full ten seconds. He was twice beaten by Tunney and at the end of each contest was on the verge of a knockout.

What did Dempsey possess save "speed and a punch"? I believe owing to his greater speed, he would have beaten Jeffries, but think he would always have found great difficulty with men of the Corbett, Jack Johnson and Gene Tunney calibre. It is also a fact that he constantly sidestepped Harry Wills, though most experts believed that he would have defeated Wills. He also sidestepped Harry Greb, though Greb was a cruiserweight. All too many of the giants of the ring have been overrated men, especially Jack Dempsey. He doesn't deserve the rating you give him.

H. G. Vaughan-Phillips,
London, England.

WRESTLING *in* ENGLAND

By LEON CAROL



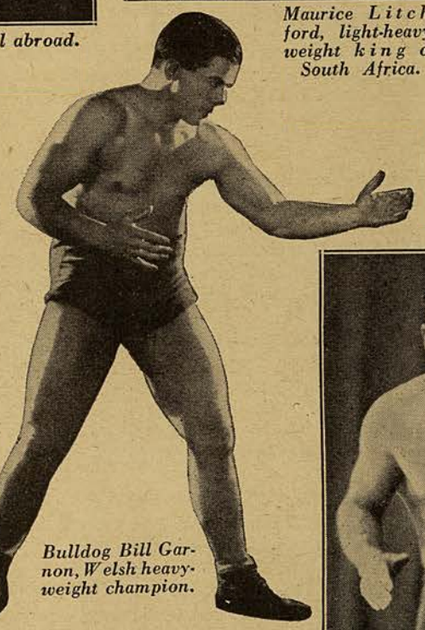
Joe Devolto, Italian heavyweight, who is doing well abroad.

Maurice Litchford, light-heavyweight king of South Africa.

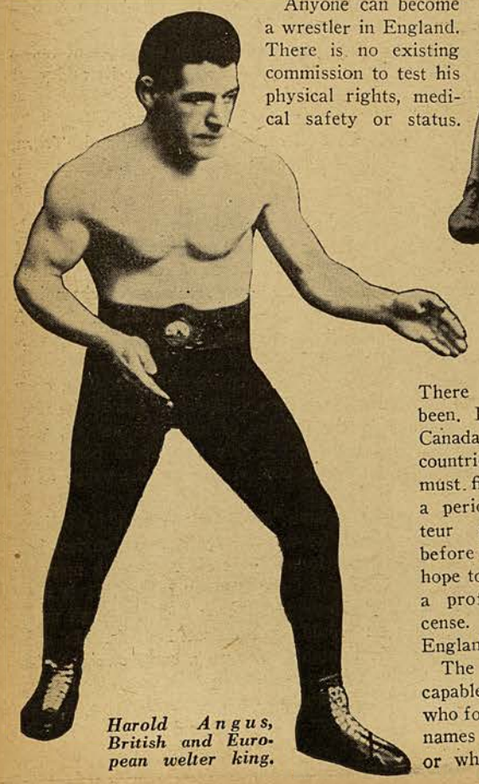
WHILE the sport of wrestling holds a certain amount of popularity in scattered counties of the United Kingdom, it is by no means a fortified attraction. It might perish as you are reading this. It may prevail over another lustrum. It might even continue indefinitely.

Whereas the more established sports of boxing, cricket, horse-racing, dog-racing and football are governed by respected legislators, the mat sport, although more traditional than all the aforementioned pastimes rolled into one, is today little short of farcical in its lack of control.

Anyone can become a wrestler in England. There is no existing commission to test his physical rights, medical safety or status.



Bulldog Bill Garnon, Welsh heavyweight champion.



Harold Angus, British and European welter king.

There never has been. In America, Canada, and other countries, a man must first undergo a period of amateur participation before he can even hope to qualify for a professional license. Not so in England.

The number of capable exponents who formerly made names as amateurs, or who previously enjoyed experience on the grass in Lancashire competitions, are in the minority. Consequently, it is only natural that those natives whose credentials are above reproach steadfastly refuse to appear in opposition to those invaders that sponge on the public's gullibility by means of their street corner methods.

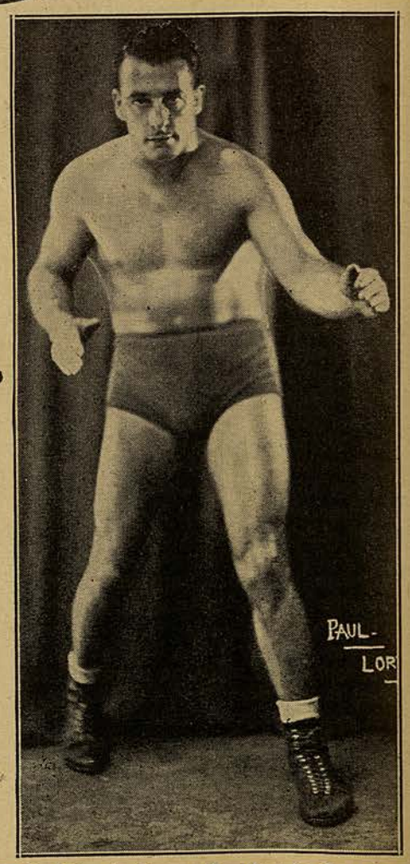
And, worse than anything else, there are always one or two willing promoters ever ready to encourage bogus matmen. Since it is as equally simple for a man to become a wrestling promoter in England, one can easily visualize what a farce the whole thing is.

The public have thus often been presented with a distorted view of a sport which, if correctly controlled, would have galvanized them into becoming religious followers.

* * *

THIRTY years ago things were much different. London magnetized the American catch-as-catch-can experts and the husky Greco-Roman giants, thus establishing an embryo for the boom which later hit the United States.

The man mainly responsible for the boom which preceded its transatlantic triumph was George Hackenschmidt, immortal Russian star. Sponsored by Charles B. Cochran, then a struggling theatrical agent and today Europe's premier showman, Hack raised a forgotten sport from the depths and rocketed it to the heavens.

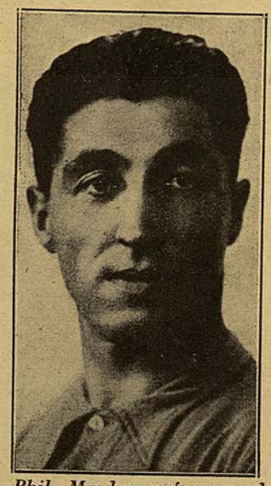


Paul Lontie, former Canadian hockey star, now a wrestling celebrity.

Little is known of Cochran in America. This is sad, because this pioneer was at one time also Britain's ace boxing promoter, among his many feats being the staging of the Mickey Walker-Tommy Milligan bout for the world's middleweight title. As a youth, Cochran had become secretary to Richard Mansfield, eminent American tragedian. He hit upon the idea of presenting Hack as a star turn in London music halls, offering anyone in the audience so much if they succeeded in lasting a certain number of minutes with the colossal Slav.

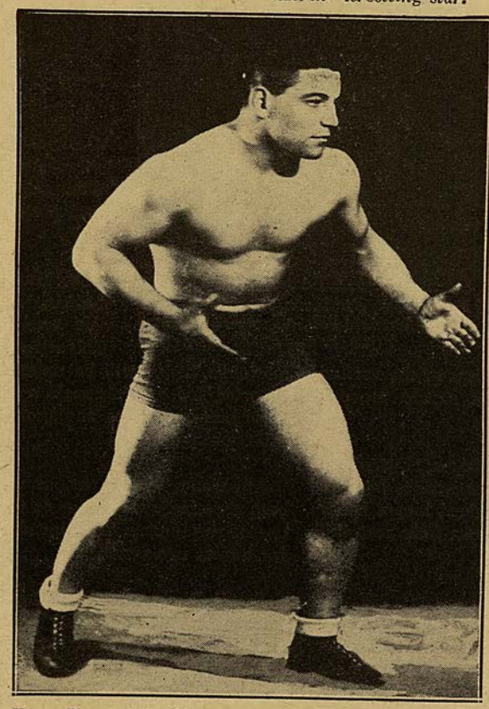
Before long, Hack was not only commanding record salaries for a stage star, but had, in addition, become a public celebrity of the first magnitude. Titled aristocrats wrestled among themselves in order to shake his hand. Society hostesses grappled to secure him as a guest. A dignified wow!

Came the time when Hack beat them all, crusading from music halls holding a few hundred to the palatial Royal Albert Hall, where, before nearly ten thousand, he conquered the American champion, Tom Jenkins. This match proved an epic. It paved the path for a return match and the invasion of Hack in America.

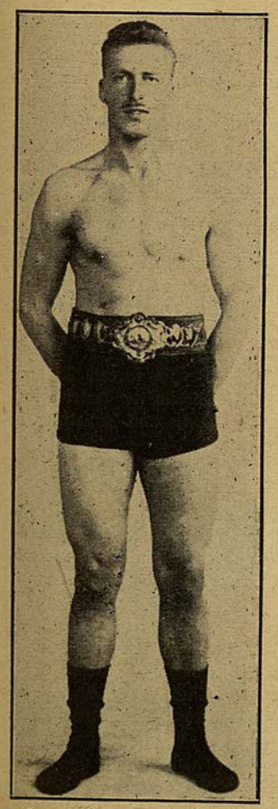


Phil Meader, referee and "All-in" wrestling star.

Ben Sherman, colorful Alaskan wrestler, who is rated among the best.



Tony Baer of Scotland, one of Britain's cleverest and strongest light-heavyweights.



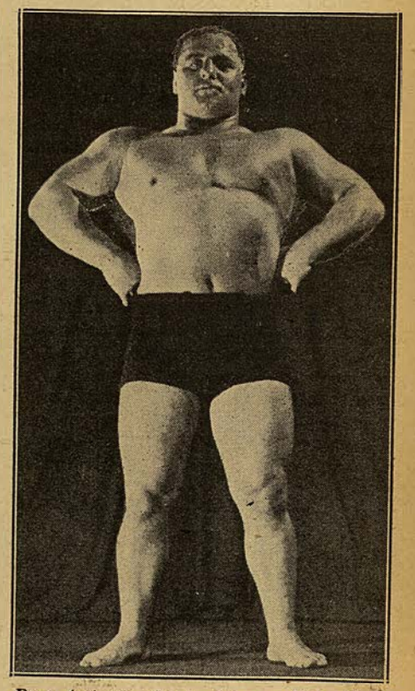
George Gregory, scientific light-heavyweight.

The second match between the Russian and Jenkins was fought in the old Madison Square Garden, and was again won by the former. This match also proved the birth of a new era in American history, of which Nat Fleischer has covered so graphically in his book, "From Milo to Londos."

Following Hackenschmidt, London saw a dynasty of mat monarchs from all corners, many of whom subsequently journeyed across the ocean in search of bigger conquests. Among them were Ivan Podubbny, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Gama, Ahmed Madrali and John Lemm.

When the Zbyszko-Gama match was fought at Stamford Bridge some years ago and lasted three hours without either champion succeeding in clamping any hold other than a

(Cont. on page 44)



Bert Assirati, who is doing well in European mat rings.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By NAT FRANK

ALTHOUGH the wrestling game in many parts of the country has died down for the summer months, this is not the case in New York and California where most of the clubs will continue to show the best available talent. The Dusek boys, who had hoped to take a vacation for a short period, find that they will have to delay it because of the demand on their services. They will appear at all the seashore clubs where the summer residents will be treated to some hot stuff from the Riot Squad.

The Duseks are among the world's most famed grapplers. They are known wherever the sport is followed. They have received several invitations for lucrative matches in New Zealand and Australia but prefer to do their stunts in America where the going is pretty good for them. While Jim Londos and others are showing their wares in foreign lands, the Duseks are gathering their share of American patronage. Emil, who was injured two years ago in an automobile accident and was on the sidelines for that length of time, has returned to the fold and is doing well. Emil, Rudy, Joe, Wallie and Ernie constitute the members of this famous family.

* * *

With the New York Hippodrome turned over to Jai Ali for next fall and winter, there will be no more wrestling in that arena. It is rumored that a deal is on whereby Madison Square Garden will be used once a month for shows in which the cream of the talent of the various rival factions will be featured. Such a stunt should prove a good move.

* * *

Ever since Jesse James was licked by Jim Londos, he has been dropping matches with regularity. It seems that Londos took all the starch out of the lad whose cleverness gained him a horde of admirers in New York and vicinity. Perhaps a little rest will enable James to make a comeback.

* * *

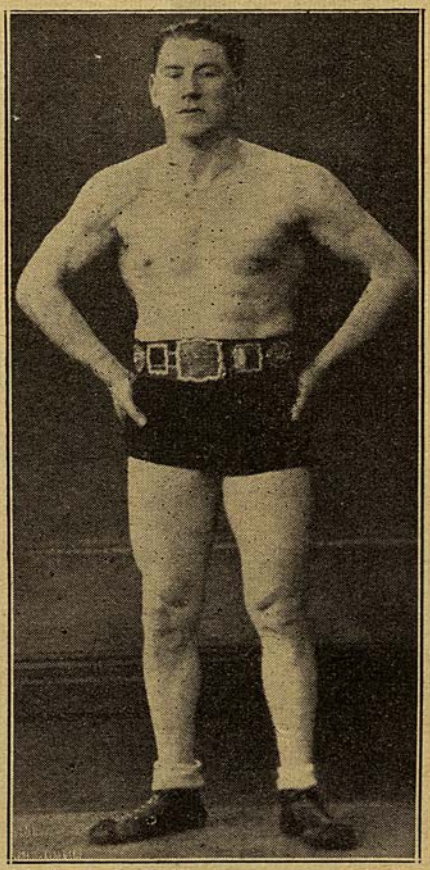
The reason that wrestling in America is at low ebb right now except in a few localities, as in New York where the Duseks and Jack Pfeffer operate, is because of the lucrative offers made to good talent by foreign promoters. Hawaii, New Zealand, South Africa, Australia and England have beckoned, and the call has been answered. California has also taken a lot of good talent from the East. The game is making a big revival on the Coast. Ernie Dusek and Sando Szabo are the two outstanding attractions in the Far West.

Dusek has been a riot. His services have been in demand so heavily that Ernie thinks he will continue to ply his trade between St. Louis and California for the rest of the summer with only an occasional trip back to New York to help the rest of the Dusek boys keep up their record.

* * *

Jack Pfeffer expects to show many new faces when the fall season gets under way. He has imported several good boys but is paying most attention to American talent. Says Jack:

"I think we have as fine talent in this country as anywhere in the world. Particularly is this true of the welterweights and middleweights. We have the best wrestlers in those groups and I intend to show more of those lads when I open this fall. The public likes flashy, fast workers and there are no faster boys in the game than the welterweights and middleweights."



Prof. Jack Robinson, winner of the Lord Lonsdale belt, a star wrestler and jiu jitsu expert.

* * *

Bill Middlekauff, the former grid star of Florida University, is back in the Eastern mat rings, where he made his official start in the bone-bending profession six years ago. Middlekauff is one of the best showmen in the game.

* * *

After an absence from wrestling warfare for almost a year, Hankus Pankus Barber, the Jewish phenom, is again showing his superiority over the cream of opposition. Barber's Bulldog Headlock and Flying Tackle are his main means of offense and victory.

* * *

Angelo Savoldi, youthful Italian from Michigan, is certain to make the headlines before another twelve months roll by. The Latin gripster is one of the classiest and most promising youngsters in the business.

* * *

Dr. Harry Fields, who is now practicing medicine in Philadelphia, enacted the hero role recently when fire broke out at the University Hospital, where he was doing his interning. Fields will be remembered as the giant wrestler who grappled his way through medical school. He starred on the Swarthmore College and the University of Pennsylvania football teams.

* * *

Attendance at the various wrestling clubs in New York has been shooting upward due to the return of colorful Emil Dusek, one of the famous Riot Squaders, who has been on the sidelines for almost two years.

* * *

Frank Bruce, the Jamaica, L. I., chap who forced Tommy Draak into retirement last year when he broke the latter's leg, is doing life-guard duty at Rockaway Beach and wrestling in the evening, during the summer months.

* * *

Bobby Managoff, spectacular Chicago Armenian, is all the rage in the East. This off-spring of the former claimant of the world mat laurels, is already talked of as a far more advanced wrestler than his dad, Bob, Sr., was at the same stage.

* * *

Keep your eyes on Chick Garibaldi, the youngest of the famous Latin clan of bone twisters. The addition of Chick to the Garibaldi family of brothers now totals four. Gino, the eldest, acts as the adviser and manager. The other members of the Latin quartet are Ralph and Tony.

* * *

It may sound a little too early for football, but Joe Maynard, who has earned the title as one of the roughest wrestlers in the business, has been contacted by several major league professional

pigskin clubs to sign up for next season. Maynard is a dangerous man, both on the grid field and in the grappling ring.

* * *

Bibber McCoy, the one-time all sports luminary of Holy Cross College, has added a new means of attack within the hempen ropes. The roly poly wrestling star is winning his mat engagements through the use of the Flying Leap, a wonder to behold.

* * *

All the outstanding wrestlers, who have been spending their off season vacations in their home surroundings, are packing bag and baggage for a new onslaught in the Metropolitan areas. Reports reaching us from the headline gripsters are to the effect that they are feeling better than ever and are set to continue to mow down their rivals.

* * *

George K. O. Koverly, the Hollywood Howitzer, recently joined the ranks of the benedicts. The Clouting Californian sends word that married life has done wonders for him and he will be ready to show that he is a greater wrestler than has been claimed.

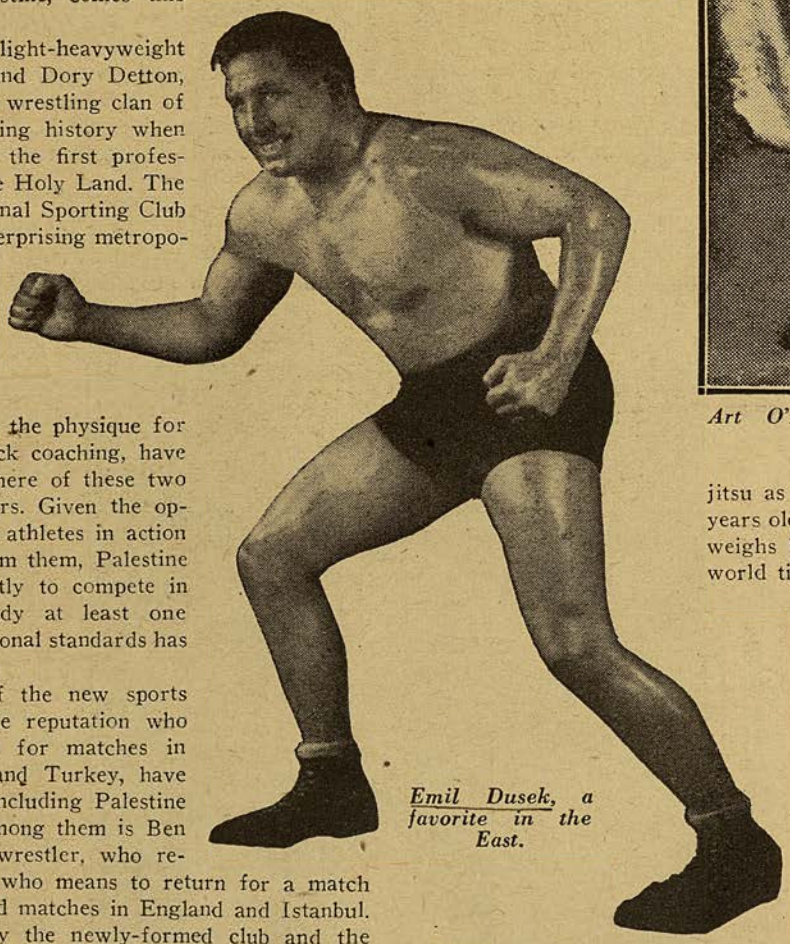
* * *

FROM Tel Aviv, Palestine, comes this news from A. Engle:

"Maurice Letchford, light-heavyweight champion of South Africa, and Dory Detton, member of the famous Detton wrestling clan of Salt Lake City, made wrestling history when they appeared last month in the first professional bout to be staged in the Holy Land. The newly-formed Palestine National Sporting Club is out to put Tel Aviv, the enterprising metropolis of the Near East, on the sporting map. With the bout staged under its auspices, sporting fans in Palestine had their first chance of witnessing professional sport.

"Palestine youth, who have the physique for making good athletes, but lack coaching, have been benefiting by the visit here of these two internationally-known wrestlers. Given the opportunity to watch first class athletes in action and to get a few pointers from them, Palestine lads should develop sufficiently to compete in international contests. Already at least one wrestler coming up to professional standards has been singled out in Tel Aviv.

"Since the organization of the new sports club, other wrestlers of wide reputation who previously had not engaged for matches in the East outside of Egypt and Turkey, have indicated their intentions of including Palestine in their Eastern program. Among them is Ben Sherman, American Jewish wrestler, who recently visited Palestine, and who means to return for a match after completing his scheduled matches in England and Istanbul. With the interest created by the newly-formed club and the advantageous situation of Tel Aviv, Palestine promises shortly to become the sporting center of the Near East."



Emil Dusek, a favorite in the East.

* * *

THE Fiji Islands, in which place THE RING has many readers, is developing some classy wrestlers among the lighter boys. One of the best is A. B. Sen, an Indian youth, who is regarded highly by the natives. He has had only a few bouts but has displayed enough class to make his friends predict a bright future for him. The promoter in Fiji Islands is John Grant, who hopes that some of the Americans who are now on their way to New Zealand, Australia and Hawaii will find time to spend a short time there.

* * *

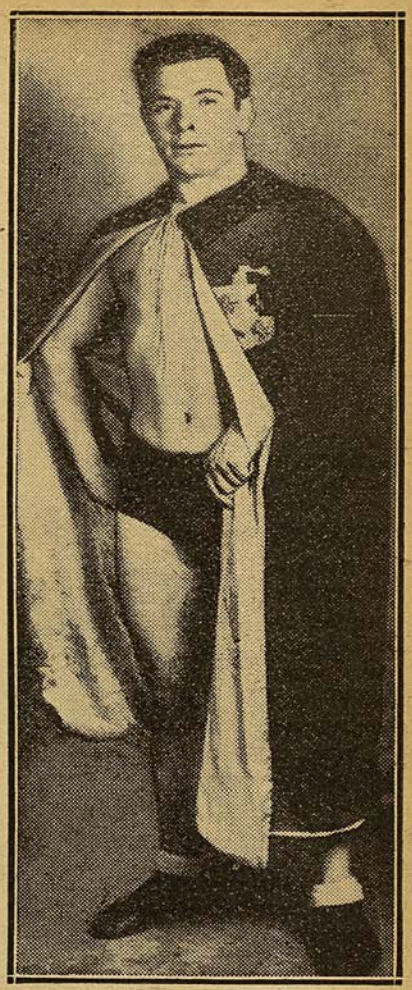
Prof. Jack Robinson, who has been in South Africa since 1931, visited New York a few weeks ago, where he exhibited his wrestling and jiu-jitsu skill at the Police Academy and then he sailed for England.

He has appeared in many high-class programs for St. John Dean at the Transvaal Sporting Club, his first match being with Ben Sherman, a draw.

In a return engagement he beat Sherman, and in his third for the middleweight championship with Bullet Myers he lost through a foul.

Professor Robinson is an expert at jiu jitsu as well as wrestling. He is 33 years old, stands 5 feet, 11 inches and weighs 182 pounds. He has won six world titles in the Cumberland style of wrestling and has been awarded more than 800 prizes.

He has never been defeated in the "All-In" style of wrestling in England. He lost only one match in South Africa when he was disqualified in a title match with Bullet Myers in the last round.

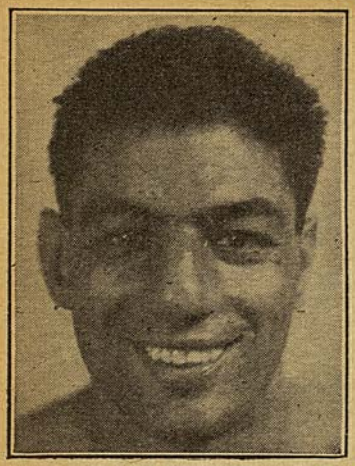


Art O'Mahony, Irish light-heavy wrestler.

* * *

EUROPEAN mat clippings, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow: Mud-bath wrestling, the inane craze that swept American mat circles at the beginning of the year, was introduced into England by Carl Pojello. As we prophesied last issue, it quickly became the top attraction, but as quickly as it had come, the fad faded and when the presses roll on these words, the craze will be a thing of the very dim past in England.

Meanwhile, gradually educating the British sporting public to the more scientific principles of the sport, was the Canadian, Earl McCready, already acknowledged by critics as the greatest exponent of leverage to visit the Motherland. Aided by the medium of radio and television broadcasts, Earl has given several demonstrations of "catch-as-catch-can" grappling for Promoter Bankier, and these, coupled with the sterling caliber of his ringmanship, have given the mat sport here a much needed



Hank Barber, former Dartmouth football player, who works often in the East.

boost. McCready remains without a conqueror in England. In a recent contest, held at the Liverpool Stadium, McCready defeated Mighty Anaconda, Sweden, in twenty-six minutes.

* * *

Portsmouth fans welcomed with open arms the welterweight clash between Harold Angus, Doncaster, and the ex-French champion, Alexandre Poizat, who met in a stirring battle for the John Mortimer gold challenge belt. It was one of those duels that do so much to emphasize the science of the grip game rather than the Pier Six tactics so commonly seen nowadays. During the entire contest Angus showed as the aggressor, the cagy Frenchman giving a superb exhibition of defensive grappling. Poizat scored the first fall by catching the little Englishman off guard and pinning him with a suplex, an ancient Graeco-Roman hold, but Angus equalized the bout with a body press and later, employing a surfboard, forced Poizat into submission. Previous to the encounter, Angus weighed in at 146 pounds, while his opponent was slightly heavier.

* * *

Outstanding among the middleweight matmen barnstorming in this sector are:—Tiger Jim DeLisle, Bob Fyffe, Raschid Anwar (India), Tarzan Hunter (America), Tommy Nelson (Canada), and Mike Howley. All are capable performers and decided favorites with the spectators. They aim to please.

* * *

A rather quaint, but an annual custom was observed by the promoters of a nine-day catch-as-catch-can wrestling tournament held recently in Nice, France. Prior to each battle, a bottle of fine old cognac was presented to the participants. Carl Pojello, Lithuanian craftsman, upset Georges Colonne in the finals to annex a championship. This time it was the championship of the Cote D' Azur (the Riviera) and was sanctioned by the French Professional Wrestling Association of Paris.

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES . . . . Masked mystery men are the latest vogue and the Golden Phantom, unbeaten in London; the Brown Masked Marvel, the Red Devil and a gripster known only as the Masked Man are going strong through the land . . . . Behind his back, the wrestling fraternity calls chin-whiskered Rod Fenton the "Miser of the Mat" . . . . Doing a lot of movie work these days is Victor (Bull) Coleman, the clever Kentish middleweight . . . . Polish Jan Gotch used to be an artist's model . . . . Herbie Parks, back in the spotlight following a leg operation, has long been rated in the top twenty of the light-heavyweight class . . . .

New comer from South Africa, Bill Cunningham, can tell some rousing tales of diamond mining in the Kimberly, big game hunting in the Congo and gold mining experiences that would be well worth repeating if we had the time and space. This month Cunningham had the match of his career against Jack Sherry, world's champion in Europe, at the Blackfriars Ring, London. Though he was beaten, the South African made a splendid showing, only being whipped by Sherry's wrestling skill. Sherry still is heralded here as the world's champion and McCready as the British Empire king.

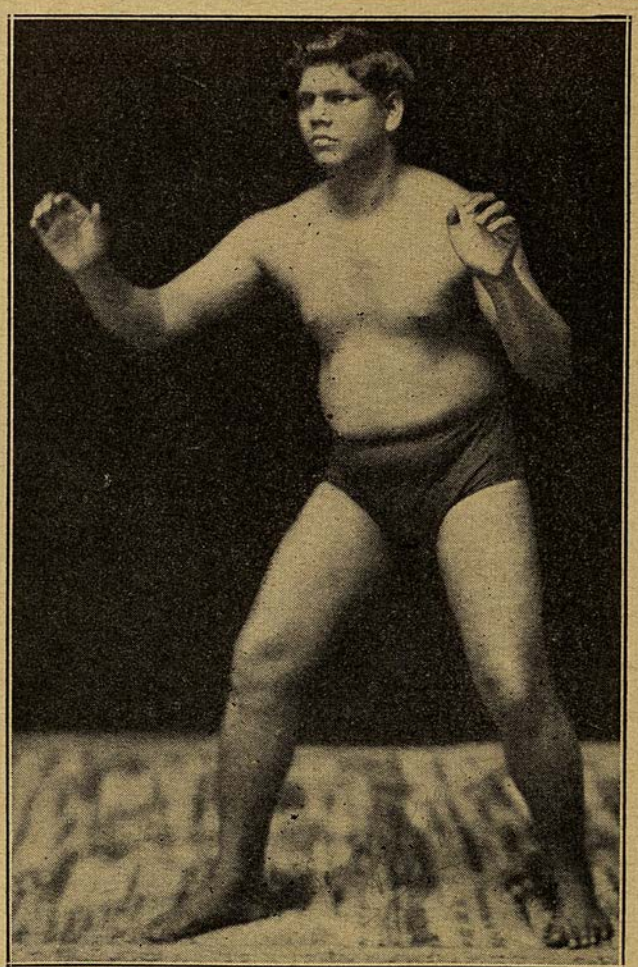
Using brawn and brute strength, Jim Casey, a coming contender for the British heavyweight title, defeated Mike Demitre, European light-heavyweight monarch, at catch-weights. The tilt, which was fought at Lane's London Club, saw Big Jim, the spit image of celebrated brother Steve, the Crusher, win the first fall with a body hug and press. Demitre evened the encounter, but a short time later was disabled and Referee Lew Marco waved the victory to the raw-boned Irishman. Weighing 210, Casey outscaled his challenger by more than twenty pounds.

At the Junction Stadium, Manchester, Cocky Chic Knight, Irish heavy, was his usual jovial, devil-may-care self. Combining a few wrestling holds with stevedore tactics, the big Irishman was far too powerful for skilled Toni Baer, Scottish kingpin, who went down in defeat. On the same bill, Rex Gable, who will spend this coming winter in U. S. A., trounced Black Butcher Johnson, the mule-kicker, by two falls to one.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER . . . . As we rush to beat the deadline, we hear that . . . . In far away Australia, where modernized catch grappling is getting a grand reception, such notables as Sammy Stein, Leo Numa, Rudi La Ditzi, Texas Dick Raines, Vic Hill, Gorilla Johnny Spellman and red-headed Pat O'Shocker have been going great guns, while in South African territory where the wrestling clique includes George Pencheff, Tommy Nilan, Joe Woods, Clem Lawrence, Jack Wentworth and Charlie (Smasher) Green, the ex-rugger player, Johannes van der Walt is having a rough time in keeping his claims to the Empire title secure . . . . George (the Great) Calza is living quietly in Trieste, Italy . . . .

William Bankier, the mighty Apollo of the Hackenschmidt era and today a very successful sports promoter, was among the ringsiders at the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fistic offering . . . . He visited Nat Fleischer at THE RING office while in New York . . . . Because of steadily increasing weight, Alex Poizat, former French champion, will shortly take his place with the stars of the European middleweight division. He should provide an excellent foil for either Bengal Engblom or lithe Jack Terry Van, leaders of the 160-pound class abroad . . . . "Sig" Smith, Buffalo wrestling broadcaster, in London for a short visit, spoke highly of Steve Casey and Bob (Strangler) Wagner, both of whom had helped to pull Buffalo grappling gates to a higher level . . . . Ruffie Fritz "Red" Brokau has made *(Continued on page 46)*



A. B. Sen, an Indian youth, who is the star of the Fiji Islands.

Erin's Mighty Son

By LEW PORTER

FAITH AND BEGORRY, and who should be sittin' in the office the other mornin' but Ireland's mightiest son, Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan. He was not alone, bad luck. Also present were "Dinty" Moore, lantern-jawed County Corker with a tongue as oily as a garage floor, and Mister "Goat Face" O'Rourke, who once sparred three rounds with Tom Sharkey. Mr. O'Rourke was accompanied by an elegant set of whiskers and two pounds of Limburger cheese. The whiskers were O'Rourke's personal affair, but the cheese was a neighborhood calamity.

If you can overlook the fact that Dr. O'Callaghan is built like a robot and has a mop of curly hair that looks like a windblown strawstack, there is no hint of oddity about him. He isn't a bad looker, speaks with a brogue you can cut with a hoe, has clear, slate-gray eyes and an ear-to-ear grin. There is none of "Songbird" Doyle's glibness in his conversation, or the late John L. Sullivan's gruffness. He is twenty-nine, about six feet two, weighs 240, and has all the standard outlines.

It was slightly difficult for "Doc" to get in any tid-bits on his past life, with Moore chirping on "flamin' Celtic courage," and Mr. O'Rourke mumbling about "the good ol' days" through his whiskers. But we did pick up a crumb or two of information between outbreaks.

* * *

"I WAS born," said O'Callaghan, getting right down to bedrock after a 1000-word introduction by Moore, "in Clonmel, County of Tipperary, Ireland. I went through grade and high school there; graduated in 1924, and then enrolled at the University of Dublin.

"What did you do at the University, Doctor?" inquired Moore, through a maw wadded with cheese.

"I studied like the divvil for four years and graduated with degrees in surgery, medicine and obstetrics. In Ireland boys go to school for an education, not to play football," snapped the medico.

"Let's have a little dope on your athletic career," we suggested, whittling a point on a new pencil. Before we were through, the pencil was a stub and "Hinge Jaw" Moore, ensconced in the office easy seat, was staring at the "Galloping Gael" with open mouth.

O'Callaghan first cracked world-wide headlines at the age of eighteen when he went to the Olympics in Amsterdam and won the hammer throw. He repeated the performance in 1932 at Los Angeles. The Irish Athletic Association was suspended by the International body in 1935 and "Doc" was barred in the 1936 games. He went to Berlin, however, in hopes the ban would be lifted at the last minute. It wasn't, and the big Irishman's dreams of winning the decalthon went glimmering.

O'Callaghan's track and field record is amazing. He holds the world's hammer throw blue ribbon at 198 feet 8 inches; put the 16-pound shot 53 feet 4 inches; high jumped 6 feet 4; broad jumped 23 feet 8; ran the 100 in :10.2; the high hurdles in :15.2; the 440 in :49.4, and threw the discus 152.8 feet. For three years he was amateur wrestling and boxing champion of Ireland. He is also the best clay pigeon shot in Tipperary County.

The good doctor's advent in the ranks of professional wrestling created considerable surprise on the American mat front. For years he had turned a chilly shoulder on lucrative offers to tour the world as a cranium cruncher.

However, in the interest of restoring Irish ring prestige and reviving the halcyon days of John L. Sullivan, O'Callaghan finally relented and listened to the rustle of greenbacks.

The gentleman responsible for the "rustle" was Mr. Eddie Delaney of New York, old-time neighbor of the O'Callaghans in Clonmel.

Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan

Such bloodless chatter over contracts, etc., distressed O'Rourke no little. "Tell 'em about yer grandpop, Champ," encouraged the limburger king, combing a chunk of it out of his chin fur.

"Oh, that! Well, my grandfather was heavyweight boxing champion of Ireland for ten years. He knocked out over two hundred men and fought his last ring battle when he was forty-two."

* * *

EVERYONE expressed amazement over Grandpaw O'Callaghan's ability, Mr. O'Rourke strained a triumphant guffaw through his foliage and Moore spoke up. "He won the match, too. Doc's got the clippin's to prove it."

It was O'Rourke's turn. "Goat Face" has a quaint habit of holding his victim in a chair with one hand and emphasizing all points with hearty thumps on the poor devil's shirt front. We listened attentively.

"I have nivir squinted at anybody like this guy," roared O'Rourke, "honest I ain't. He's the spittin' image of his grandpop, only better. In a couple o' years he'll be champeen o' the world, mark what I tell ye. I saw him tussle Williams the other night and he toyed with him. Picked the guy up like he was a sack of flour and busted him wide open with a body slam. Why, he's as good as Tom Sharkey. And Sailor Tom, me b'y, was the toughest gi'nt to ever drool on a fightin' glove."

O'Callaghan finished the interview when O'Rourke took time out for breath and a nibble of cheese. He said he was going East in a couple of weeks in an attempt to get a crack at Bronko Nagurski and Jim Londos. Then, of all things, he intends to train for a fistic encounter with Joe Louis. Two world's titles, he claims, would make a mighty, mighty foine Christmas prisint for Mrs. O'Callaghan and the kiddies.

Friends of the Irish boy have advised him to stick to wrestling and leave the boxing game alone. They feel he has a much better chance in the mat field. If strength alone counts, O'Callaghan should go a long way as there are few athletes stronger than he. The Irishman is a reminder of the late Pat Flanagan in build and muscular development. Pat, like the medico, was a great hammer thrower and Olympic champion.

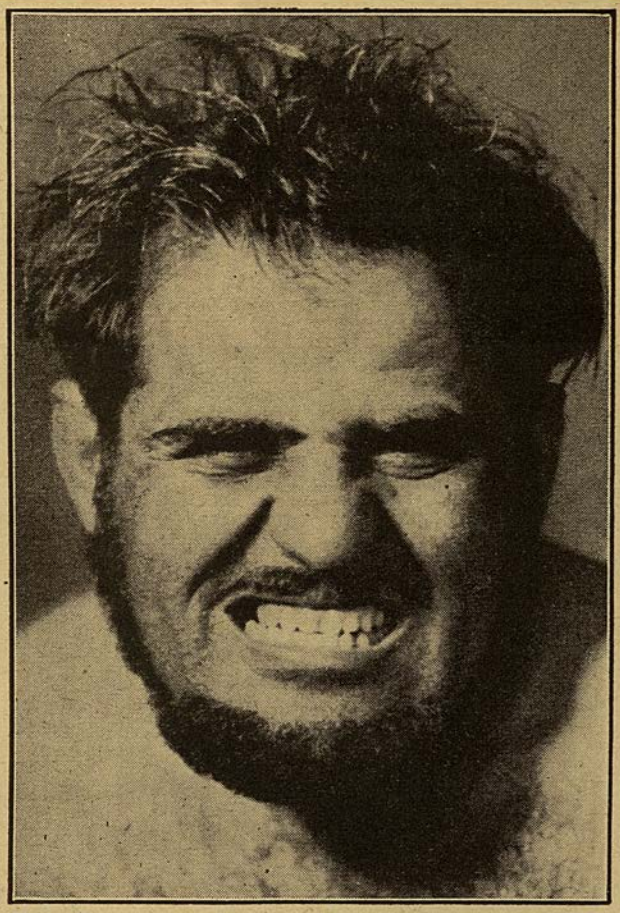
PICTURESQUE MATMEN

By AL MAYER

IT'S a far jump from India to Alaska and Ethiopia to the State of Kansas but nothing new for Jack Pfefer, who for years has been importing pachyderms from every corner of the globe. By some form of telepathy Jack seems to sense the presence of some grappler or other who needs an introduction to local mat fans. But how he discovered Jacques Eku, only Eskimo wrestler in the world, who hails from Point McKinley, Alaska, is something which he keeps a secret. Anyway, Jack routed him out of his igloo and he is now campaigning in New York and vicinity, showing how they do their stuff in the Northland.

Jacques Eku is a 100 per cent Eskimo. He was born on his father's ship off Point McKinley, Alaska, 32 years ago. He is short, standing only 5 feet, 7 inches, but he weighs 185 pounds, has a weather beaten face which bespeaks of years spent in the outdoors, and a bushy head of raven black hair, typical of his race.

Jacques began life as a sailor. In fact, he learned his wrestling on ships and waterfronts in rough and tumble jousts with men who like their fun in the raw. He sailed the seven seas, is the only wrestler to hold a first mate's license and can sail a Kayak to a liner. He owns his own boat in the Northland, has a prosperous fishing business and might never have taken up wrestling in a professional way if he had not fallen a victim to bad times. Urged by his partners to capitalize on his knowledge of wrestling and add funds to their sadly depleted treasury, he consented to become a professional matman.



King Kong, one of the roughest matmen seen in the Eastern part of this country.

* * *

HE started in Seattle, made a hit, then wrestled down the Pacific Coast as far as Los Angeles. He might not have ventured further away from his native habitat, but Jack Pfefer used some very persuasive talk on the Eskimo with the result that he climbed aboard the bandwagon and will be given every chance to show his prowess against some of the stars now in the East.

Jacques Eku bears innumerable scars on his hands. They are mementoes of hard "mushing" to inland snowbound towns bringing food and medical supplies, and when his "huskies" took nips at his legs and hands to quell their ravenous hunger.

Eku eats mostly fish, follows the customs of his people as much as possible even when away wrestling. He eats no vegetables but lack of green vegetable diet apparently has no effect on his good health and strength. When the summer comes rolling along Eku cannot stand these latitudes. He has to go back to Point McKinley where 10 degrees above zero is a pleasant Spring day. Besides, Jacques has to attend to his fishing fleet. He has an exclusive concession for the month of July for Salmon fishing.

There is much interest in the Eskimo, not only because one has never been seen on the mat here before, but also because on the Pacific Coast where he is well known, mat critics speak highly of the diminutive grappler and declare that the wiry 185 pounder can take care of himself in both the light-heavyweight and heavyweight divisions.

Having introduced to you the Eskimo, Jacques Eku, let us take a quick jump on Jack Pfefer's magic carpet and make our next stop at Lahore, India, where Bhu Pinter, said to be the greatest Hindu wrestler in the world, was born 29 years ago and is now in New York to challenge our heavyweight top-notchers.

* * *

IN far off India where Rajahs, Maharajahs and other potentates rival each other in the magnificence of their entertainment, wrestling has always played an important part. Wrestlers in India are developed quite differently to what they are here. Over there, they have no football heroes who graduate from the grid-iron to the mat. The wrestler in India is picked by experts and trained by masters. Usually wrestling is hereditary, that is it runs in families where there has been a male member wrestling from generation to generation, sometimes for as long as three hundred years. The great Gama came from such a family and his name in India today is spoken with awe.

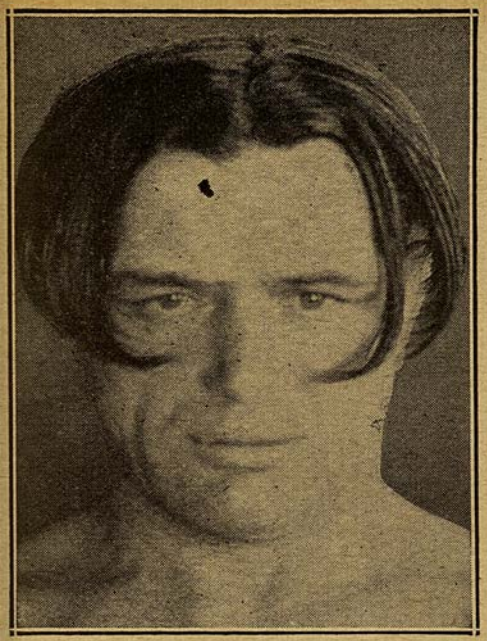
Many legends have drifted here about Gama, some true, many exaggerated, but one thing is certain, and that is the Gama school of wrestling. There is no legend about that. Practically in every big city such as Calcutta, Bombay, Rangoon, Lahore and elsewhere, there are Gama schools of wrestling and it is in one of these schools that Bhu Pinter was taught. The great Gama himself—now nearing his seventieth birthday—sometimes gives advice to promising youngsters and Bhu Pinter claims the honor of having been noticed by the master himself.

Bhu Pinter is about as fine a specimen of manhood as one would care to meet. He stands over 6 feet, weighs 225 pounds, and has beautiful pearly white teeth, both front teeth inlaid with two tiny gold markings, denoting his high "caste."

He began wrestling when fifteen years old and has been a star for the past five years. He has packed arenas in Singapore, Sumatra and throughout India, but doesn't claim to be champion of India. When asked about it, he smiles, then as if speaking of some sort of god, says: "There is only one champion—it is Gama!"

Bhu says that wrestling in India is very rough. Grapplers harden their nails, the better to scratch, and as proof he shows long scars on his body and hands, an indication that when it comes to rough stuff, Bhu will uncork his own ideas which may tame some of our better known roughnecks.

A few thousands of miles which is nothing for Jack Pfefer's magic carpet brings us to Ethiopia, the birthplace of King Kong, Abyssinian Gorilla Man. At least that's where he says he was born.



Jacques Eku, latest mat star appearing in the East. He is an Eskimo.

KING KONG is a colorful individual and has a tale to unfold as colorful as himself. Dark skinned, sporting a menacing black beard and an ugly appearance, King Kong is nevertheless a first class matman belonging to the roughneck type.

He was born in Addis Ababa and claims that he is the seventh son of a seventh son and some sort of chief. He goes on with the story that his birth was an important event in Abyssinia, that he was heir to vast estates and that there was much rejoicing at the time of his birth. Then the Blessed Event seems to have been marred, according to the King's story by kidnapers who took him away to the mountains where he stayed until he grew to manhood. King Kong was too young to remember the details, but he carries a queer looking bathrobe, embroidered in different shades of silk, the back of which represents a sort of Llama priest sitting on a throne. He might be a phony, but we have to take his word for it.

King Kong vows that through this robe he will one day discover the origin of his birth and return to his home and his estates. He says he learned to wrestle when a captive. He has no complaint against his captors, who he declares treated him well enough, gave him as good an education as it was possible for him to get under the circumstances, and what was most important, taught him several languages which later enabled him to move around the world and earn his own living.

King Kong has wrestled in practically every civilized corner of the globe. His rough tactics have won him a reputation for being tough and fearless and although he is greeted with boos and catcalls when he steps on the mat, King Kong likes the greeting and prefers it to the applause given mat heroes.

King Kong weighs 235 pounds. He is 29 years old, strong as they make them and one of the most picturesque matmen in the game.

* * *

STEVE CASEY, the Irish mat star, is another of the picturesque matmen who is parading before the public in this country. Although Steve is a very powerful grappler, he hasn't the finesse of Jim Londos, or such stars of the past as Strangler Lewis, Jim Browning or Zbyzsko, yet he gets there, the same as they did. His record of 250 victories since coming to America speaks for itself.

Regardless of what might be said about Casey in comparison to past masters of the sport, it must be admitted that he is one of the best drawing cards this country has had in many moons.

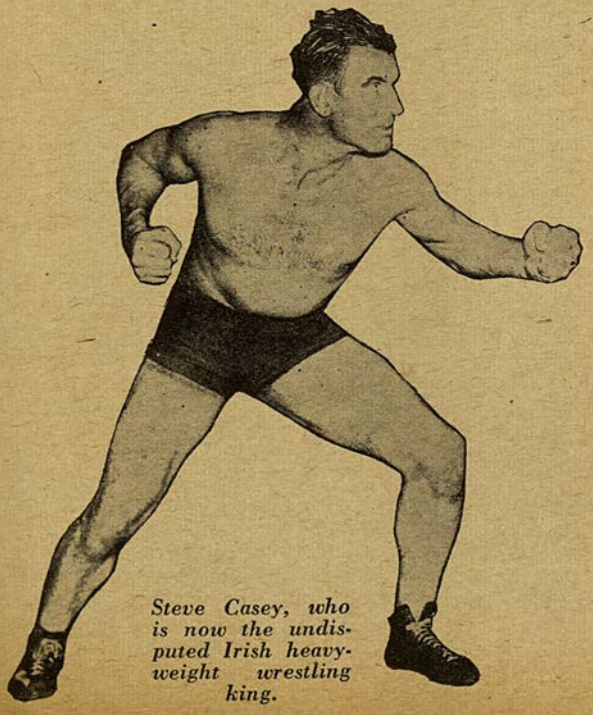
Despite the fact that Casey has lost to O'Mahony, there are many followers of Danno who still believe that he is Steve's master. Danno has a better selection of holds at his command than has his rival, Casey's only effective hold being the crab hold. O'Mahony's whip is far more dangerous, Casey has the biggest and most powerful hand of any wrestler in the game today and that helps him considerably.

The Irish in America are great wrestling fans and they turn out in force to see either of the two. The rivalry between Danno and Steve here is keen, but that between the followers of each, is even stronger. That's why Casey and O'Mahony are such fine drawing cards in New England where the Irish population is big. Had the contemplated match between this pair taken place, it would have drawn as much as a contest between Nagurski and Londos for the title. However, negotiations fell through and Casey and O'Mahony will have to wait until fall. If O'Callaghan makes good here, he may replace one of the Irish pair.

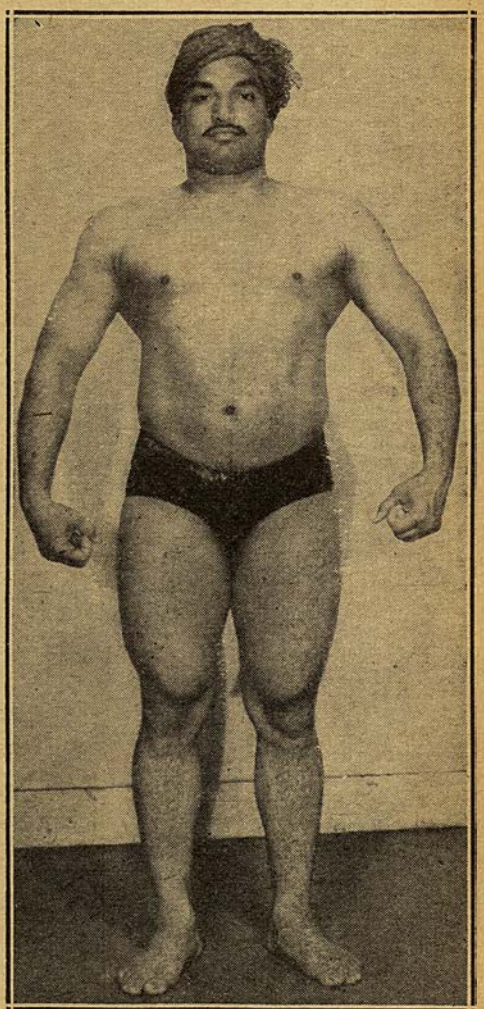
Fortunately, the wrestlers are beginning to see the light and are discarding much of their rough stuff in favor of real grappling. That's apparently what the fans want, and Casey is one of the leading wrestlers who is giving them that kind of mat sport.

He is of the type who doesn't like to engage in fisticuffs or pulling and hauling, but when the necessity arises, he can be as rough as the best of 'em. That's why the fans like him.

He may never reach the perfection of the past masters—Londos, Zbyszko, Browning, Stecher, Caddock, Shikat or Ed Strangler Lewis—but he is as good as most boys today.



Steve Casey, who is now the undisputed Irish heavyweight wrestling king.



Bhu Pinter, latest Indian importation, a wrestler who bears watching.

Wrestling in England

(Continued from page 37)

handshake, the sport suffered an elongated eclipse which lasted until the current revival was inaugurated seven years ago.

English followers have seen quite a number of overseas stars during the past lustrum of pendulous success. These include Londos, Lewis, Pojello, Steve Savage, Ed Don George, Wladek Zbyszko, Max Krauser, Billy Bartush, Kola Kwariani and Jack Sherry. An American who caused a bigger stir than many of them was Ben Sherman, an Alaskan middleweight who may one day clinch the world's title.

Sherry's presence in Europe, especially in England, has added interest to the sport because he is a recognized top-flight wrestler whose services are in demand. Although his claim to the world crown is contested in America, there can be no doubt about his ability. If plans materialize this fall, an international tournament may be staged in England in which the cream of the Continental talent will compete and the winner will be pitted against Sherry in the final. Such a tournament may be the means for reviving the sport with a bang.

Hordes of Europeans and Canadians have stormed the Kingdom, but since there is no commission, a foreign wrestler must first apply for a working permit to the British Government before he can secure any engagements. In most cases, he is usually allowed about fourteen days at a time in which to make public appearances. Between intervals, most Americans have found it conveniently profitable to fly over to Paris, where they can then supplement their engagements.

One of the dominant laws now prevailing is that no two alien-born wrestlers may engage in any mat combat in English territory. Since most of the overseas men are the chief attractions, this has prevented many great bouts from materializing. Promoters overcome this law by pairing the alien with a citizen from a British dominion, whenever no native is suitable.

* * *

THE main personalities in English mat circles at this moment are Harold Lane, pioneer of the present revival; William Bankier, former strong man, who used to be known as "Apollo"; Atholl Oakeley, first heavyweight champion in the new era, and who today conducts an agency for star performers; Bert Assirati, accepted successor to Oakeley, but who has not been seen in action for some time, and George de Relwyskow, erstwhile Olympic Games champion and current promoter.

Bankier is one of England's best promoters. He just returned from America, where he signed several stars for a fall and winter appearance, including the great Jim Londos.

Harold Lane holds a position tantamount to that formerly occupied by the late Jack Curley in America. He runs tri-weekly shows within the quarters of his fashionable West End Club bearing his own name. Lane and Bankier are fine showmen. Still another promoter who bills excellent shows is Miss Katherine Look, who books in Manchester and other places. Jack Sherry is her mainstay.

Lane is sponsor of Bob Gregory, the English public schoolboy who married Princess Baba, and who is now touring this country with his majestic bride. At one time he was a bellhop at a London theatre. Many years later he produced stage comedies at the same venue. Altogether, his career has been amazingly quixotic. In turn, he has been actor, whist drive king, playboy and fortune juggler.

Both Oakeley and Assirati have been seen in American rings. The latter, who is of Italian descent, is also one of Europe's strongest men. He performs all sorts of strong man stunts, and although weighing nearly 250 pounds, can actually support his weight on one hand. At heart he is an idealist, and openly states that unless he can appear in a show where zoological customs are not observed, he would first starve.

This is a great pity, for Assirati is a master of spectacular wrestling.

The Ring, Blackfriars, historic rotunda of British boxing, and scene of numerous glove battles, is today the paradoxical center of British wrestling. Tournaments are staged within the octagonal walls of this one-time chapel every Thursday evening. The presiding matchmaker is George Callaghan.

Many of the arena's frequent patrons include visiting Hollywood film stars, foreign ambassadors, bacchanalian blue-bloods and grotesquely attired folk of artistic renown. It is quite a common occurrence to see a highly-touted lord with snobbish tendencies forget his importance and exchange words with a tin-eared coster.

In Manchester, the Belle Vue arena has been the scene of many notable mat tussles, while another famous Lancashire city where the mat sport lures the masses is the famous port, Liverpool. Here the Stadium is the sport's Pantheon.

* * *

THE most remarkable fact about wrestling in Merrie England is the strange rise of the ancient sport without the customary assistance of the all-powerful press.

The entire London press boycott the publication of any note appertaining to matdom. At its inception, reams of pasquinades heralded its entry as a sporting attraction. Blood curdling headlines denounced the game in a manner far from polite. If a grappler assassinated a wasp, news of the fatality would probably appear on the front page. The wrestler's name would be publicly placarded.

I was the first and only English newspaperman to succeed in overcoming this unaccountable boycott, for some time enjoying a fair measure of success in a famous London evening paper. Today, if a mat fan cannot attend an arena, God knows when he will finally discover how his favorite fared. He'll probably have to wait until he gets his copy of this very magazine weeks afterward!

While Assirati has confined his activities mainly to London and, in consequence, southern England, the North has for long proclaimed Douglas Clarke as the national champion. For several years a pen and ink tussle has been waged between the claimants and their respective court of disciples, very much like the quondam Londos-Lewis controversy in America.

In England, however, polemics seldom provoke results. To this very day, the position between the men still lies at the bottom of the ink-pot—the fluid long having been exhausted.

Clarke is a veteran. He used to play rugby for England, but it must be many years ago, because few of the present critics have even heard of him. Physically he resembles a gasometer. Facially he is Napoleonic. His record in no wise approaches that of Assirati. He lacks the appeal of the Londoner and in action is gawky beyond reproach. There lies no ounce of dubiousness in my mind as to Assirati's superiority. Nevertheless, Clarke is an old exponent at the game and is palpably difficult to master.

Fighters in the Flickers

(Continued from page 24)

Gradually he worked up to a job as a studio manager. Eyton married Kathlyn Williams, star of the old silent screen days.

Jack Root, one of the first light-heavyweight champions, was another who used the flickers as a stepping stone to success. Jack went in for the production end of the business and gleaned his financial independence from it. Today Jack Root is one of the movie industry's most influential members.

Practically every heavyweight champion since the film industry came into existence has taken a whirl at acting. Some fair, some poor and others awful. Jim Corbett was far and away the best of the lot. In fact, Corbett could hold his own with any of the boys, both in the flickers and on the legitimate stage.

Jack Dempsey was a fair to middling actor, but his voice was far below par for modern movie requirements. Gene Tunney was featured in a couple of pictures, but cared but little for the hustle and bustle of the movie lots.

Though their chances for stardom and its attendant financial independence is practically nil, the boys continue to flock to the movie capital when they've exhausted their worth as ring timber. It's a chance to keep their phiz in the limelight, a shirt on their back and occasionally the meat of a T-bone steak in their stomach.

Fighting Names

(Continued from page 33)

Bendigo the distinction of bestowing his name on something outside the realm of boxing. Belcher gave his name to a handkerchief, Bendigo to a goldfield, and Johnson to an enormous German high explosive shell that plagued the British troops in 1914.

"I don't want to go to the trenches any more
Where the Jack Johnsons and whiz-bangs do roar"

they were singing in '14 and '15. Jack has thus had immortality conferred upon him both in and out of the ring.

It is a good sign to see a question being asked in THE RING about nicknames, and I hope a revival is coming of the good old days when the names of boxing champions were household words.

When Drama Was Written

(Continued from page 21)

Barry discovered that Dempsey had gone into his own corner instead of a far one. Dempsey foolishly argued that he was right as Barry tried to chase him. Dempsey clipped his own precious knockdown time and Tunney was enabled to glean at least EIGHTEEN seconds on the floor, not "fourteen" as the story is often told.

This writer timed the master film of that fight, a motor-driven "take" and he knows that Tunney was on the floor at least eighteen seconds with the chances of the time being more nearly TWENTY seconds than eighteen. There has been drama.

There was the spectacle of Ad Wolgast, the lightweight champion, being on the floor at the same time Joe Rivers was so sprawled after a DOUBLE KNOCK-DOWN, in Los Angeles. Jack Welsh was the referee and Jimmy Johnston, alert and resourceful, was in Wolgast's corner. He was the lightweight champion of the world and there was great rivalry and bitterness between the two.

There was a terrific mixup and both men lay stretched out on the floor. Johnston, quick-witted, yelled for Welsh to "pick up the champion and count out the other fellow." Rattled for the first time in his career, Welsh obeyed Johnston as if it had been a command from the president. They still talk of that thrilling episode in Los Angeles!

* * *

THERE is the fantastic knockout of Johnny Dundee by Willie Jackson, the first Johnny ever suffered in the ring on January 15, 1918. Nobody ever had seen the "Scotch-wop" on the deck, much less "stretched" for the count.

The bell rang for the first round. Dundee, a will o' the wisp if ever there was one, danced around Jackson like Fred Astaire. Jackson, scowling and a deadly puncher, finally clipped Johnny a little high on the head with a right. Dundee, when stung, always would crouch a little and wade right into his opponent. He often hid the fact that he was stung with this move. Jackson knew that Dundee was hurt and he measured him again.

BANG! A right hander clanked against his jaw with force enough to be heard all over the Olympic Arena, Philadelphia, where the fight took place.

The punch stiffened Dundee up straight and then he started to fall backwards. Suddenly he stiffened up again and this time pitched forward on the flat of his face. He lay as if dead, on a morgue slab.

One hour later, Jackson, happy in the glow of his 2:35 second knockout over the man who never before had been tagged, passed Johnny's dressing room. Willie meant to console the vanquished Italian. They opened the door and there sat Dundee, still togged out in his fighting tack, mumbling:

"Come, fellers. Let's get going. Time the fight started isn't it? Let's get it over with." And so he sat for three hours, nobody being able to shake or coax him out of his lethargy.

They fought ten times after that but never again did Jackson connect with a right hand kayo. In the eleventh fight, they broke all existing records for attendance at old Madison Square Garden, 14,104 having paid, for a gate of $47,000.

* * *

THERE can be no recounting of queer finales without mentioning Tommy Loughran's distressing actions after Jack Sharkey landed a right hander high on Tommy's temple in a New York ball park. The punch did not knock Tommy down. It turned him in his tracks much as Joe Louis' double left hook spun Harry Thomas around in that now famous third round and Tommy, turning his back on Sharkey, walked over to the referee and said:

"Get me a Morris chair. I never was so tired in all my life. I've just got to sit down."

The referee stopped the fight. The next day, Loughran, still dazed, didn't remember a single moment of his strange meandering about the ring looking for a chair.

Few pictures along dramatic lines ever will equal that which presented itself when Max Baer and Primo Carnera went to the floor in one of the early rounds of their fight. Primo eventually was so badly battered that Arthur Donovan, the referee, stopped it. Donovan claimed that Primo said "finee," meaning, "I'm finished." Carnera protested loudly the next day about Baer's alleged jabbing in the eyes with his fingers. What he did say, he claimed, was "FINGERS, FINGERS." Whatever he meant, the bout ended then and there and Max Baer was the heavyweight champion of all this world!

When Fortune Smiles

(Continued from page 32)

fought Braddock, he let down his public, the people who had faith in him.

But Max saw the error of his ways. He was repentent. He went to England where he faced the British heavyweight king, and that shot gave Tommy Farr the one chance he was looking for. Tommy whipped Max and took the spotlight away from the Californian. But Max was still in the picture and when he was asked whether he would accept a fight with Tommy on this side of the ocean after Farr had twice been beaten here, Max consented.

It was his chance—the opportunity he was seeking to prove that he could come back. And how he did it!

Tommy was lambasted from here to London and lost a thrilling battle, and out of that melee, came a new Max Baer. He was shunted right back into the heavyweight picture with a little fortune facing him for his services next summer. That's where Lady Luck played her part. Tommy Farr, who was expected to have an easy battle and through a victory would be thrust into the front ranks of the heavies again, found himself back where he started. That's what Opportunity does in the boxing world.

* * *

THE case of Schmeling is similar. Had he not had the opportunity to meet Joe Louis, he would never have kept himself in the fistic picture. Louis took him as a mark and was knocked out and with that kayo came a new lease of life for Herr Max. The music goes round and round, with fortune favoring some fights and misfortune, others.

Look at Gunnar Barlund. Two years ago he looked like the best prospect in the heavyweight ranks. Then came several defeats and he was called a dud. Back home he went, took care of himself, got himself into perfect physical trim, came over to America again and started a new campaign. You all know the result.

Bit by bit Dame Fortune smiled on him and he came through with triumphs. Nothing to brag about until he faced Alberto Lovell, then pictured as the best of the foreign talent excepting Schmeling, and what he did to Lovell is ring history. That fight was one of several opportunities that Barlund received to make good and how he did take advantage of each.

Then came talk of matching Gunnar with Max Baer. "Go out and get a reputation," were Max's words to Barlund. "Beat my kid brother and if you win, then I'll take care of you."

There again Opportunity afforded Barlund the one big chance for which he was waiting. He jumped right into the heavyweight championship picture by stopping Buddy, referred to as the best prospect of all the new heavyweight lads and it remains to be seen if Max Baer will make good his threat to take care of Barlund now that Gunnar has whipped Buddy.

Down the line we can continue. Every division of boxing has its historic cases where Opportunity has come to the rescue and made a fighter, almost over night.

New Faces

(Continued from page 27)

only defeat since entering the professional ranks, and the chances are that if they meet again, the Norwegian may turn the tables. In their last fight, he had the Brooklynite draped over the ropes ready for the kill when the final bell ending the fight rang. He couldn't wipe out an early lead.

In his fight with McMahon, he scored a one-round knockout, twice stopping Mike in that same first heat. After putting the quietus on his adversary forty seconds after the bell rang, McMahon arose on legs that were wobbly, insisting he was all right and ready to continue. The crowd kept yelling for the referee to let them go at each other again and when the promoter of the show ran down to the ringside and asked Manager Burston to let them continue for fear that the spectators might start a riot, Lew agreed. The boys squared off once more. A few more punches and McMahon rolled to the canvas and was counted out again. This time the announcer jumped into the ring and, picking up Johnson's hand, shouted, "Official winner, Johnson by a knockout in the first round."

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News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 40)

his Nazi salute in an English ring for the last time. Completing a two-year stay, Brokau left for the United States, hoping to contest Jack Reynolds for the welterweight throne and to take a crack at the rising bearded celebrity, Freddie von Lamm . . . . Add to the gallery of strongmen making good in this sector:—Cliff Attenboro and Ernest Cadine, the Continental weight-lifter.

* * *

ART O'MAHONY of Cork, Ireland, is in this country and is bowling them over with his Irish Weed. Incidentally, the Irish Weed is an original hold. It was invented by the Irishman himself. It is a leg or double leg lock and one of the most beautiful holds seen. In Boston, Mass., O'Mahony packed the houses and was undefeated.

Art O'Mahony is the recognized Irish middleweight champion. He has plenty of amateur experience and as a professional he has met with success. Right now he is working for Chris Jordan, promoter of Birmingham, Ala., and according to reports, is going over well. He has a bundle of tricks new to this country and the crowd goes wild over him. Sticking to the clean, scientific style, he is well able to take care of himself when the going gets rough and when the Irishman gets mad—then there are fireworks.

Art is now on the heavy side. He weighs between 170 and 178, but he looks heavier. He was born in Cork, Ireland. Last year he defended his title against Shawn McKeown of Armagh and beat him. The match took place in Cork. He arrived in this country on January 23 and during the last six months has wrestled in Boston, Birmingham and New Orleans.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS by JIMMY AMANN follow:—Sailor Frander of the U.S.S. Arkansas is slated to make his debut in the Middle West sometime in July . . . . Frander carries a classy record in the Navy and his addition to the pro ranks should be a welcome addition to the promoters . . . . the kid has showmanship and color . . . . he's a junior lightheavy . . . . ever since Freddy von Lamm dumped Shiek Mar Allah down in Mexico City, the top welterweights, including Jack Reynolds, the champion, have given the German star a wide berth . . . . Once again to the many wrestling fans around the world who have written in regarding my International Wrestling Ratings . . . . you can get my exclusive mat ratings for one year for $1.00 . . . . mail in money order to Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Bert Gotch, nephew of the immortal Frank, out in Humboldt, Iowa, has a good looking heavyweight in Nick Olson, a mighty Swede with a wonderful knowledge of the mat trade . . . . Olson and his manager are hot after a match with Pesek and the Dusek boys.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe, follow: Despite the fact that we are all being slowly baked to death down here in the Texas tropics, the wrestling fans turn out in the usual large quantities and pack Promoter Morris Sigel's clout casino each week.

We have with us once again that long lost friend, Leo Daniel Boone Savage, who finally managed to get reinstated in the good graces of the Texas commissioner. As always, Leo is going down the line of the "talent on hand" and disposing of them in his usual spectacular manner. This procedure has landed him once again at the place where he left off in Texas, a bout with Chief Little Beaver. You will remember that it was when the bearded biggie was matched with Beaver that he did his famous abdication act. The return match will bring all for miles around and Promoter Sigel has promised the survivor a bout with Champion Crusher Casey.

By the way, Leo has confided in me that he has lots of things to tell his fans and hopes that I will write another story about him soon in THE RING. "But right now, Missy, I want you to tell those folks that I sure am glad to be back in Texas with all my friends. I'm plumb tuckered out running all around the country and aim to settle down right here in Texas," Leo announced. Incidentally, Cowboy Luttrell, who managed the huge hill billy for awhile, is no longer with him.

* * *

BRISTOL BROADCAST . . . . Greetings once again from the Southeast. This center of muscular maneuvers is fairly buzzing with activity despite the torrid temperatures elsewhere. Between the cool mountain air and the sea breezes, Bristol, Norfolk and the vicinity thereabouts make an ideal wrestling center and represents one territory that does not go into the red during hot weather.

At present the outstanding performer in Dixie land is swarthy, smiling Rajah Ranjit, whose catlike skill makes him a main-eventer in any town. Rajah made his debut in Roanoke and immediately won the fans by winning with his famous mystery hold. The Rajah is actually one of the finest Hindu wrestlers in the game today. His teacher and mentor was no less than the Great Gama, who as yet remains heavyweight champion of India. Rajah is 25 years old, a quite intelligent young man who is a graduate of Oxford University. His home is in Punjab, India. His father was at one time a well known Hindu wrestler. His object in coming to America, says Rajah, is to compete for the championship of America which he hopes to annex.

Not long ago Jim Wright and Jim Goon Henry were matched for a bout in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. This in itself was not a startling event, that is until the two Jims decided to settle for once and for sure just who was the tougher of the two. The boys indulged in a slugfest that was nothing short of barbarous and after the referee and wrestling commissioner had been floored, looked around for new fields to conquer. And who should present them a perfect victim but Promoter Pete Moore, who came bounding into the ring in the hope of quelling their fury. Mr. Moore rushed into the ring and immediately rushed out again. The next morning his eye was a shade of purple and his jaw unpleasantly puffed.

LITTLE BITS ABOUT BRISTOL—The newest arrival in this territory is Pete Peterson, fresh from several victories in Texas . . . . the handsome young Danish boy has plenty of color and should put lots of pep in the local rings . . . . Milo Steinborn, the strongman, has departed for Florida . . . . Father Roy Lumpkin, it seems, has a strange fascination for the colored race . . . . just what his attraction is to the dusky fans has not yet been figured out, but it's a sure bet when the "Father" is on the card that the dark-skinned fans will turn out en masse . . . . recently when he wrestled Londos in Roanoke, 1,000 colored rooters turned out for the bout . . . . Goon Henry is one of the prime villains now in this territory . . . . Jim Wright is rapidly developing into a meanie of note . . . . he mixes his villainry with such scientific skill though, that he usually keeps the fans between cheers and jeers . . . . Roland Kirchmeyer, long the idol of the Dixie fans, has moved into the Texas territory . . . . Paul Harper is back at the mat wars after a siege of malaria.

A Great Champion Arrives

(Continued from page 19)

Armstrong. Schmeling is the lone survivor of a crew of warriors whose day has long since passed. The plodding Risko, unfortunate Young Stribling, tough old Paulino Uzcudun, flighty Jack Sharkey, the great middleweight, Mickey Walker—these and others who are just memories now were Schmeling's contemporaries of a vanished day. It is perhaps a tribute to the German's will power that he was able to hang on the way he did, after all the others had passed from the picture. He came a long way back towards his goal of regaining the championship he once held, and might possibly have succeeded had he been opposed to a man of ordinary ability, and not an inspired young human dynamo who swept him before him with an irresistible blast.

Louis' two-minute explosion has raised the old cry of superman once more in many quarters. Certainly there seems to be no one on the scene at the moment who can be given a real chance to divest him of that snug fitting crown. Max Baer has the punch and the ability to absorb a tremendous blow, but the Livermore Larruper seems to lack—er, shall we say—inclination to capitalize on his talents against Louis.

Farr has the courage, stamina and ruggedness, but has nothing like the punch necessary to trouble Louis. Galento has the wallop, but defense means a wooden railing surrounding a ball park to Jersey's heroic hippo, and not even a punch-proof Galento could allow his chin to be freely hit with Joe's bomb-laden gloves.

John Henry Lewis knows enough but isn't big enough. Pastor had his chance, and Adamick is two years away.

In just two minutes, Louis regained practically all the prestige he had formerly owned. Even his most stubborn detractors now admit he is a champion worthy of the name, and there is a growing feeling throughout the entire world that he is not only one of the greatest of all champions, but quite likely the peer of them all.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Paul Maracin, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—Has San Diego produced any good fighters? If so, what are their records? Had Louis and Dempsey met in their prime, who do you think would have won? Who could hit the harder? Do you think that Louis could repeat his kayo over Max Baer? Have you any record on News Al Brown, the Tribune Kid, who used to fight in San Diego?

A.—Lee Ramage and Johnny Romero are about the best. Their records may be found in the current record books. Dempsey. Louis. Yes. No record on Brown.

Karl Zucker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Can you please inform me whether a bout between Izzy Jannazzo and Pedro Montanez took place? If so, at what arena, what date and who was the winner?

A.—The fight never took place.

Al Turay, Lakewood, Ohio

Q.—Who do you think would be the winner in the following bouts: Andre Lenglet vs. Nathan Mann, Bob Pastor vs. Gunnar Barlund, Gunnar Barlund vs. John Henry Lewis, Jock McAvoy vs. Al Gainer, Arturo Godoy vs. Bob Pastor, Arturo Godoy vs. Lou Nova, Leroy Haynes vs. Nathan Mann, Leroy Hanyes vs. Bob Pastor, Gunnar Barlund vs. Max Baer? In an overweight match do you think that Freddy Steele could whip John Henry Lewis? Do you think that Yustin Sirutis has a chance to win the world's heavyweight title?

A.—Mann, Barlund, Lewis, Gainer, Pastor, Nova, Mann, Pastor, Baer. No. No.

Eddy Sparrow, Chicago, Ill.

Why is it Leo Rodak, who is rated second leading featherweight in THE RING isn't matched with Freddy Miller or Henry Armstrong? What would the outcome be in the following bouts? Rodak vs. Armstrong, Rodak vs, Miller or Miller vs. Armstrong? What is your opinion of Rodak and do you think he will ever be champion?

A.—Miller is in Europe at this writing and Armstrong has not had the time to accept matches with any featherweights. Armstrong and Miller would probably beat Rodak while Armstrong would defeat Miller. Rodak is a classy boxer and may reach the top in the near future.

Ring Reader, Paris, France

Q.—Who would be favored in a Garcia-Ross battle? Are Jack Sharkey, Ross and Escobar the only champions to regain titles which they had previously lost? How much would the February 1932 RING cost by mail?

A.—Garcia, Sharkey never held the heavyweight title before he won it from Schmeling after Schmeling had beaten Sharkey in an elimination contest. No. No heavyweight champion ever regained his title once he lost it. There are quite a few champions who regained their title after losing it. Pete Herman, Tony Canzoneri, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Battling Nelson are a few who regained their titles. Price 35c.

Peter Martin, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—Where was John L. Sullivan born? What title, if any, did Teddy Yarosz hold? How much would it cost in English money for the photos of all the world heavyweight champions? Were the following Irish-Americans: James J. Corbett, Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, Mickey Walker, Tommy Ryan, and Jack McAuliffe?

A.—Boston, Mass. N.B.A. Middleweight title. Five shillings for each picture. All with the exception of Ryan who was of British-French descent.

A Ring Reader, Hawaii

Q.—I am eighteen years old, have had two years experience in the amateur ranks with eighteen fights, losing four. I am five feet 5½ inches tall and fight at 112 pounds. When not training I weigh about 125 pounds. I have no difficulty in making the 112 pound limit. Do you think this will affect me in the future? Does too much rubbing down and sleeping affect a fighter? How?

A.—I would advise you to forget about making 112 pounds and devote yourself to building up where you will remain from 118 to 122 pounds. Rubdowns are seldom taken by amateurs and are not advisable. The ordinary eight hours sleep should be enough for anyone. Overdone, it makes you loggy and not very alert. Too much rubbing tends to weaken a person.

Roy Oliphant, Wichita, Kan.

Q.—Why did you call Tony Galento a freak in the May issue of THE RING? Is it because of his height and size or his technique in the ring? I am 19 years of age and would like to get a few more fights but Wichita has no boxing at the present time and how would you advise me to get some more amateur bouts? Do you think a year in the amateur ranks would be long enough? If not how long? I have already had fifteen fights with 8 ounce gloves. Is it an advantage to be short in size or a disadvantage? What is a good way to improve your hitting power? What is a good way to develop your chest? Mine is 38 inches and 42 expanded. Was Nat Fleischer a fighter? Please tell me the fights Joe Louis has had since he fought Max Baer and the round he knocked his men out?

A.—Because of his freakish build and antics. Get in touch with our Kansas boxing correspondent, L. R. Ford, Chanute, Kansas. Twenty-five fights in the amateurs should give you enough experience. It all depends upon your style. If you are rough and aggressive, short size is all right but if you are a boxer it is a handicap. Coordination between the mind and body when you are delivering blows. Pulleys are good. As an amateur only. Paolino Uzcudun, 4 rounds; Charley Retzlaff, 1 round; Max Schmeling, knocked out by 12 rounds; Jack Sharkey, 3 rounds; Al Ettore, five rounds; Eddie Simms, 1 round; Stanley Ketchell, 2 rounds; Bob Pastor, won 10 rounds; Nate Brown, 4 rounds, Jimmy Braddock, 8 rounds; Tommy Farr, won 15 rounds, Nathan Mann, 3 rounds; Harry Thomas, 5 rounds.

Charles C. Child, Worcester, England

Q.—I hope you can answer these in one of the future issues of THE RING. Do you give Tiger Fox much of a chance against John Henry Lewis in a title fight? Why has Eddie Blunt dropped out of the limelight? He was rated as a mighty promising fighter when he kayoed Jack Trammell. Do you think that was just a fluke and is he ever likely to inconvenience the leading lights again? Did you ever hear of Johnny Pavlovich? Do you think he will ever be much good? Can you give me the addresses of Alberto Lovell, Glen Lee, Billy Beauhuld and Al Hostak?

A.—At the present moment Fox stands a very good chance of winning the title, although Lewis holds a knockout over Fox scored a few years ago. Blunt has recently recovered from a hernia operation which put him on the sidelines for over five months. He is just as good a prospect after he gets a few preliminary engagements. Pavlovich is a young middleweight from New York who may improve with time. Lovell may be reached through Philip Gildred, Gildred Bldg., San Diego, Calif. Lee through Main St. Gymnasium, Los Angeles, Calif. Beauhuld, Pioneer Gym, 344 West 44th St., New York City. Hostak 2021 Second Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Don Wehrenberg, Cranford, N. J.

Q.—What is the height and weight of Max Baer? Was Joe Shugrue a lightweight? What type of fighter was he? Why did he quit the ring? What were some of his winning fights? I stand 5 feet tall and weigh 105 pounds. What will my height and weight be at 17? What class will I be in? What is the height and weight of the following: Glen Lee, Joe Louis, Pedro Montanez, Sixto Escobar, Gunnar Barlund, Henry Armstrong, Petey Scalzo, Buddy Baer?

A.—6 feet, 3 inches. Weight 212 pounds for Baer. Yes, a first class fighter who might have been champion, if he were fighting today. He holds a four-round knockout over Benny Leonard. He fought Leach Cross, Charley White, Freddy Welsh, Matty Baldwin, Dick Hyland and stars of that type. They were mostly no-decision bouts in those days and the winner was decided by the newspapers. You didn't mention your age which is the basis for telling your future weight. Lee—5 feet, 8 inches, weight 155 pounds. Louis—6 feet, 1 inch, weight 202 pounds. Montanez—5 feet, 6 inches, weight 135 pounds. Escobar—5 feet, 3 inches, weight 118 pounds. Barlund—6 feet, 2 inches, weight 200 pounds. Armstrong—5 feet, 5 inches, weight 130 pounds. Scalzo—5 feet, 4 inches, weight 126 pounds. Baer—6 feet, 6 inches, weight 245 pounds.

Elwyn Hawkins, Oakdale, Calif.

Q.—How and when does the manager pay the trainer? Who do you think would win the following: Roscoe Toles vs. Lou Nova? Jimmy Adamick vs. Max Baer? Melio Bettina vs. Ralph De John? Ben Brown vs. Glen Lee? Al Hostak vs. Freddy Steele? Baby Saban vs. Sammy Meadows? Eddie Cool vs. Johnny Bellus? Pete Scalzo vs. Bernie Friedkin? Johnny Hutchinson vs. Nick Peters? Big Boy Bray vs. Nathan Mann? What are the measurements of John Henry Lewis, Al Hostak, Barney Ross, Harry Jeffra and Pete Scalzo? What are the addresses of Pete Scalzo, Jimmy Adamick, Freddy Steele, Sammy Angott, Johnny Hutchinson, Al Hostak and Freddy Fiducia? What has become of Johnny Clinton, the welterweight?

A.—Immediately after the boxer is through with his fight. Please don't ask that type query. Sorry but cannot give the measurements. Too much trouble involved. Scalzo, Pioneer Gym, 344 West 44th St., New York City. Adamick, c/o The Olympia, Detroit, Mich. Steele, Lincolnshire Hotel, Tacoma, Wash. Angott—180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Hutchinson—1510 Samson St., Philadelphia, Pa. Hostak—2021 Second Ave., Seattle, Wash. Fiducia—Dreamland Park, Newark, N. J. Clinton has retired.

Regular Reader from Newark, N. J.

Q.—Can a boy of 19 who has asthma ever become a successful boxer? Will drinking a quart of water a day put on weight and does training take off or put on weight? Are there many flyweights in New York or where? Is there much money in that class? Can a boy weighing 108 pounds get a professional boxing license in New York?

A.—No, unless he can be cured. Sleeping on pine pillows has been known to bring good results. Drink plenty of water between meals. It will aid your weight. No flyweights in New York at the present moment. California has Jackie Jurich, the only well known flyweight in this country. Scotland, Great Britain and Ireland have plenty of flyweights. Yes, you can get a license.

Bill Stetina, Winnepeg, Canada

Q.—I am 13 years of age. My height is 5 feet 6 inches and my weight is 126 pounds. Will you please tell me what my height and weight will be when I am 21?

A.—Five feet 10½ inches and weight 160 pounds.

Peter Lasinko, Winnepeg, Canada

Q.—While in training what is a good diet? I am 15 years of age, weigh 115 pounds and am 5 feet 4 inches in height. What will my measurements be at 21? Was Primo Carnera ever the champion of the world? Does he still have a chance to win the title? At what age did Louis start boxing?

A.—None necessary. Eat good, substantial foods, stay away from starchy foods. Five feet 7 inches and 140 pounds. Yes. No. Louis started as a professional when he was twenty years of age.

Arthur Carpenter, St. John, N. B. Canada

Q.—Can you give me some information on Hayward Storey, who claims the middleweight championship of Maine. He also claims to be a former Chicago Golden Glove champion.

A.—Storey is a first class middleweight who is doing most of his battling around Portland and Augusta, Maine. He recently fought a no decision ten round bout with Ossie Stewart.

Leonard Peterson, Woodworth, N. D.

Q.—What is the address of Joe Louis? I am 14 years of age, weigh 115 pounds and 5 feet 3 inches tall. How tall will I be and what will my weight be when I am 21 years of age? Do you think I could be a flyweight or what weight will I be?

A.—83 East 35th St. Chicago, Ill. You will weigh about 145 pounds and be about 5 feet 7 inches at maturity. You will be a welterweight at full growth.

Art Schaefer, Craig, Colo.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever change his name or was he born Jack Dempsey? If he did change his name can you tell me what it was originally and the age he was when he changed it?

A.—Dempsey's correct name is William Harrison Dempsey. He started his career using the name of Jack Dempsey.

Bob Crow, Apache, Oklahoma

Q.—In the June issue of The Ring, Bob Edgren said that Tommy Burns won the heavyweight title from Marvin Hart. If that is true, who did Hart win it from? Did Jim Jeffries retire undefeated? Wasn't the heavyweight title vacant at that time? Didn't Burns and Hart fight for the title after Jeffries retired?

A.—The title was vacated after Jeffries had retired. Burns and Hart were the outstanding contenders at that time and it was agreed that the winner would be recognized as the champion. Jeffries retired undefeated and came back as a challenger after Jack Johnson had won the title from Burns.

A New Ring Reader, Edmonton, Canada

Q.—I have just bought my first issue of The Ring and assure you that it will not be the last. I would certainly appreciate it if you would use pictures of the champions old and new as I am saving them. I am 17 years of age, have done some amateur boxing and have quite a healthy body. At 15 I was boxing all winter and proved fairly good. Then I laid off. I started again last winter but was not so good. Do you think I should continue or give it up as a bad job? I weigh 150 pounds, am 5 feet 9 in my stocking feet. Could you please tell me what my weight and height will be when I am 21 years of age. A friend of mine wants to know what his weight and height will be when he is 21 years old? He is 17 years of age, height 5 feet 10½ inches and weighs 142 pounds. Whom do you think is the best heavyweight of all time?

A.—Glad you like The Ring. We use pictures in every issue. If your heart is not in boxing forget all about it. Maybe it will take you a while to regain your form or possibly you have lost your liking for boxing as a sport. You should be about 6 feet 1 inch, and weigh 180 pounds at maturity. Your friend should reach the 6 feet mark and scale about 165 pounds when he reaches 21.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 23)

resulted in fatalities or near-fatalities, today the sport is on such a high plane that a boxer is prevented by the medical advisers of boxing commissions to carry on his trade as soon as he is found unfit. Under such close observation, punch drunkenness is almost a thing of the past. In my close relation to the sport, I haven't come across one case developed in the past three years since THE RING, as the mouthpiece of boxing, started an international campaign that brought about closer supervision by commissions and their representatives.

New York, with its army of boxers, hasn't had a case of punch drunkenness on view in that time, thanks to the splendid medical supervision by the state authorities. Now and then a case does crop up, but that is natural. You can't have boxing 100 per cent perfect, nor can you have that in any other branch of athletics.

Lieut. Millspaugh will no doubt agree with me that never has he come across a case of a member of the Naval Academy of which he speaks. Why? Because under the able supervision of Spike Webb, the instructor, and the naval medical examiners, no student could continue boxing if he showed the least symptoms. The same holds true in commission-ruled states.

Boxing is a virile sport. It is wholesome and affords recreation, teaches manliness and sportsmanship, develops keenness of mind and eye, and an odd case of punch drunkenness shouldn't warrant an attack on the sport that affords pleasure and excitement to millions.

* * *

WHATEVER chance Jimmy Adamick had of reaching the top flight in the heavyweight division has been checked through the action of the Illinois Boxing Commission in declaring that his fight with Jack Trammell in Chicago was not fought according to Hoyle. Trammell had dropped Jimmy and had him on the verge of a knockout but eased up and took the count himself when tapped on the chin by the floundering Detroit heavyweight. The commission suspended Adamick for one year, Trammell for five, Jerry Lavan, the promoter, had his license revoked and the fighters' purse was confiscated and turned over to Lavan.

Thus Adamick, a fine prospect, got hit between the eyes by this ruling, and all because his mentors were eager to roll up a big knockout record to force public attention to the boy who was being primed in Michigan as a challenger for Louis' title.

* * *

AFTER Joe Louis had knocked out Max Schmeling, this department received numerous letters from boxing students who felt that the foreigner had been fouled by the so-called illegal kidney punch of the Negro. Of course, that foul guff was pure buncombe. But many permitted their feelings to get the better of their judgment.

"Poor sportsmanship!" was the cry that went up because THE RING refused to pay any attention to the holler of "Foul."

Soon afterward Schmeling returned to Germany. No official representative met him at the pier. No official recognition was given to Max. He left the boat a beaten man and so, in the eyes of those who run the works in Germany, was not worth a welcome.

Down the Ages With Lightweights

(Continued from page 29)

Auliffe enjoyed the distinction of being recognized as the first world lightweight champion and went through his entire career without a defeat.

June 1, 1896—Kid Lavigne won claim to the lightweight title when he scored a seventeen-round knockout over Dick Burge in London, England.

July 3, 1899—Frank Erne won the title from Kid Lavigne at Buffalo, N. Y., over the twenty-round distance.

May 12, 1902—Joe Gans disposed of Frank Erne in one round at Fort Erie, Canada.

November 26, 1902—Jimmy Britt kayoed Frank Erne in seven rounds at San Francisco, California, and challenged Gans for the title. Gans refused to make 133 pounds for Britt and Jimmy claimed the title for several years.

September 9, 1905—Battling Nelson disposed of Jimmy Britt in eighteen rounds at Colma, Calif.

September 3, 1906—Joe Gans won on foul from Battling Nelson, Goldfield, Nev., forty-two rounds.

July 4, 1908—Battling Nelson knocked out Joe Gans in seventeen rounds at San Francisco.

February 22, 1910—Ad Wolgast stopped Battling Nelson in forty rounds at Port Richmond, Canada.

November 28, 1912—Willie Ritchie won on a foul from Battling Nelson in sixteen rounds at San Francisco.

July 7, 1914—Freddy Welsh whipped Willie Ritchie in twenty rounds in London, England.

May 28, 1917—Benny Leonard kayoed Freddy Welsh in nine rounds at New York City.

July 13, 1925—When Leonard retired a tournament was staged which was won by Jimmy Goodrich, who stopped Stanislaus Loayza in two rounds at Long Island City.

December 7, 1925 — Rocky Kansas whipped Jimmy Goodrich in fifteen rounds at Buffalo, N. Y.

July 3, 1926—Sammy Mandell scored over Rocky Kansas in a ten-round bout at Chicago, Ill.

July 17, 1930—Al Singer kayoed Sammy Mandell in one round at New York City.

November 14, 1930—Tony Canzoneri disposed of Al Singer in one round in New York City.

July 23, 1933—Barney Ross won a ten-round bout from Tony Canzoneri in Chicago.

May 10, 1935—Ross retired from the lightweight division because of weight difficulties and Tony Canzoneri regained his crown when he whipped Lou Ambers in fifteen rounds in New York City, Ambers being recognized by the New York Commission as the outstanding challenger.

September 4, 1936—Lou Ambers turned the tables on Canzoneri by winning a fifteen-round decision in New York City in their return match.

THE largest gate receipts in the lightweight division were the titular match between Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler at the Polo Grounds which grossed $452,648. The second largest were the twelve-round, no-decision bout between the same principals in Jersey City—$367,862.

Other important receipts were those between Benny Leonard-Ritchie Mitchell, $162,000; Sammy Mandell vs. Jimmy McLarnin, $152,564; Sammy Mandell and Tony Canzoneri in Chicago, $136,002; Al Singer and Sammy Mandell, $162,388.33, in New York City; Tony Canzoneri vs. Barney Ross at the Polo Grounds, $118,874.95; Benny Leonard vs. Charlie White, Michigan City, $119,800; Leonard vs. Rocky Kansas, New York City, $114,516, and Leonard vs. Rocky Kansas in Jersey City, $101,501.

Joe Stands Supreme

(Continued from page 10)

demanding a return engagement, a rubber contest, that is out of the question. He received such an unmerciful beating without as much as putting up his hands to make a fight of it, that to enable him to reap another fortune and be ruined for life, would be the height of folly. He received his chance. He clamored for an opportunity to clash with the champion and made a sorrowful showing. He failed to act the part of a real sport by belittling Louis' great victory. He lost fairly.

Unlike other great fighters who took their defeats with a smile, Max went out of the picture with venom in his heart because he couldn't be the first former title-holder to regain the championship. Instead of praise for the victor, as Louis gave to Schmeling when Max knocked him out, the Black Uhlan attempted to gain sympathy for himself at Louis' expense.

No doubt in many sections of the world where prejudice exists against a colored athlete, the cry will not down that Louis retained his title by employing foul tactics. All this could have been avoided had Schmeling given Louis the praise he deserved. Even one word, "congratulations."

Another Schmeling-Louis fight will never be staged. Louis remarked that the only way Max can get a third bout will be if the German would agree to sign for a contest to be fought in private with neither getting a purse or if Schmeling would agree to sign over his entire purse to a charity with Louis doing likewise. Of course such terms never would be met.

The hunt is on. Hundreds of managers and scouts throughout the world are on the lookout. The lumber camps are being combed. The C.C.C. camps are being scoured. There is a sharp lookout in every gymnasium where boxing is followed for the young man who some day may come up as did Louis and be able to survive the flaying fists of the Bomber.

If Louis is able to retain the form he displayed against Schmeling, he should turn back all attempts to dethrone him until he is ready to retire, as did Gene Tunney, the undefeated world heavyweight king. As was the case with Louis, some youngster may soon rise from the amateur ranks to duplicate his feat.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE boxing highlight of the month was stolen by Joe Louis when he successfully defended his heavyweight title against Max Schmeling by a sensational one-round knockout. Freddie Steele, world middleweight champion, made an impressive reentrance into the ranks by his one-sided victory over Solly Krieger in an overweight match. Gustave Eder stepped out into the 160-pound class by scoring a surprise kayo over Carmelo Candel in seven rounds.

Benny Lynch couldn't make the flyweight limit in his battle with Jackie Jurich for the title, and although he forfeited the crown, he went on to score a 12-round knockout victory. Small Montana's slashing victory over Pancho Villa kept his name in the limelight for world honors in the 112-pound class, where he now is the leading challenger. Lou Ambers kept his name in the public prints by scoring a decision over Jimmy Vaughn in an overweight match.

Champion Joe Louis paced the heavyweight brigade by his scintillating knockout over Max Schmeling in one round of their 15-round championship battle. Bob Pastor whipped Freddie Fiducia and Al McCoy while the latter in turn stopped Jack Kranz in the second round. Red Burman kayoed Butch Rogers in the eighth. Andre Lenglet beat Leroy Haynes. Big Boy Bray beat Abe Simon. Eddie Phillips kayoed Ben Foord in nine. George Brescia outpointed Alex Kettles. Jim Howell defeated Obie Walker.

Jack Roper knocked out Patsy Perroni in the second round. Al Delaney won over Jack London on a foul in the fourth. Buddy Knox kayoed Jose Santos. Steve Dudas stopped Jack Moran in four. Eddie Simms beat Wild Bill Boyd.

Harry Lister stopped Manuel Abrew in the fourth. Gus Dorazio whipped Ray Miller. Eddie Hogan kayoed Poison Smith in three and was in turn stopped in the same round by Chuck Crowell. Tony Shucco beat Harry Lister. Jarl Johnson decisioned Charley Massera while the latter beat Steve Martin. Russ Wasser stopped Frank Reise in nine heats. Roy Lazer beat Jersey Joe Walcott. Jim Robinson kayoed Jack Downey in the second. Nash Garrison disposed of Frankie Simms in eight.

Tiger Jack Fox leads the light-heavyweight class challengers by virtue of his three-round kayo of Fred Lenhart. Gus Lesnevich is on his heels with a sensational one-round kayo of Stanley Hasrato, Melio Bettina stopped Johnny Lasinski in five rounds and beat Phil Sommese. Ralph De John kayoed Babe Risko in seven. Dave Clark defeated Bud Mignault. Carmen Barth scored over Al Cocozza. Johnny Romero beat Archie Moore and stopped Johnny Rossi in two heats.

Lloyd Marshall and Jack Dallas whipped Charley Coates. Jimmy Webb stopped Ralph Chong in the eighth. Joey Parks kayoed Max Kayden in two and Jim Bowden in three. Ray Miller beat Herbie Katz. Joe Wagner kayoed Wally Sears in the third. Chester Palutis beat Joe Orlosky and was in turn kayoed by Larry Lane in the third. Mat Raymond beat Nick Rabin. Adolf Witt drew with John Anderson.

Freddie Steele continues to head the middleweight ranks by virtue of his overweight victory over Solly Krieger. Ron Richards stopped Claude Nichol in nine rounds. Atilio Sabatino boxed draws with Fred Henneberry and Ken Overlin. Ben Brown beat Battling Burroughs. Georgie Abrams whipped Phil Furr. Tony Zale kayoed Jimmy Clark in eight rounds. Harry Balsamo kayoed Al Cocozza in the second. Mario Caroselli defeated Eric Seelig.

Kid Tunero won on a foul over Marcel Prilleux in two rounds. Paulie Walker beat Jimmy Jones and drew with Mickey Makar. Young Stuhley beat Jack Moran and stopped Eddie Boyle in five rounds. Bob Turner kayoed Bobby Jones in the seventh heat. Rudy Marshall beat Vincent Troiano in a no-decision fight. Bobby Birch kayoed Jimmy Walsh in the first round. Tony Bruno beat Al Bernard, who in turn kayoed Babe Austin in seven. Eddie Maguire decisioned George Davis.

Ceferino Garcia stepped into the driver's seat of the welterweight division by knocking out Frankie Blair in three rounds and Jackie Burke in four. Gustave Eder stopped Carmelo Candel in the seventh. Kenny LaSalle beat Young Peter Jackson. Saverio Turiello whipped Milt Aron. Jackie Kid Berg trounced Johnny Horstmann and drew with Augie Arellano who in turn lost to Frankie Genovese. The latter also kayoed Bruno Tretter in six rounds but was himself whipped by Andrea Jessurun, who then outpointed Gene Buffalo. Gene also lost to Johnny Lucas.

Charley Burley beat Fritzie Zivic who in turn kayoed Ercole Buratti in four rounds and Eddie Conley in six rounds. Sammy Luftspring stopped Hoyt Jones in the fourth. Baby Saban defeated Bobby Pacho who scored over Mickey Paul. Ernie Roderick beat Dai Jones. Omar Kouidri beat Cleto Locatelli. Mike Frattini whipped Willie Eley. Paul Junior beat Johnny Morro in a no-decision fight. Maxie Berger scored over Pete Cara. Wildcat O'Connor whipped Tommy Bland. Andy Callahan decisioned George Martin. Eddie Booker beat Al Manfredo and then knocked out George Salvatore in seven sessions. Cerdan beat Jean Morin. Al Traino whipped Tony Rock. Eddie McGeever stopped Honey Melody in two. Johnny Durso defeated Willard Brown. Verne Patterson beat Harold Brown. Carl Dell trounced Carlos Miranda. Ralph Vona whipped Pete Koloff. Steve Halaiko decisioned Johnny Hoffman.

Lou Ambers defeated Jimmy Vaughn in an overweight match. The latter also lost to Andy Scrivani. Sammy Angott beat Tommy Spiegal who also lost to Howard Scott. The latter was whipped by Norment Quarles. Billy Beauhuld and Charley Gomer drew. Johnny Bellus whipped Snag Trowbridge. Wesley Ramey defeated Leo Rodak and Chino Alvarez and was in turn defeated by Wishy Jones. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Guillemet Georges in the third.

Irving Eldridge whipped Johnny Bonito. Tippy Larkin walloped Red Cochrane. Hubert Dennis won over Sonny Valdez. Red Guggino beat Babe Nunez. Bernie Friedkin drew with Orville Drouillard while the latter scored over Johnny Becca and was stopped in the ninth by Phil Zwick.

Roy Boon whipped Jimmy Walsh, who also lost to Dave Crowley. Lloyd Pine beat Baby Miller and lost to Billy Marquart. Frankie Wallace drew with Harry Weekly and lost to Johnny Rohrig. George Hansford beat Nick Peters. Lew Feldman trounced Eddie Zivic. Nunzio Bisogno kayoed Paddy O'Neill in three heats. Babe Brandelli beat Mickey Farber.

Freddie Miller heads the featherweight division by his victories over Frank McCudden and Billy Charlton. Leo Rodak whipped Jackie Wilson. Dave Castilloux kayoed Eddie Scott in seven. Mike Belloise whipped Al Reid. Ginger Foran and Johnny Cabello drew. Pete Scalzo beat Al Ragone and kayoed Alex Burns in three. Spider Kelly beat Norman Denny and Frank McCudden. Mickey Miller and Claude Varner split decisions. Ben Caplan beat Jackie Hurst, and vice versa. Dick Corbett whipped Young Beckett.

Emilio Magana stopped Johnny Brown in two rounds. Al Mancini beat Bobby Green. Vincenzio Dell Orto whipped Joe Santos, Johnny McGrory kayoed Tommy Braco in the fourth. Dan McAllister whipped Frank Kenny. Joey Fontana whipped Billy Lancaster and stopped Willie Felice in three heats. Tony Dupre stopped Skippy Allen in the second session. Richard Lemos knocked out Bobby Leyvas in two.

Tony Passaro beat Johnny Mirabella and knocked out Harry Oberman in the first round. Al Davis drew with Jack Sharkey, Jr. Harold Valon whipped Young Chappie. Jerry Mazza defeated Nickey Jerome. George Marsden stopped Herbie Clarke in four and whipped Billy Walker. Vincenzo Dell Orto beat Danny London who in turn kayoed Joe Marcienti in three rounds. Joey Wach beat George Karkella. Matty Perfetti defeated Eddie Voccia.

Kayo Morgan knocked out Bert Ardt in five rounds and defeated Jose Santos to lead the bantamweight division. Pancho Villa beat Armand Sicilia and kayoed Sammy Taormina in three. Peter Kane whipped Bernard Leroux. Johnny Gaudes whipped Sammy Taormina. Aurel Toma won on a disqualification over Cattaneo in the eighth. Kid Tanner scored seven, six and five-round knockouts over Battling Hayes, Charlie Brown and George Marsden, respectively. Jackie Brown was beaten by Joe Connolly.

Baby Yack beat Jimmy Webster. Pantaisco defeated Valentin Anglemann. Luis Fernandez decisioned Eugene Huat. Goround also scored over Huat. Tommy Forte stopped Reds Transparenti in two rounds. Ernst Weiss kayoed Eddie Davis in the tenth session. Billy Passon defeated Al Brown. Johnny King won on a three-round foul over Len Hampton. George Smith whipped Bobby Magee. Billy Miller decisioned Frankie Jarr. Henry Hook scored over Tommy Cobb.

Benny Lynch knocked out Jackie Jurich in the 12th round. Small Montana whipped Pancho Villa. Pierre Louis defeated Etienne Ferraro. Mickey O'Neill kayoed Tommy Denham in four and was in turn whipped by Paddy Ryan. Jim Warnock scored over Snowball Frome and stopped Dudley Lewis in the tenth round but was kayoed by Johnny McManus in the third. Joe Kiely whipped Jim McStravick on a foul in the seventh heat. Les Johnson kayoed Pat Warburton in eight rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Rinty Monaghan, Ireland.
Bantamweight—Manuel Ortiz, Los Angeles, Calif.
Featherweight—Santos Migliore, New Orleans, La.
Lightweight—Tommy Roman, Bayonne, N. J.
Welterweight—Slugger White, New York City.
Middleweight—Freddy Mills, England.
Light-heavyweight—Joe Orlosky, Herrick Center, Pa.
Heavyweight—Ralph O'Dell, Ottumwa, Iowa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings ending July 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddie Steele	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Max Baer	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
2—Gunnar Barlund	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Holman Williams
3—Bob Pastor	Gus Lesnevich	Al Hostak	Felix Wouters
4—Tony Galento	Len Harvey	Glen Lee	Gustave Eder
5—Tommy Farr	Ambrose Palmer	Walter Woods	Kenny LaSalle
6—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Ron Richards	Saverio Turiello
7—Maxie Rosenbloom	Melio Bettina	Fred Henneberry	Andrea Jessurun
8—Lou Nova	Eddie Wenstob	Atilio Sabatino	Milt Aron
9—Red Burman	Ralph De John	Ken Overlin	Charley Burley
10—Andre Lenglet	Young Herrera	Ossie Stewart	Frankie Genovese

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Jackie Jurich
1—Baby Arizmendi	Freddie Miller	Kayo Morgan	Small Montana
2—Pedro Montanez	Leo Rodak	Nat Litfin	Little Dado
3—Davey Day	Dave Castilloux	Pancho Villa	Tut Whalley
4—Tommy Cross	Jackie Wilson	Georgie Pace	Tiny Bostock
5—Sammy Angott	Johnny Hutchinson	Lou Salica	Pierre Louis
6—Billy Beauhuld	Mike Belloise	Peter Kane	Seaman Chetty
7—Johnny Bellus	Al Reid	Benny Lynch	Pierce Ellis
8—Tony Chavez	Ginger Foran	Johnny Gaudes	Valentin Anglemann
9—Wishy Jones	Pete Scalzo	Aurel Toma	Paddy Ryan
10—Wesley Ramey	Spider Kelly	Kid Tanner	Mickey O'Neill

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

JOE LOUIS made good his boast of two years ago. Insisting that the knockout Max Schmeling scored over him for the only blemish on his fistic record was an accident, the Dark Destroyer from Detroit finally caught up with his former conqueror under the star-studded blanket of the Yankee Stadium and erased defeat with a knockout in the record time of 2:04 of the first round. A devastating attack that brought Max to the floor three times caused Referee Arthur Donovan to halt the battle.

Unleashing an attack that was viciously cruel in its execution, Louis hammered the German about the ring with an unmerciful rain of leather that caused his chief second, Max Machon, to throw in the towel in a token of surrender, an action which received no official recognition.

Stating that he would win within two rounds, Louis made good his pre-battle statement by more than a round as he butchered the Black Uhlan of the Rhine with explosive fistic shells that thundered over his head and body until the impact of the terrific punches hung him limp on the ropes, a badly beaten man.

Although Max was forced to enter a hospital for treatment after the fight, claiming that an illegal punch, the use of the kidney blow, had deprived him of the opportunity to become the first heavyweight to regain a title, Schmeling quickly retracted the statement when the press decried his lack of sportsmanship.

Although the gross receipts totaled $940,096.17 for a net gate of $803,113, the fight entered the million dollar class with the radio and moving picture rights hitting a mark at $1,015,096.17.

In the six-round semi-final clash, Big Boy Bray whipped Abe Simon. In other sixes on the card, Jorge Brescia scored over Alex Kettles, Carmen Barth trounced Al Cocozza, Dave Clark whipped Bud Mignault, and in fours Bill Poland defeated Gene Bonin, while Joe Lubin decisioned Bill Commiskey.

Although knocked out by Benny Lynch in the twelfth round of their battle at Glasgow, Scotland, Jackie Jurich, the Rose of San Jose, California, became the new ruler of the flyweight roost following the battle.

In a match that was supposed to be for the title, Jurich weighed in at the required poundage while the champion tipped the beams at the amazingly high figure of 118½ pounds, to forfeit his crown at the scales. As Jurich had been declared the leading challenger for world honors, and complied with the articles of agreement when he scaled 110 pounds, the championship rightfully belongs to him.

It is no more than fair to a fighter who has been signed for a title match, and who lives up to the required agreements, to be compensated for his efforts in an arduous training siege to make the weight, to all intents and purposes, both challenger and champion appear to weigh in for a title match. That the champion could not scale in at the class limit is no fault of the challenger. As he had been named as the logical challenger, and made the weight on the afternoon of the weigh in, and the title-holder didn't, the champion automatically forfeited his crown to Jurich. That Jurich went on to spot Lynch eight and one-half pounds so that the fans should not be disappointed is a credit to him as a sportsman. That he was floored six times by his much heavier rival doesn't alter the situation any so far as the championship is concerned.

Lew Raymond, the dean of boxing promoters, who has been more or less on the move with his fistic presentations, is back again in New York, and this time he means to stay. Portly Lew is expected to swing into action immediately with a huge extravaganza to show the New Yorkers a thing or two about making matches. The fact that he has been away from Gotham Town for about nine years is not expected to dull his possibilities. With cigar in mouth and a smile on his face, Lew presents a familiar sight as he hustles and bustles around 49th Street preparing for his advent into the field after his long absence, and with the magic Raymond touch on his shows, Lew is expected to liven things up a little in the old town. Good luck, Lew, and keep punching.

Baby Salvy Saban won a decision over Bobby Pacho in eight hard rounds of the main event at Dyckman Oval. In a six-round semi-windup, Phil Siriani trounced Pat Clayton. Joe Boscarino walloped Johnny Fernandez in another six-round go, while in another bout, Walter Franklin kayoed Jose Rodriquez in four rounds—Johnny Cabello tried to make it two in a row over Ginger Foran at the Canarsie Stadium, but the best he could get was a draw after eight rounds of milling.

Harold Valan beat Young Chappie in the semi-windup. In a scheduled six-round contest that stole the show, Frankie Jacobs' crack middleweight, Bobby Birch, scored a one-round knockout over Jimmy Walsh—Andre Jessurun defeated Frankie Genovese in the star bout of ten rounds at the Fort Hamilton Arena. In the semi-final contest of eight rounds, Tony Passaro decisioned Johnny Mirabella.

The three dukes of the New York State Athletic Commission are getting themselves in wrong again. They are most unfair in their attitude towards Tony Galento. They are opposed to Galento fighting John Henry Lewis in Philadelphia for Muggsy Taylor, despite the fact that the promoter has a lot of money tied up in the match. Why don't the commissioners pick on something that will really prove beneficial to boxing and leave the best natural Philadelphia has had in years alone? Or is it asking too much of the Moguls of Maul!

Harry Balsamo returned to his old trick of scoring rapid knockouts when he dumped Al Cocozza in two rounds of what was scheduled to be the star ten-round contest at the Queensboro Arena. The referee stopped the fight to save the Corona boy from further unnecessary punishment. Seigi Lander, welterweight champion of Palestine, surprised the boys who had made him a one to three underdog by trouncing Angelo Cali much as he pleased in the six-round semi-final fight. Lander scored two knockdowns in winning and looked impressive.

In a recent article by Meyer Ackerman on "New Faces," he stated erroneously that Al Tunney had knocked out Kid Tanner in five rounds. It was just the reverse, and I hasten to make the correction—If Bob Pastor went to Jersey expecting a soft touch in his battle with Freddie Fiducia, he was greatly mistaken. Although the New Yorker won without question, Fiducia proved to be a tough hombre while he was in there.

Sam Golden, former manager of many "near champions," has opened a cigar store at 214 West 49th Street, in the heart of the Cauliflower district. The place has caught on with the fight fancy and newspapermen alike, and it is becoming the midnight rendezvous of the boxing elite. The first vice-president of the National Sports Alliance is well liked and should make a success of his new venture.

Billy Stevens is in New York, where he is handling Frankie Genovese and Billy Miske, Jr., son of the former crack heavyweight contender of the Dempsey era—Likeable Charley Cook has moved his office to the Markwell Hotel on West 49th Street, from which place matches all over the country are closed. President of the National Sports Alliance, Charley never wants for company as the boys have already chosen his office as the site for the matchmaking potentialities.

Jackie Kid Berg continues to command the respect of the leaders of the welterweight division. His latest victory is the one scored over Johnny Horstmann in eight rounds at Dexter Park, and at the rate he is travelling, he should make a worthy opponent for Henry Armstrong in a late outdoor shot. Frankie Jacobs has done well for his charge in maneuvering him into the limelight once again. Jimmy Murray whipped Mickey Paul in six rounds while in another six-round affair, Willie Nussbaum drew with Frankie Reese—The team of Sammy Goldman and Charley Rose has moved its offices into the Knickerbocker Building at 152 West 42nd Street. Their telephone number is Longacre 5-8241.

In an eight-round main bout at the Queensboro Arena, Frankie Genovese defeated Augie Arellano. Pete Scalzo whipped Al Ragone in a six-round semi-final—Eric Seelig has announced his retirement from the ring and will live in New York—Although he won six of the eight rounds in his battle with Augie Arellano, the best Jackie Kid Berg could get for his efforts was a draw. In a six-round semi-final affair, Seigi Lander trounced Larry Esposito.

Mario Caroselli scored an upset victory over Eric Seelig in ten rounds at the Coney Island Velodrome. In another ten-round fight, Melio Bettina walloped Phil Sommese. Julie Kogan defeated Leroy Born in a six-round go—Al Davis, promising Brownsville featherweight, boxed a six-round draw at the Dexter Park. In an eight-round fight on the same show, Vincent Pimpinella defeated Jack Tolson.

Although Al Reid again had the edge in his battle with Mike Belloise over the eight-round route at the Dyckman Oval, the decision went to Mike, a verdict that brought boos from the crowd, which was of the opinion that the Bronx Hebrew was entitled to the decision—Bobby Pacho whipped Mickey Paul in an eight-round semi-windup—Al Barnett, the young man who first discovered Jim Braddock, has purchased the contract of Jim Howell from Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh—Joey Fontana whipped Jimmy Lancaster in an eight-round main event at the Fort Hamilton Arena. In other bouts, Frankie Genovese stopped Bruno Tretter in the sixth round and Danny London kayoed Joe Marcienti in three rounds.

Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin and Orville Drouillard went to an eight-round draw at the Canarsie Stadium in a contest in which the Brownsville youngster was clearly entitled to the decision. Willie Nussbaum trounced Freddy Foran and Oliver While whipped Frankie Parchia in six-round fights—Irish Eddie McGeever was awarded a technical knockout victory over Honey Melody when the latter could not answer the bell for the third round. Jack Tolson stopped Eddie Steele in six rounds in the other important fight at the New York Coliseum—Frankie Cavanna whipped Joe Pennino in eight rounds at the Queensboro Arena. Tony Passaro kayoed Harry Oberman in one round of the semi-final tilt.

Lew Feldman went in as a substitute against Eddie Zivic and won as he pleased in the main bout at the Long Beach Stadium. In sixes, Marty Pomerantz whipped Irish Jimmy O'Grady and Matty Perfetti scored over Harry Gentile—In a Coney Island Velodrome feature, Vincenzio Dell Orto decisioned Joe Santos—Irving Eldridge defeated Johnny Bonito in the eight-round main event at the New York Coliseum in a benefit show for the late Mike Valentine. Pete Monsanto surprised by stopping Johnny Sharkey in three rounds on the same show—Ignacio Juan Herrera, light-heavyweight champion of Cuba and the West Indies, is challenging John Henry Lewis, Tiger Jack Fox and Al Gainer—A word about Max Joss and Sammy Richman, the square-shooting partners of the Broadway Arena and the Canarsie Stadium, two people who make you feel proud to be of the boxing profession.

In spite of the glory and praise heaped upon Henry Armstrong for his laudable effort in capturing the welterweight crown in addition to the 126-pound title, it does work a certain amount of hardship on other welterweights who have been striving for years to attain championship recognition and then to have their efforts thwarted when a featherweight heads the division.

Such is the plight of Ceferino Garcia, dangerous, hard hitting Filipino, who has done everything possible to earn the rank of leading contender for welterweight honors. He caused Barney Ross many uncomfortable moments during the last four rounds, and it is possible that the reason for Ross' poor showing against Armstrong might ultimately be laid at Garcia's doorstep.

Now that Garcia is clamoring for another crack at the welterweight title, to which he is justly entitled, he is being given the "run-around" in disgraceful fashion. It's time that the various appointed boxing commissions who are supposed to govern these situations did something useful instead of behaving like idiots.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

TIPPY LARKIN had to fight Red Cochrane, Elizabeth lightweight, four times before Red finally admitted Larkin is the better man. Larkin had held three decisions already when they clashed again at the Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark for the benefit of the Morning Club milk fund. Larkin won another close decision but it wouldn't surprise me if they meet again. The show drew $4,400 with Larkin working on a guarantee of $500. On the rest of the card Joe Wagner came back to the wars by stopping Wally Sears, Minersville, Pa., in the third. Sears was on the floor three times and in a bad way. Another coal fields fighter, Chester Palutis, Scranton, was knocked out by Larry Lane, Trenton Negro, in the third also. Al Holub, Akron welterweight, decisioned Deacon Cooper, Morristown, in a six. The big surprise of the night took place when Wendell Bubp, highly boosted Indianapolis fighter, took a lacing from Charley Gordon, Orange welterweight. Bubp, who is under the management of Max Waxman, business manager of Jack Dempsey, had previously scored a knockout in Newark.

Maxie Fisher showed sparkling form in stopping John Toomey, Newark, in the third at Elizabeth. In other sixes Mike Piskin, Freehold, decisioned Sailor Born, Atlanta, and Morris Parker stopped Eddie Schaeffer, Union City. Teddie Dalton, Sam Rose's clever protege, continued winning by flattening Frank Van, Bayonne, in one of the preliminaries.

All the way from Torrensville in South Australia came a letter recently from Frank Taylor, who sent me some interesting news on the Australia boxing front. Among his favorites are Billy Beauhuld and Gus Lesnevich, both of New Jersey. Taylor should be happy to hear that Lesnevich is on his way to fight in Australia. Taylor would like to hear from boxing fans in all countries. His address is 54 Shipster Street, Torrensville, South Australia, Australia.

I would appreciate receiving boxing news and newspapers from all foreign countries. My address is 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Tony Galento of Orange was rated leading challenger for Joe Louis' title in the latest rankings of the National Boxing Association. It is about time Tony's ability was recognized. Galento can be built up to a million dollar attraction with the proper publicity. Gus Lesnevich of Cliffside Park was rated third leading contender for the light-heavyweight title, coming behind the champion, John Henry Lewis, Tiger Jack Fox and Al Gainer. Mickey Makar of Bayonne maintained his place as tenth leading contender for the welterweight throne. The only other New Jerseyite rated was Tippy Larkin, Garfield, who was rated eighth contender in the lightweight division.

Maxie Fisher, Newark Jewish lightweight, is back in action after a two-month rest. If Maxie keeps busy he should again climb up the lightweight ranks. Fisher has plenty of ability but has been hampered by difficulties in his management. He's a good drawing card in Newark and can be built into a good attraction in New York. Butch Burstien, former Newark football star, is rooting for Maxie and believes he will again be a contender in six months. There is an attempt being made to have Fisher, Stolz and Lazar on the same card in Newark. If it can be arranged I believe the gate would be more than $6,000 if good opponents were in the opposite corners.

Billy Beauhuld challenged Tippy Larkin to fight for the Jersey lightweight championship. What a battle that will be! . . . . Harry Gross, who runs the 53 Fleming Avenue tavern in Newark where fistic experts gather, showed he had some punching ability himself when he resisted an armed holdup in broad daylight by slugging one of the stick-up men . . . . Another Newark fistic entreprenneur, Billy Nolan, reports that he has enlarged his picture display at his tavern on 173 High Street, Newark.

Fred Fiducia, Newark heavyweight, lost a disputed ten-rounder to Bob Pastor, New York, at Harry Mendel's show in the Nutley Velodrome. Pastor was lucky to escape a defeat. In the semi-final Paul Cortlyn, Newark, and Seaborn Ashley, Bayonne, fought an eight-round draw. Morris Parker, former national amateur 118-pound champion, made his pro debut by decisioning Bubby Ruffin, Bridgeport, Conn., in six. In a four, Danny Tauriello, state featherweight title holder in the amateur ranks, turned pro successfully by finishing Kid Trainer, Morristown, in three. The show drew $2,200.

Joe Grace deserves the break he seems to be getting from the success of his boy, Danny Tauriello . . . . Tommy Ross sold his Arena Gym at 104 Mulberry Street, Newark, to Irish Jimmy Brady, former Elizabeth boxer . . . . Good luck to both Tommy and Jimmy!

To Cl. Luippold, St. Louis, Mo.—Hope you come East before the summer is over. Yes, we remember meeting you in Dansville, N. Y. . . . . To Hon. Coopersmith, Miami Beach, Fla.—Haven't heard from you in three years. Please get in touch with me . . . . To El. Carse, Glendale, Cal.—I have a message for you . . . . To Leo Netreba, Woolwich, Maine—I would like to visit you but can't see my way clear to do so right now. Continued success to you . . . . To Billy Palmer, New York City—I missed seeing you the last time in the Big City, but hope for better luck next time.

PRAISE—Best paragraph in last month's issue of THE RING was Ken Ferguson's lead piece on the return of Pa Stribling to the fight game. Not only was it colorfully written but I like those names he used, "Ty-Ty, Oxalahatchee, Pahokee and Sugar Centre." I agree with Ferguson that the boxing game should have a Czar. Here's nominating Jack Dempsey! . . . . Newark readers can buy THE RING at Bosco and Manny's newsstand, Broad Street and Branford Place, a block from the Four Corners.

At this writing it appears that Gus Lesnevich will soon be off to Australia. Good luck, Gus! . . . . The experiences of Basher Dean, Newark heavyweight, who has trained with Louis, Schmeling, Pastor, Farr and many others, will be related in a London sporting magazine by the writer . . . . I had an interesting chat with the former heavyweight contender, Harry Wills, as he watched Joe Louis train at Pompton Lakes. Wills had just come off his 30-day fast which he takes every year.

Fighters around the country who are desirous of competing in New Jersey rings should address me at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Only those who are not under contract should send their records, clippings and photographs. I would also like to hear from fans in all parts of the world and promise to reply if money for return postage is included.

To Ted Broadribb, London—When are you coming back to the States? American sporting fans are looking forward to your return . . . . To several readers: I have several autographed pictures of Tony Galento which may be obtained by writing I. Q. G., 53 Fleming Avenue, Newark, N. J. . . . . Charley Serritella, Nutley athlete, is among those at the Physical Culture Hotel in Dansville, New York. I know of many athletes and sportsmen who intend to gain the benefits of good health at this fine institution . . . . Although it is not certain, it appears that Willie Hilberg and Angelo Pucci will go back to promote bouts at the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch for the rest of the summer. Hilberg and Pucci did a fine job last season in reviving interest in boxing along the shore but were displaced for unknown reasons. Their return proves good work will be recognized!

In a battle for the welterweight championship of the state Paulie Walker, Trenton, and Mickey Makah, Bayonne, finished even after eight rounds at Jersey City . . . . Tommy Roman, Bayonne, stopped Allie Rowan, Jersey City, in the fourth. In a six, Pee Wee Bonito, Bayonne, decisioned Frank Porchia, New York . . . . At Newark, Red Burman, Baltimore, followed his k.o. victory over Joe Wagner by flattening Butch Rogers, Connecticut, in the eighth . . . . Roy Lazar, popular Paterson Jewish heavyweight, is climbing back into the top ranks of the heavyweight class. He scored an easy decision over George Maselli, Yonkers, and also outpointed Jersey Joe Walcott, Merchantville, in his last two bouts.

"Teddy Dalton is the greatest lightweight prospect in New Jersey today," says Sam Rose, who, we might add, is Dalton's manager . . . . Ralph Vona, Asbury Park, bested Pete Koloff, New York, in eight at Mt. Freedom with Jim Braddock as referee . . . . Allie Stolz stopped Chang Collura for the second time at Newark in the second at the new Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark. On the same show, Herb Katz, New York, lost an eight to the gentlemanly Ray Miller, Newark . . . . Our old friend, Gus Lesnevich, continued winning by knocking out Stan Hasrato, Yonkers, in one round at West New York.

Joe Vella, one of the most popular managers in the fight game, deserves a better break with his fighter, Gus Lesnevich. Gus is a honey of a fighter, he's beaten almost everybody of note except Freddy Steele, and he should be making good money. He has an able manager in Vella, who remembers the writer when the three of us, Gus, Joe and the writer, were stranded in Miami Beach with our pockets empty.

Bobby Jones, Atlantic City middleweight, was stopped in seven by Bob Turner, Newport News, at the shore city . . . . Frankie Blair, Camden, took the ten count in the third round of his bout with Ceferino Garcia in Hollywood . . . . Commissioner Abe J. Greene should pass a law barring fighters in New Jersey who have criminal records . . . . Harvey Jacobs, Newark, lost an eight to Jim Fantini, New York, at Mt. Freedom . . . . Jim Cogman, Newark, and Sailor Born, Atlanta, fought a six-round draw on the same card. At Atlantic City, Andrea Jessurun, New York, outpointed Gene Buffalo, Philly, in 10, and Billy Gale, home town, was spilled by Joey Fernandez, New York, in five.

A group of New Jersey sportsmen have petitioned the State Department at Washington to arrange agreements with friendly nations mutually guaranteeing the right to visiting athletes, especially boxers, of fair play without restrictions. They cite the case of Phil Zwick being barred in England despite the fact that English boxers have been welcomed here . . . . What has happened to Bobby Amster, former Newark lightweight, who was last reported in St. Louis?

Nunzio Bisogno, clever Newark lightweight, stopped Paddy O'Neil, Hoboken, in three at Elizabeth. On the same show, Mike Piskin, Freehold, flattened Lew Greenberg, Newark, in two. In a third six, Al Penkunis, local boy who changed his name of Albin, was stopped by Ralph Ivins, Jamesburg, in four. Penkunis had received considerable publicity as sparring partner for Schmeling at Speculator.

Paulie Walker, Trenton, decisioned Jim Jones in 10 at Baltimore . . . . Charlie Gomer, New York, held Billy Beauhuld to an eight-round draw at Jersey City. In another eight, Tommy Roman, Bayonne, drew with Augie Gonzales, Puerto Rico. Frankie Litt, former Newark bantam, is fighting out of Baltimore.

You meet them in Jersey fight circles—Willie Tucker, whose three sons were all good amateur fighters and who hails from England, is one of the best authorities on the fight game in the world . . . . John Donnelly, former state boxing inspector for Essex County and now a timekeeper at wrestling matches, won't admit he's wrong in remembering fight dates or old-time fighters . . . . Jerry Rothberg has been announcing that he will run boxing and wrestling shows for many months but he hasn't got started yet . . . . Danny Levitt has been around the fight game ever since he can remember but still admits he can't make a living from it . . . . Sam Rapaport, brother of more famous Jack, took a try at amateur boxing, fought once, and then decided to become a member of the merchant marine. He's traveled 100,000 miles in three years and is only 21 . . . . Angelo Pucci, Nutley, is getting his first break with Tippy Larkin but people who know Angelo say he is one of the few honest people in the fight racket.

One of Jimmy Krug's fighters was a wise guy named Joe Stiff. Stiff was engaged in a rough battle one evening with Bobby Pascella. Stiff was being soundly trounced and so he started talking to his opponent, "I used to be a traveling salesman. Stop me if you heard this story before—" Pascella did. He landed a right on Stiff's jaw and Stiff was stopped cold.

New Club Ready

The Salisbury Athletic Club will start its weekly boxing shows on September 15, and would like to hear from fighters in all divisions with good records. Our late winter show went over in a big way, and we are looking forward to a bigger season this winter. Boys who like to fight will find it very profitable for them to get in touch with Peter Di Mizio, Promoter, Salisbury, N. C.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

SYDNEY HULLS has had some tough breaks from the weather for the open-air shows he has promoted. What was expected to draw 12,000 boxing fans at Chatteris was marred by continual rain and only 4,000 turned out to see the local idol, Eric "Boy" Boon, meet the British lightweight champion, Jimmy Walsh, over ten rounds in an overweight match.

The eighteen-year-old Chatteris boy made things interesting for the champion throughout, but did not connect enough to warrant his receiving the decision, although it was very popular with the local gathering.

Sammy Shaw, the young bantam buzz-saw from Hull, gave another of his non-stop punching contests when he outpointed Johnny Ryan of Kilburn over eight rounds in the feature bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. He received an ovation from the crowd when Referee Jack Hart raised his hand as the winner.

Jerry Costello of Liverpool gave a smart performance when he beat Charlie Love of Grimsby on points over ten rounds at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds.

Evan John of Tylorstown won on points after a good contest against George Francombe of Abertillery in the feature bout of ten rounds at Pentre, Wales.

Maurice Dennis, ex-amateur middleweight champion, scored his third victory in the paid ranks when he outpointed Roy Mills of Sunderland over eight rounds at the Mile End Arena.

In another good eight-rounder, Phineas John beat Jimmy Lester of Dagenham on points.

Harry Mizler, former British lightweight champion, boxed brilliantly during the ten rounds to outpoint George Daly of Blackfriars at the open-air show at New Cross Stadium, and was a clear winner at the end.

Dave Finn of Stepney gained a narrow points victory over "Fighting" Johnny Ward of Ireland in a gruelling eight-round bout that was full of thrills.

The lightweight competition was won by Angus McGregor of Glasgow, who outpointed Johnny Jones of Jarrow in the final.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich and George Davis of Notting Hill fought one of the best middleweight bouts seen for a long time when they met at the Corn Hall, Norwich, over 10 rounds, and Referee Jack Hart declared Sadd the winner.

Pat Warburton of Wales stopped the local flyweight, Charlie White, in the eighth of a 10-round bout when the latter retired with a cut cheek.

The Stadium Club was packed to the doors when Levy and Franks staged the Charity Show on behalf of the Jewish Incurables Home. The boxing results were as follows:—

Dai Jones, middleweight champion of Wales, outpointed Butcher Gasgoine of Sheffield over 10 rounds; Billy Brooks of Stratford defeated Vic Maudsley of Preston in seven rounds when the referee intervened; George Marsden of Nottingham outpointed Billy Walker over 10 rounds.

Norman Snow, Southern Area welterweight champion, stopped Jim Teasdale of Middlesborough in the fourth of a 10-round bout at Northampton when the referee intervened in Snow's favor.

Jack Garrick of Hull unleashed a series of swings to the jaw of Boyo Rees of Wales that put the latter down for the full count in the third of a 12-round bout at White City Arena, Hull.

Freddie Miller, ex world's featherweight champion, is one of the most popular fighters that ever came to England from the U. S. A.

Miller met Frank McCudden of Glasgow in a 12-round contest at Waverly Market, Edinburgh, and gave the fans a brilliant display when winning on points.

On the same card, Packy Paul of Canada defeated Bob Scally of Glasgow in the seventh round when Scally was forced to retire with a bad cut eye.

Charel Baert of Newcastle, who has just "arrived" out of the preliminary ranks, was given a chance against the Northern Area middleweight champion, Charlie Parkin of Mansfield, in a 10-round contest at North Shields.

Baert took advantage of his chance and dealt out some hard punishment. He knocked the champ out within one minute of the first round amid exciting scenes of the frenzied fans.

Johnny McGrory of Glasgow, British feather champion, nearly came a cropper in his bout with Dan McAllister of Belfast at the Stadium, Liverpool.

McAllister looked all over a winner at the half way, but allowed McGrory to dominate the concluding rounds to run out a narrow winner on points.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool's crack welterweight, gave weight and a beating to Tom Smith of Wales that caused the referee to intervene in the seventh round to save a game lad unnecessary punishment.

Taffy Jones of St. Helen's was credited with a K.O. over Kid Vengan of South Africa in the third at Morecambe when the latter was beaten by the count.

Alex Jackson of Glasgow received the decision over Arnold Shepperd of Cardiff at the end of 10 very interesting rounds at Stockingford.

Billy Masters of Glasgow won by a T.K.O. over Arthur Burchall of Ibstock at Leicester when the referee intervened in the sixth round.

Fred Davey of Stratford and George Cunningham of Woolwich put up a stirring scrap over 10 rounds at the Corn Exchange, Hertford, and the former proved his cleverness to be returned the winner.

Al Sharpe of Belfast and Billy Tansey of Manchester fought a sparkling duel over 10 rounds at Belfast with honors even.

The two Paul brothers, Packy and Danny, took part in their last contest in Great Britain at the Stadium Club, London, before returning to Canada where they have some contests fixed.

Danny met James J. Britt of South Africa over eight rounds and appeared to be a little in front but the referee declared a draw.

Packy met Len Rowlands of Dagenham and the latter reversed a previous decision and well won on points.

Hans Schonrath of Germany scored a K.O. over Manuel Abrew of Edinburgh in the ninth of a 10-round bout at Glasgow.

Peter Kane of Golbourne outpointed the new French bantamweight champion, Bernard Leroux, in an exciting 12-round bout at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Harry Silver, the young Clapton featherweight, with the style of Jack "Kid" Berg, fought one of his best fights of his young career when he outpointed Johnny Ryan of Kilburn in a feature six-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jackie Hurst, the popular St. George's featherweight, gained a narrow points win over Benny Sharkey of Newcastle after 10 exciting rounds at the Mile End Arena.

George Lowe of Custom House won a great bout over the hitherto undefeated Les Johnson of Hackney after six rounds.

Alf James of South Africa boxed a six-round draw with Jimmy Bitmead of Kings X at Hackney Wick Stadium, and Pat Cassiday of Ireland was beaten on points by Tom Bodell of Swadincote.

Jack Lewis of Bournemouth showed his superiority over Bill Hood of Plymouth in a 10-round bout at Exeter County Ground Stadium and won on points.

Walter Rankin of Glasgow, taking the place of Reggie Meen, was no match for Darkie Ellis of Bridlington, and was knocked out in the second round.

It was good to see that friends of Jimmy Warnock, Belfast's crack flyweight, have persuaded him to continue his ring career. In his first contest since his "retirement" he outpointed "Snowball" Frame of Glasgow over 10 rounds at Belfast after a good bout.

It will be interesting to watch the proceedings that will eventually arise after the decision of the British Boxing Board of Control that Tommy Farr, Empire and British heavyweight champion, pay Sydney Hulls, promoter of Harringay Arena, the sum of £750 damages for failure to carry out the contract signed to meet Max Schmeling.

It will be remembered that in breaking this contract, Tommy Farr sailed for U. S. A. and made a name for himself and British boxing by his wonderful display in losing a close decision to Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight championship over 15 rounds in New York.

In a later statement Tommy Farr refuses to comply with the B.B.B.C. decision.

George Pook of Torqay clearly outpointed Stan Jehu, ex Welsh featherweight champion, in a 10-round contest at Plymouth.

Kid Tanner of British Guiana stopped Charlie Brown of Belfast at the end of the sixth when the referee stopped the bout as Brown had sustained a badly cut eye, at the open-air show in Belfast.

Jack Walsh, Ulster welterweight champion, defeated Dan Gillespie of Derry in the seventh owing to a badly cut eye that Gillespie had received earlier in the bout.

The open air show at Crystal Palace was well attended. In the bantamweight competition Harry Graham of Camberwell defeated Tommy Ensor of Leicester in the final on points after four interesting rounds.

In the 12-rounder, Syd Hardy of Deptford outpointed Eddie Oliver of Charlton.

Jake Carr of Thornaby and Bob Bates of Coxhoe furnished a stirring 12-rounder at Stockton-on-Tees, which was won by Carr, who turned the tables on Bates.

Norman Rees of Abercwmboi, a young middleweight of promise, scored a good K.O. win over Trevor Burt of Ogmore Vale in the fifth of a 10-round bout at Risca, South Wales.

Dudley Lewis, flyweight champion of Wales, made sure of his contest with Peter Miller of Gateshead by confirming his last victory. On this occasion he scored a quick K.O. in two minutes of the first round at Swansea.

Ronnie James of Swansea made short work of his opponent, Danny Mack of Liverpool, scoring a K.O. in the second of his scheduled 10-round bout on the same card.

Joe Quigley of Ireland caused a mild surprise at the East Ham Palais des Danse when he came in as a substitute and outpointed the heavier Len Rowlands of Dagenham in a 10-round bout.

Tony Shucco, the Boston, U. S. A., heavyweight, won his first contest in Europe when he outpointed Harry Lister, the Lynemouth southpaw, over 10 rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

The bout between Kid Tanner, the sensational bantam and featherweight champion of British Guiana, and Battling Jimmy Hayes of Leeds was a thriller until the referee stopped the bout in the seventh as the Leeds boy had suffered a severely cut eye and was put down for several counts.

Tommy Hardcastle of Barnsley defeated Kid Rich of Middlesboro on points after a hectic 12-round bout at Stockton-on-Tees.

Freddie Miller, ex world featherweight champion, continues to rake in the shekels and victories in this glorious Isle of ours. At Newcastle he gained for the third time a point victory over Billy Charlton of Gateshead over 12 rounds after a good bout.

Angus McGregor, or "Scotland Forever Angus" as he is known in London, continues to keep his winning record up. His latest victory over Con Flynn of Islington over 12 rounds at the Stadium Club, London, made his 25th straight.

Jim Price, staged an all-star card at the Mile End Arena, London, when Moe Moss of Mile End outpointed Tommy Ireland of Bethnal Green over eight rounds. Tommy John of Wales scored a surprisingly good win over Frankie Hill of Barrow. It was afterwards announced by Jack Solomons, the manager of Hill, that he would not enter the ring again as his eyesight is affected and one eye already is in a bad state. Take this good advice, Frankie. It's good to have a manager who looks out for you in this fine manner.

Phineas John of Wales fought cleverly to outpoint Jack Gubbins of Stratford, and the young Hull bantamweight, Sammy Shaw, delighted the crowd with another points win over Johnny Ryan of Kilburn over eight rounds.

Three Liverpool lads traveled to Glasgow to box at the Parkhead Arena but came away leaving their scalps behind to the Scotch lads.

Jake Kilrain, welter champion of Great Britain, beat Bob Moorcroft in the eighth of a 10-round contest when the towel came into the ring.

Ginger Stewart knocked out Jack Howard in the second round and Peter Clarke lost on points to Alex Lafferty over 10 rounds.

A record crowd turned out for the Carmarthen Charity Show in which Ernst Weiss of Austria defeated Eddie Davis of Cympare in the ninth of a 10-round bout when the latter received a cut eye.

Another Austrian appeared on the same card, Alex Huddisch, and was outpointed by Ned Jones of Treorchy over 10 rounds.

At the Arena Belfast the local Al Sharpe boxed cleverly to beat Billy Tansey of Manchester over 10 rounds.

Jack Mussen won the Ulster bantamweight championship at the Belfast Oval football ground. He stopped the holder, Jack Bunting of Belfast, in the eighth of a 15-round bout when the referee intervened with Bunting in a bad way.

Joe Kiely of Limerick and former amateur flyweight champion of Ireland caused a surprise in his bout when he outbustled Jim McStravick of Belfast in a scheduled eight-round bout, and the latter was ruled out in the seventh for continual holding.

"Irish" Jimmy Vaughan of Becontree took part in his first contest since returning from the United States. He made a good start by dealing out severe body punishment to Phil Bevan of Poplar, who was "gameness personified," to last into the seventh of a 12-round contest at the

East Ham Palais, the towel being thrown into the ring with Bevan on the canvas.

Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green boxed well against Tommy John of Wales at the Mile End Arena and won in the second round when Referee Mick Fox stopped the contest after John had taken several counts.

Jimmy Warnock of Belfast showed something of his old form when he outpointed Dudley Lewis, Welsh flyweight champion, over 10 rounds, at Belfast.

Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, stopped Paddy Roche, Irish welterweight champion, in four rounds when the latter retired with a damaged ear at Ipswich.

A left jab to the pit of the stomach of Ben Foord by Eddie Phillips of Bow in the ninth round won for the latter the right to meet Tommy Farr for the British and Empire heavyweight title.

The contest over 15 rounds at Harringay was one of styles, of a perfect boxer against a crude puncher, and the boxer proved the victor by a spectacular K.O. when a left put the South African down for the full count. He went down on one side, with his left leg quivering in the air, as if paralyzed, and after the count Foord's leg had to be massaged before he could leave the ring.

Boy Boon, the young Chatteris lightweight, won in the first of a scheduled eight-round bout when he toppled Len Lemaux of Portsmouth over with a left hook to the head and a right to the jaw that put the latter down for the full count.

George James, Welsh heavyweight champion, K.O.'d Frank Hough of Battersea in the fourth of a 12-round bout at Newport Mon.

Johnny King of Manchester successfully defended his bantamweight crown against Len Hampston of Hull at Leeds when the latter was disqualified for an alleged low blow in the third of a scheduled 15-rounder.

Dave Crowley, the dapper little lightweight from Clerkenwell, at last after so many tries, has won a British championship.

He met Jimmy Walsh of Chester over 15 rounds at the Anfield football ground, Liverpool, and in a pouring rain succeeded in depriving Walsh of his title in a hard if not brilliant contest before a crowd of 10,000 fans.

Walsh received a badly cut eye in the seventh round and from then on Crowley made the running and won the decision of Referee Eugene Henderson, who handled his duties to perfection.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool's star welterweight, outpointed Dai Jones, Welsh lightweight champion, over 10 rounds after a good bout.

Kid Tanner of British Guiana came to England with a first class reputation and has astounded the fans with his action and aggressive hitting. He met George Marsden of Nottingham in a scheduled eight-rounder and scored a T.K.O. in the fifth round when the towel was thrown into the ring at the beginning of the round when Marsden was being battered around the ring.

Danny McAllister of Belfast gave a polished exhibition of boxing and hitting when he outpointed Frank Kenny of Glasgow in an eight-round bout.

Bert Chambers of Widness outpointed Patsy Quinn of Belfast in a spirited eight-round bout.

Dave Finn of Stepney and Mick Carney of Middlesborough fought a slow 10-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and at the end Referee Jack Hart declared the bout a draw.

Lefty "Satan" Flynn of Jamaica K.O.'d the ex welterweight champion of France, Henri Ferret, in the seventh of a 12-round bout at the Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE boxing card that received the most attention in the Windy City during the past month was the one involving Max Marek, C. Y. O. color-bearer in the heavyweight ranks, and Buddy Knox, left hook artist from Dayton, Ohio, at Sparta Stadium, where Billy Cepak presented his inaugural outdoor attraction before 2,600 ardent fistic supporters.

Knox achieved a heroic victory in winning by a technical kayo in the final stanza, the tenth. The Dayton clouter had his left hook working to perfection and his right cross never in any previous appearance here unleashed with such deadly accuracy. Knox had Marek down for counts in the sixth, eighth and the aforementioned final chapter, although Max was game to the core.

In the semi-final bout at eight rounds, Johnny Barbara, classy South Bend welter, who is at present residing in Chicago, beat Toots Bernstein of Milwaukee. Bernstein survived a lethal left hook to the jaw in the first canto to extend Johnny for the duration of the contest. Tom Kenneally, another C.Y.O. heavyweight who is rapidly forging to the front, took the measure of burly Bernie Bowman in a six-round embroglio. Kenneally's aggressive attack with a varied assortment of punishing blows wore Bernie down to a frazzle.

In the fours, Eddie Mileski, C.Y.O. welter representative, stowed away Billy Adams from down yonder, in the final round. Georgie White, pleasing Irish boxer of Danny Spunt's, punched out a decisive triumph over Johnny Rock, free swinging northwestsider, and Sam Buxbaum's dependable Sonny Batson, westside Italian, bested Charley Casselo, C. W. Rapp's promising prodigy.

Leo Rodak, Chicago's leading featherweight contender to "Homicide Henry" Armstrong's supremacy in the 126-pound division, after having his "ups and downs" in the pro ranks for some four years, defeated Jackie Wilson, whom he has engaged in three draws, totaling thirty-five rounds of intensive action, pounded out a sensational 15-round victory over the dusky "Pittsburgh Panther," flooring his adversary in the 12th and 14th heats, the bell in each of these fight-sessions saving Wilson from a knockout defeat. This match was held at Baltimore, Maryland. Rodak, at the termination of the battle received a belt valued at $500, by the Maryland Boxing Commission, recognizing him as the legitimate world's featherweight monarch as it is the opinion of all boxing solons that Armstrong will not endeavor to make the 126-pound class limit under any circumstances. Jack Dempsey, the ole Manassa Mauler, refereed the Rodak-Wilson fray.

Over at the Marigold Gardens Arena in an outdoor windup, Tony Zale, pile-driving Gary middleweight, stunned local partisans by annihilating Jimmy Clark (technically) in the eighth and final heat of their spectacular contest. Zale avenged a previous disaster at the hands of the ebony-hued right-hand blaster, starting as early as the first round to put the courageous Clark on the Canvas. Other biffs on that particular program revealed Tommy Pallatin of South Bend victorious over Tommy Howell from Danville, Ill., eight rounds. Sammy Sullivan, protege of the talkative Danny Pitillo, emerged triumphant over Lou Lauri, a former (National) A.A.U. flyweight champ, who is now campaigning as a 126-pounder in the professional division, scoring 11 consecutive tallies only to taste the dynamic left hand of Sullivan who, incidentally, is a converted southpaw, receiving a sound thrashing for his attempt. Sullivan is a name worth remembering! Eddie Lander, young Jewish protege of Danny Spunt, won his second out as a pro, beating Sonny Batson in a corking good scrap, and Martin O'Gradney, Jimmy Christopher's punching middleweight, entered the pro ranks against another first starter in Norman Roth, Eddie Siegal's prodigy, who is trained by the competent Bat Williams.

Carl Vinciquerra, Jack Hurley's heavyweight slugger, made it two straight over his hometown antagonist, Paul Hartnek, this time along the decision route. Omaha, Nebraska, is the headquarters of these two former Golden Glove champions. Lorenze Lovings, young colored lightweight stalwart of the Windy City, manifested three wins for himself at Sioux City, Ia., during the past month, josting Ray Baker of Grand Forks, N. D., Dan Swenson and Jesse Ackerman of the vicinity in eight-round glove-fests . . . . Alex Kettles, South Bend heavy, headquartering in Chicago, made his initial appearance in Gotham on the Louis-Schmeling titular conflict of renowned fame, encountering Jorge Brescia of Argentine, South America, in a scheduled six-rounder. From reports out of the city of New York, Kettles, after being floored at the outset of the biff came on to carry the fight to the Argentine, although Brescia gained the verdict . . . . Harold Brown, westside Hebrew, fought his last windup tiff, temporarily, by ending on the wrong side of the ledger against Vern Patterson, southside colored dynamo, in an eight-round combat . . . . Varias Milling, one-time scourge in the featherweight division, is declining rapidly, revealing a rapid fadeout. Billy Miller, Pittsburgh 126-pounder, punched in flurries to take the play away from the Filipino and eke out his mastery in eight innings . . . . Harvey Woods, young St. Paul puncher, was credited with a technical kayo over Tommy Pallatin in the first of a slated eight-round fray. Woods dropped Pallatin, but Tommy failed to take advantage of the "count," arising immediately, only to decide to reconsider the "count." Referee Tommy Thomas, without any hesitation, disqualified Pallatin for going down without receiving any semblance of a punch. . . . . Willie Joyce, Izzy Kline's "speedy cyclone," rebuked Georgie Vander Hayden, lightweight from South Bend, in an eight-round confab . . . . Johnny Milan, who formerly fought under the incognito of Young Jack Blackburn, will hereafter box under his right name. Milan expects to have considerable action in New York, therefore, the end of Blackburn. He has now become the property of Karl Ogren, a middleweight star of a few years back, and has assigned Eddie Long to negotiate future matches and exploitations for the handsome colored 175-pounder.

Milt Aron, Chicago's ranking welterweight, found Saverio Turiello of Italy too elusive in their 10-round combat at the Marigold Gardens Arena. Aron had just one good round, the fifth, when he unleashed a timely right hand which nearly upset the Italian. Outside of this encouraging change of affairs, Turiello weaved, hooked, jabbed and executed a change of pace to Aron's chagrin. On that show, Ray Harris, South Bend 126-pounder, agreed to box from the orthodox stance in boxing, whereupon he was laced in the initial round, suffering a knockdown at the hands of Gene Spencer, from South Chicago. Harris, subsequently, double-crossed, reverting back to his original style, but made up the difference of round one to receive a draw as his compensation for his efforts. George Nelson, tough Swedish 147-pounder, hit "high and low" to obtain the officials' verdict over Georgie White after their hectic scramble. Frankie Agnes, red-headed Irisher, was too fast for Sonny Batson and Sherman Edwards, colored 160-pound flash, had too much on the ball for Ted Tanner's middle, Joe Dalya, in fours.

In a double windup out on the West Coast at Hollywood, Calif., Andy Scrivani, C.Y.O. lightweight of Chicago's C.Y.O., soundly thrashed Jimmy Vaughn, from Cleveland, Ohio, for 10 rounds. Andy won every round by sizeable margins. In the other half of the twin heading, Johnny Brown, stablemate of Andy's, from the same organization, was flattened by Emilio Magano, after 2 minutes and 5 seconds of milling in the second round. This Magano must evidently have something to triumph over our Johnny, let alone lambast him out of the picture! Benny Barrish, another Chicagoan, who is out on the coast scaling at present 141 pounds, pummeled Lester Marston for six rounds.

The Marigold Gardens Arena presented another one of its three eight-round confabs with a four-round appetizer. Harvey Woods, St. Paul, Minn., lightweight, scored his second win over Tommy Pallatin, but not by the kayo route. Woods was very effective with right-hand jolts to the body and chin, which he engineered throughout the entirety of the brawl. Billy Marquart, Winnipeg, Canada, slugger, pasted Lloyd Pine of Akron, Ohio, one of Marquart's rights sprawling Pine to the canvas in the opening fray. Eddie (Twin) Helstrom, Rogers Park welter, surprised all by his convincing victory over the hard-hitting Tommy Howell from Danville, Ill., and Dick Kist, a recent graduate of the Golden Gloves, won his opening professional fight, scoring a two-round knockout over the slugging Johnny Rock.

FISTIC TID BITS FROM RANDOLPH ST.—The summer season insofar as nationwide interest matches are concerned have left Trafton's Gym in a state of lethargy. There hasn't been any two-bit customers here since the resultant Louis-Thomas world's championship bout; thus, just to mention a few of the constituents in connection with the gym who will be considering placing Situated Wanted Ads with our daily sheets due to the lull in business in their respective traits around the swatorium are: Sonny Brown, exponent of an accelerated valet service who, in order to promote business under his capabilities, has constructed a massage table. Now the patrons of his established business, fighters, trainers and a few managers, are taking their shines on credit, while massages are strictly on a cash basis, so Sonny's sideline has yet to uphold it's first (patient). Jerry Hayes, experienced masseur and caretaker of damaged maulies as well as cuts, has nothing to do but swagger a carefree and happy-go-lucky disposition with a slippery tongue in the offing. These days Victor McGee, cartoonist and general maintenance man, is looking for additional opportunities to increase his unbulging pockets and, last but not least, Cornelius "Memphis Red" Johnson, handler of colored fighters exclusively in Chicago's southside district, would admonish pedaling about twenty-five, conservatively speaking, if there are any takers who are desirous of having a replica of Joe Louis or Henry Armstrong! Holman Williams, who is ranked fourth in the annual monthly ratings of The Ring Magazine compiled by Eddie Borden, will be the next world's welterweight champion. What Chicago's Barney Ross lacked in speed and endurance in his recent dethronement by Armstrong, Holman, who possesses these equities plus ring generalship and a stout heart to say the least of a pair of cooperative hands, in a glove-duel with Armstrong. Williams being another colored antagonist, probably will curtail his chances unless a "break" calling for his talents versus Henry's was requested . . . . Bob Capocy has Chicago's only heavyweight representative of nationwide acclaim in Tony Musto, Blue Island "Baby Tank." Tony is back in harness again, being on the sidelines due to a slight fracture of his right duke incurred in a bout with Max Roesch two months ago, whom he defeated with ease for a second time. Don't forget to send in your notes not later than the first of the month in care of yours truly, 5340 Winthrop Avenue. Until next month, adios.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

CINCINNATI has a run on first class heavyweights at the present time, and from all indications, it looks as though Promoter Herman Katz will concentrate on that division.

Yes, it looks like the heavyweight bug has finally taken over the southern part of the Buckeye State.

Cincinnati's top heavies, Koon, Mueller and Wills, marched ahead on the show held at the Parkway Bowl. Mueller knocked out Bill Robinson of Atlanta, and Wills did likewise to Kayo Armstrong of Indianapolis. Koons had to step a little faster than usual to score a decision over Claude Brown, the Kentucky champion.

On another of the Parkway Club's outdoor shows, Johnny Stevens won undisputed right to the state lightweight championship when he floored Carl Fasnaugh three times before winning a ten-round decision over the Toledo ace. In the supporting bouts on the latter card, Curley Denton tripped up Jerry Martin in an exciting six and Jackie Miller stepped out with a T.K.O. win over Eddy Klein in two heats.

From all standpoints it looks as though Herman Katz of Cincinnati, Carl Singleton of Akron and Billy Saffin in suburban Mount Washington will lead the southern section array of promotions.

Singleton has been topping the clever Sammy Taormina, a bantamweight. Taormina and Leo Rittenour, another Akron bantamweight, stepped eight sizzling rounds to a draw for the city championship.

Taormina, who hails from the Joe Basco stable, is quite a traveler-fighter. Sammy knocked out Joe Fernadez at Dover, lost a "red hot" one to the highly-touted Johnny Gaudes at Milwaukee, then broke right back to his home domain to biff out Bushy Grimm in one heat and then followed the Rittenour draw.

You can also click your clock on little Herb Gilmore, the Cincinnati bantam, who just won't be given the chance at the big time bantamweights. All Manager Fred Batsche has to say to managers of Yack, Quintana, Gaudes and the other leaders in the 118-pound division is a mention of Herb's moniker and the old excuse is on the board.

Some of the results billed through to the writer from the pair of clubs now operating in Louisville, Ky., are: Pancho Villa, bantam, drew with Armando Sicilia in eight; Bobby McIntire drew with George VanDerHayden in eight; Cecil Powell, fast stepping Frankfort lightie, beat out Kid Brock in ten rounds to win a decision; Jimmy Grimm knocked out Dusty Rhodes in four sessions; Billy Miller won a ten-round decision from Frankie Jarr of Fort Wayne, Ind.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Chino Alvarez, the clever Mexican lightweight, is clamoring for some business around here . . . . as is a pair of likely looking youngster heavyweights who are looking for reliable managers as well to do their business . . . . My Bradley, one-time "kid fite-writer" from Whitehouse, Ohio, was the "original" Kayo Morgan man . . . . 'way back when . . . . My was boosting Morgan from the housetops . . . a flashy looking record is spotted on Bobby McIntire, the Detroit lightweight . . . . Bobby is going like a house afire right now and some real matches should be the reward . . . . Eddie Gerhardt was director of the pro boxing show which was held as an attraction on the annual lawyers' outing . . . . Lee Cox, following his kayo by Charley Jerome down in Miami this spring, has given the game the by-rush and is now driving a cab . . . . Lexington and Louisville, Ky., are both opening new clubs the current month . . . . did you ever note . . . . Louis and Armstrong . . . . put them together and they spell Louis Armstrong . . . . hi de hi.

Franky Canzoneri, bustling New York fight mentor, already has a protege to take Henry Armstrong's lightweight title . . . . what ho, Franky? . . . . Bill Schieve is giving boxing photos a big play in his Vine Street cafe layout, which features sports photos of all sorts . . . . Patsy Perroni says Bob (He-Man) Taylor of flicker fame could show up plenty of pro light-heavyweights when it comes to ability with the leather mittens . . . . still have a few more copies of my Promoters' Guide in which are listed nearly 400 fight promoters all over the country . . . . you can get a copy by enclosing 50 cents in cash to Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . the fight result service which the writer inaugurated a few weeks ago seems to be clicking . . . . this service gives the manager and promoter an easy chance to check up on past performances . . . . service fee per year, one dollar in cash or money order to Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O. . . . . Fred Batsche has some likely looking fighting dogs on his beautiful and spacious country home near Groesbeck, O. . . . . Billy Rintoul of Taft, Calif., tabs Lou Nova as the tops in Pacific Coast heavyweights.

At Cincinnati, boxing was hit by the passing of the veteran boxer, manager and trainer, Danny Davis. Davis' passing took away one of the fairest fight managers in the business and by his death, the fight game lost a happy-go-lucky cog.

Davis was best known nationally as the original developer of former featherweight champion Freddy Miller. It was Danny who first saw possibilities in the once crude and awkward southpaw, Miller. He took Freddy along at a slow pace, then a bit faster, soon hitting the toppers in the featherweights.

We, all of us in the boxing game the world over, bow our heads at the passing of Danny Davis, as fine a fellow as one ever met.

Wheeling, W. Va.: Lloyd Pine of Akron won a 10-round decision over Chief Baby Miller of Cleveland. Tiger Jackson, Ohio welter, knocked out Homer Doughty of Wheeling in one round and Jack Kutez, Akron 200-pounder, drew with George Cerosky in six rounds of the preliminary matches.

Scotty Riffle, Johnny Zan's West Virginia heavyweight champ, won a decision over Charley Brant of Cumberland, Md., at Cumberland on June 24 . . . . Alabama Kid defeated Gorilla Jones at Dover, O., to further his standing in the fight for the Negro middleweight championship . . . . the other claimants are George Burnette of Detroit and Larry Lane, Al Cohen's Newark, N. J., star . . . . Wendall Bubp is batting .500 on his eastern jaunt . . . . he kayoed Six Second Powell in one heat but lost a decision to Mayon Padlo in his next start . . . . Johnny Stevens kayoed Jackie Hoster of Columbus at Ashland, Ky., in an Ohio lightweight title bout . . . . Billy Saffin featured Franky Gilmore beating Kid Mundue, the Cuban Negro, on one of his recent Mount Washington feature bouts.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Chester Palutis, hard-punching light-heavyweight, outpointed Joe Orlosky of Carbondale in 10 rounds. Palutis was the master throughout, flooring Orlosky for counts of nine on three occasions. The Carbondale light-heavyweight hit the deck in the second and seventh rounds. The bout was the best heading a program of five bouts.

In another 10-rounder, Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale welterweight, gained a 10-round decision over Tommy Bland, Canadian champion. Bland started as if he would stop the "Cat," but after winning the first three rounds the Canadian was a "target" for the southpaw O'Connor, who went on to win all the remaining seven rounds.

In another bout scheduled for six rounds, Charlie Scrimmalli, Dunmore lightweight, won from Leroy Ponzi of Hazleton via the T.K.O. route, stopping the latter in the fourth round. In another bout Benny Desko of Pittston drew with Bob Lewelyn of Moosic, while in the four-round opener George Marinko of Swoyersville beat Joe Pavliga of Scranton.

In another show at Scranton, Tony Rock, Mayfield's Coal Region welterweight champion, lost a 10-round decision to Al Traino of Rochester, N. Y. Rock, who had an off night, never looked worse in his entire 10 years of ring warfare. This pair probably will be rematched in either Scranton or Wilkes-Barre in the near future.

In the semi-final, Jackie Munley, youthful middleweight from Old Forge, kayoed Al Nevers of Minooka in the third round. Rego Dell drew with Charlie Scrimmalli in six rounds. Both boys hail from Dunmore and have been rivals in the lightweight class for the past year. In another six-rounder, Patsy Gall, Freeland lightweight, defeated Charles Sabatella of Dunmore. Sabatella started fast but tired toward the end and thus lost the decision. In the four-round bout Bob Lewelyn of Moosic beat Joe Pavliga of Scranton.

Over at Wilkes-Barre in the only show of the past month Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor of Carbondale was awarded a prize when the referee gave him the decision in his 10-round bout with Billy Lancaster, colored gladiator from New York city. After Judge Hugh Brislin voted a draw and the other judge, Pat Toole, marked his ballot in favor of Lancaster, Referee Johnny Kelly's vote decided the vietor. He gave O'Connor his vote. The fans booed the decision when the announcer raised O'Connor's hand.

In another bout scheduled for seven rounds, Joe Sweeney, fighting policeman from Hanover Township, floored Tommy Grady from Springfield, Mass., for various counts on 11 different occasions before the referee finally halted the one-sided match in the fifth round.

In the six-round main prelim, Tom Callahan of Taylor lost via the T.K.O. route to Joe Orlosky of Carbondale. The end came for Callahan when he received a deep eye cut in the fifth round. The match until the time it was halted was very close. In another six-rounder, Joe Casper of Parsons got the nod in his bout with George Marinko of Swoyersville. In the four-round bout Al Pacciotti of Wilkes-Barre won by a kayo in the first round from Joe Tassie of Scranton.

At Mount Carmel—This little Coal Region town with about a 10,000 population, surprised the entire fistic market of the hard coal belt when in the first professional boxing show staged there in over seven years drew a net gate of $3,100. Twenty-four hundred boxing enthusiasts paid their way in to witness the bouts.

With a bad break in the windup due to a last minute substitution as Gus Dorazio, Philadelphia heavyweight, was forced to withdraw in his bout with Matt Raymond, local pride, who is being groomed by the former world's light-heavyweight champion, Tommy Loughran. Dorazio claimed he had a badly cut eye. The commission suspended him until he fulfills his contract to fight Matt Raymond. As a last minute substitute Matchmaker Joe Smith secured the rugged steel mill worker, Nick Rabin of Bethlehem, to battle Raymond. After 10 furious rounds of milling Raymond was accorded the victory.

A BIT FOR ALL—Jackie Munley, Old-Forge middleweight, suffered his first defeat in the past 18 months when he traveled to Philadelphia to fight Jesse Peirce, colored scrapper from the Quakertown. The pair met in 10 rounds at the Cambria Stadium in one half of a double windup. The decision went to Peirce, who is a former A.A.U. champion. In the other 10-rounder, Jim Robinson of Philadelphia, protege of Sammy Goldman's, kayoed Jack Downey of Scranton in the second round . . . . At another show in the Cambria Stadium, Chester Palutis of Scranton dropped Matt Raymond in the third round for a count of nine. The decision went to Raymond. In the other 10-rounder Jim Robinson decisioned Nick Young of Philadelphia.

Billy Flanagan, Clearfield middleweight, will soon be seen in Coal Region rings . . . . "Irish" Eddie McGeever, classy Scranton lightweight, kayoed Honey Mellody of Boston. McGeever was booked to meet Frankie Wallace, Cleveland veteran, at Scranton. But at the last minute when the match was closed with both parties for some reason the Scranton promoter threw out the match . . . . The writer has a group of fighters in all divisions from bantamweight to heavyweight. Any promoters interested can contact me by writing Boxing Enterprises at Scranton, Pa.

Jack Moore is the New York representative for the Wilkes-Barre outfit . . . . Eddie Dolan will soon be seen on top in the Baron City . . . . Warren Hutchinson, Louisville, Kentucky, promoter, reports that he got off to a good start when his first two shows showed a profit . . . . THE RING can be purchased at most newsstands through the Coal Fields. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Salt Lake City, Utah: Ernie Collins, Reno, Nev., Indian light-heavy, scored a five-round kayo over "Windmill" Pearce, wild-swinging Utah mauler. The bout was a regular dock brawl with Collins on the floor in the first and third sessions, only to come on and flatten Pearce with round-house blows.

At Durango, Colo.: Fred Currier, George Knorr's latest heavyweight find, looked like the proverbial million bucks in flattening the veteran Wilbur Alexander in three heats. The bout, Currier's professional debut, definitely stamps him as a rare prospect in this region. The youngster has a long amateur record behind him. He stands six feet one inch in height and tips the beam at 178 pounds.

Larry Cisneros, popular little Questa, N. M., lightweight, is back in the harness after a long layoff due to muscular rheumatism.

George Knorr informs me he is heading for the East in a short time with his stable of fighters, which includes, in addition to Currier, Cyclone Lynch, colored heavyweight; Sol Levinson, Denver lightweight; Mickey Martin, Colorado 135-pound king. Here is a quartet of leather-pushers guaranteed to please the most fastidious fan.

At Denver, Colo.: Babe Zaharias, popular Pueblo matman, and Del Kunkel of Salt Lake City, wrestled a draw in the main event of a mat card staged in the new Mammoth Garden.

STRAY SHOTS—Whatever became of Matt Rhodes, the Denver heavyweight of a couple of years ago? . . . . Tab this Truman Harvey, Utah middleweight, as coming 158-pound king of the region . . . . Eddie Mack is doing a first-class job as special investigator in New Mexico . . . . Wonder if the boys will admit that Joe Louis is tops now? . . . . In this writer's humble estimation, Louis is the best heavy since the palmy days of Jack Johnson. And I'm not forgetting a certain Colorado heavyweight by the name of Jack Dempsey . . . . Louis' quick win over Schmeling must have brought memories to old Tommy Burns, who once laid Bill Squires among the sweet peas in something like the same time Louis required to flatten Herr Max.

At Denver, Colo.: Biff Williams, Kansas City heavyweight, stopped Joe Martin of Pueblo in the second round of a scheduled eight-round main event at Mammoth Garden.

Kid Corbett, Denver lightweight star, kayoed Jack Williams in the fourth heat of the six-round semi-windup.

Incidentally, the card was the first to be staged in Denver in many moons.

At San Luis, Colo.: In a twin main-event program, Abie Valdez, Colorado bantam champ, kayoed Babe Montana of Albuquerque, N. M., in the fourth round of a ten-rounder.

The other attraction saw popular Larry Cisneros, Questa, N. M., miner, lift Tiny Garcia's New Mexico lightweight crown in a torrid ten-rounder. Garcia piled up a big early lead, only to lose most of his advantage by low blows. Coming fast in the closing sessions, Cisneros pulled the fight out of the fire in the tenth with a couple of clean knockdowns.

Joe Morey, Vicksburg, Miss.: The Sullivan-Kilrain battle was staged at Mississippi City in your state. It went seventy-five rounds with Sullivan winning.

B. B. H., Oakland, Calif.: Matter of opinion, but I'd take Jack Johnson over Joe Louis, could the pair have been brought together in their prime. I don't hesitate to name Johnson as the greatest heavyweight that ever lived.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

LOU VISCUSI, who handles Jimmy Leto, spent a couple of days in Los Angeles with his fighter en route to New York from Australia. Leto had five fights in Australia, two with Jack Carroll, and one each with Jack McManee, Johnny Foster and Darky Abbott. Viscusi plans to return to the Antipodes during the fall with a stable of fighters.

"We were treated royally over there," says Viscusi. "Benny Baer, who promotes boxing at the Olympic Sports Arena in Sydney, is a grand fellow." The best divisions in Australia at present are the welterweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight classes, according to Leto's pilot.

SHORT LINES—Paul DeBello will be ready for the ring wars late in August, according to Manager Henry Andrews . . . . the rugged Brooklyn lightweight beat Georgie Crouch in ten rounds at Gilmore Stadium but received a fractured jaw . . . . Mickey Nelson, former flyweight star, who hails from New York, is training DeBello and Patsy Perroni for Signor Andrews . . . . H. R. Holsberg purchased the contract of lightweight Georgie Crouch from Harvey Pettit . . . . Poppy Zazker will co-manage Crouch . . . . George Ades, boxing's Greek Ambassador, plans to bring Baby Breese to the Coast soon . . . . Ades was out here a few months ago with Orville Drouillard, club fighting Windsor, Can., featherweight . . . . Georgie Hansford is fighting in rare form again . . . . last time out, Hansford gave Nick Peters a lacing in ten rounds at Gilmore Stadium . . . . Joe Stanley is expected to return to Los Angeles in September . . . . "Philly Joe" is handling a string of fighters in Oklahoma City.

Gene Coughlin, brilliant sports columnist of the Los Angeles *Examiner,* writes the following interesting yarn:

"It seemed that everybody else in Ward 200 of the County Hospital tubercular building was coughing and fighting audibly for air; everybody, that is, except Al Lippe, the man who managed Abe Attell and Billy Papke and Joe Gans and other immortals of the ring.

"His eyes, failing rapidly these days, were bright and sparkling while he talked and he sat upright in his bed, brazenly defying orders. Now and then he doubled up a wasted hand into a knotty fist and smacked it into the palm of his left hand. That was when he was 'fighting' the two bouts he would give his soul to see.

"Abe Attell against Henry Armstrong. Joe Gans against Henry Armstrong. With each at his peak.

" 'Because, as much as I cling to the old times and the old-timers,' said Al Lippe, 'I have to agree that this Armstrong is a wonderful fighting man. The best in twenty-five years.

" 'How would he look against Attell? Well, at fifteen rounds I'd take Attell. And, mind you, Abe never weighed more than 119 pounds the best day he ever had in the ring. That would mean he'd be giving away 14 or 15 pounds to Armstrong—and this Armstrong is as powerful as a middleweight.

" 'But he couldn't trap Attell like he did Ross. Ross didn't have the knack of slipping from side to side as he was backed into the ropes. He never sidestepped to make Armstrong miss and flounder into the ropes. Abe would do that—and he'd be hitting Henry with short, straight punches. He never had much trouble with a swinger, a hooker. The straight puncher bothered him.'

"The bedridden veteran finds a striking similarity in the methods of Armstrong and Stanley Ketchel. Both were 'arm punchers,' he said.

" 'I mean their punches, most of them, landed on the other fellow's biceps; and after a few rounds the other fellow found out he had no strength left in his arms. That's what happened to Ross. He tried to block those hooks with his arms and he was barely able to lift his hands after the seventh round.'

"Al Lippe said he talked to Petey Sarron after the latter had lost his featherweight title to Armstrong and Sarron explained he had suffered the same experience. The muscles in his upper arms felt like they had been pounded to pieces, Petey said. And his sides felt like they had been caved in.

"Now about Gans and Armstong.

" 'I'd look for Gans to beat him, maybe stop him, with short, straight right hands,' was the Lippe verdict. 'You know, Gans was a murderous puncher after Jim Corbett taught him how to shorten his right and hit straight with it. That happened in a gym one day when Gentleman Jim saw him work and heard him admit: 'I jest can't punch, Mr. Jim.' It was Corbett's coaching that made Gans a hitter. He was always a fine boxer.

" 'Maybe Armstrong would beat Gans at fifteen rounds, because this Armstrong takes a punch nicely. But give them twenty or twenty-five rounds and the old master would handle him.' "

After being gone for more than a year, Kenny LaSalle returned to Los Angeles and in his first fight under the wing of Eddie Stanton the Long Beach boy defeated Peter Jackson in ten fast rounds at Gilmore Stadium. LaSalle holds the Texas welterweight title. He beat Kid Azteca and Georgie Salvadore in the Lone Star State.

Michael Blair, Hollywood Legion's new fight announcer at Gilmore Stadium, staggered into a good job by accident.

He had had some experience at the "mike" in the East.

One Friday he dropped into KFWB.

"I'm Michael Blair," he announced himself. "I announce fights, news events, beauty contests and—"

Mike never got any further.

The KFWB official interrupted his speech with: "You're hired—be at Hollywood Legion Stadium tonight at eight o'clock and put a few lemon drops in your pocket."

Michael was on the spot.

He looked out over the audience and began to tell his audience about every movie star he had ever read about being in such and such a seat.

Back at the studio they were checking Michael Blair.

"By gosh that kid sounds all right, doesn't he," said the officials.

Then came the fight.

It was the most sensational battle that the Legion had had in years.

Frankie Valeriano knocked Bill "The Kid" Barnes, the Mormon Kid, not only out but sent him spinning through the ropes out into the laps of the movie stars.

Blair rose to the heights. He forgot he was Blair and became Clem McCarthy for the occasion.

He's been doing all right since. He has been selected for a part in "Golden Boy" at one of the studios.

So if you want to be a fight announcer don't be discouraged. Blair got a break.

This from Dick Friendlich's breezy column in the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

"The Killer Coates-Lloyd Marshall bout in Sacramento was quite a battle, but it took the State Highway Patrol to close the match.

"Ordinarily, Promoter Fred Pearl stages his fights in the capital city on Friday nights, but the Auditorium happened to be engaged for this particular Friday, so Pearl set the bout for a Thursday.

"Now there's a rule in California that all main eventers must be on the scene of their fights five days in advance, but nobody ever pays any attention to it. So nobody worried when Coates, who operates out of Los Angeles in the Chang Welch-Jimmy Dunn stable, didn't appear in Sacramento.

"That is, nobody worried until around 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, the day of the fight, when he didn't show up at the weigh-in. A frantic scurrying around Sacramento revealed no sign of Coates. Finally, someone had the inspiration to call up Chang Welch in Los Angeles. Welch said that Coates left that morning for Sacramento by automobile, believing he was billed for Friday night.

"With a banner gate in prospect, Pearl wasn't risking a postponement. He got the highway patrol bureau to send out a message over the teletype, instructing traffic officers along the valley route from Bakersfield north to keep an eye peeled for Coates and to tell him he had better hustle. Fortunately, the fighter was driving a car that carried Ohio license plates. The highway patrol pegged him somewhere around Fresno, gave him the info and told him to step on the gas. He arrived in Sacramento at 8 o'clock, losing a hard fought ten-rounder to Marshall."

Braven Dyer of the Los Angeles *Times* says Dreamland Arena in Frisco is now officially known as Nightmare Stadium . . . . receipts are 'way down . . . . Dale Sparr and Chief Paris only drew $620.

With only two days of boxing under his belt, Jimmy Vaughn, baby-faced Cleveland lightweight, put up a good battle with Lou Ambers, lightweight king, at the Olympic. Henny Andrews is keeping his stable busy on the Coast. Patsy Perroni may box Lou Nova in San Francisco during August.

Al Weill, manager of Lou Ambers, is rated the greatest matchmaker in America by Bill Miller, Olympic press agent . . . . Incidentally, Mons. Miller points out, Weill was born in Alsace-Lorraine, which also produced Gus Wilson and the late Jack Curley. All three of these celebrated sports characters were born within a radius of seventy miles. And all three reached the supreme heights in their respective lines: Weill as a matchmaker; Wilson as a trainer for Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier and many other ring immortals; Curley as a wrestling promoter.

George Blake has two corking fighters in Andy Scrivani and Johnny Brown. They are products of the Chicago C.Y.O.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action on the Coast by contacting Gene Vinassa, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.

Francis Albertanti, demon press agent, who is doing such a grand job handling all the data on the Hollywood Turf Club, would like to correct his pal, Dan Parker, about the erroneous information that he had left that organization. "Everything is going swell here and there is nothing as great as that glorious California sunshine. Tell Dan to keep punching," says Francis.

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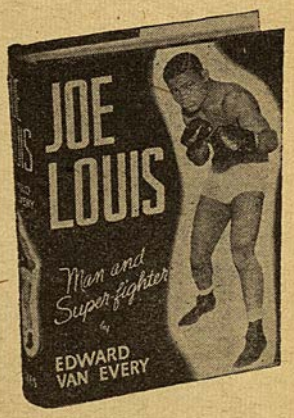

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

K. O. MORGAN, Detroit's veteran bantam contender, returned to the wars with two victories during the past month. In one of Louie Newman's headliners at Arena Gardens, Morgan proved too clever for Jose Santos, willing South American, and won handily in ten rounds. Then over in Windsor, Morgan battled the clever Bert Artt and was credited with a T.K.O. when Artt's eye was cut in the sixth round.

Unknown Winston, veteran colored heavy from New Haven, was doing well against Buddy Knox, Dayton's Irish mauler, and had a nice lead, but Buddy's driving body punches slowed Winston, and Buddy was able to put over a knockout punch in the eighth round. Milton Shivers knocked out Bobby Powell, Huntington, W. Va., in the first of a scheduled eight-rounder.

George Sutka, pride and joy of Wyandotte, participated in one of the best heavyweight bouts seen in these parts when he hooked up with Ted Keating at Arena Gardens. Keating, a rangy youngster with a fine left hand, was slightly ahead in the tenth round, when Sutka suffered a cut eye and the bout had to be stopped.

Nick Londes, well liked promoter at Naval Armory, hasn't been running. Londes intended running weekly shows at the East Side amphitheatre, but a disappointing turnout at the Knox-Winston show seems to have put a crimp in Londes' plans.

Bobby McIntire continues to be one of the most popular fighters in these parts. Bobby boxed four times in two weeks, which goes to show that when a fighter really delivers he can get plenty of work. Bobby headlined Walter Sharp's Fairview Gardens card on a Monday and took a hard-earned decision over Carl Fasnaugh of Toledo. On Friday, McIntire outpointed Stanley Porada, a lightweight, who was a sensation in Florida last winter. The following Monday, McIntire scored a real triumph when he defeated the terrific punching Frankie Lembo in a Toronto ring, and Friday turned up in Louisville, Ky., where Georgie VanderHayden, South Bend's Belgian Belter, held him to an eight-round draw.

George Sutka and Bill Bommer, arch rivals of a year ago, were rematched by Matchmaker Lou Newman at Arena Gardens Outdoor Bowl, and after ten rounds of hard battling, Sutka was returned the winner. George is a very popular gladiator and easily the most pleasing 180-pounder in this section.

Billy Bengal, Detroit middleweight ace, returned to the knockout list when he kayoed Tom Henderson, Detroit colored stylist, in the third round of a close bout at Fairview Gardens.

Walter Sharp, who has been doing a swell job of matchmaking for the Fairview Gardens, is running outdoor shows at Mack Park, just back of the Gardens. His first outdoor card featured Gene Molnar and Ralph Milligan, local 140-pounders, and resulted in a thrilling eight-round battle with Molnar copping the nod.

Joe Sutka, Wyandotte middleweight, seemed to have struck a rut for a time and in preliminary bouts defeated Max Kadin and Pete Petroskey. Then Joey jumped back into the big time when he whipped George Burnett in a ten-round headliner at Arena Gardens, in a bout billed for the Michigan middleweight championship. Burnett is a very good fighter but he never has been able to win from Sutka, although once Joe was lucky to get a draw.

Pancho Villa, Mexico's bantam champion, in his first fight outside of Mexico, battled clever Small Montana for ten rounds in a Toronto ring, and at the finish saw his opponent's hand raised. Villa felled Montana for a nine-count at the end of the eighth round and had the knockdown come at the beginning of the round, would have undoubtedly have flattened the clever little Filipino. Montana stated that it was the first time he had been on the floor in some 300 ring battles.

Billy McNeil, who boxed out of Flint some two years back, and headlined many of Bob Brace's shows at the old Dearborn Arena, is back from a tour of the Pacific Coast and will undoubtedly box here in the near future. McNeil boxed many of the leading welters when he was around here before.

Bobby McIntire's left hand carried him through to an easy triumph over Paul Doucet, also known as Kid Lulu, in their bout at Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto. Doucet, a hard-hitting Frenchman, who holds the lightweight championship of the Maritime provinces, made the affair interesting with his potent wallops, but McIntire's rapid-fire punching earned him the duke.

Joey Miehielove, Detroit welter, has been keeping busy, coming through with a kayo over John Kardis at Arena Gardens. Earlier in the month Joey dropped a six-round decision to Billy Lee, rugged Indian from Vancouver, B. C., at Milwaukee.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CARMEN BARTH, who has been idle for a few months, returned to action in one of the bouts on the Louis-Schmeling card. Barth easily defeated Al Cocozza. Eddie Mead is getting plenty of offers for Barth and it looks as though Eddie will be in the driver's seat when his Homicide Henry Armstrong goes to the post with champion of the lightweights, Lou Ambers.

Cleveland's former amateur crack boxer and one of the most respected citizens, Tony Salupo, pestered this writer for weeks predicting Louis would knock out Schmeling in one round, and he cleaned up plenty.

Johnny Papke, who boxed Harry Greb and the best in his day, is walking around with his chest 'way out, as his eighteen-year-old daughter ran the sixty-yard sprint one second behind Stella Walsh, Olympic sprint champion. The American record is 7:2—Walsh ran it in 7: flat, and little Babe Papke, who weighs 105 pounds, made it in 7:1. She beat Walsh in the baseball throw when she threw 241½ feet. The kid has what it takes, also plays class A baseball, covering a lot of territory around third base.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Did you know that Mickey Gamiere is back from California? . . . . that Freddie Block is teaching boxing for the county recreation? . . . . that Phil Solomon is an expectant father? . . . . that Mike Carriere is caddy master at the public golf links? . . . . that the Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association made over a thousand bucks for the Amateur Boxers' Medical Fund? . . . . we also want to thank Gene Tunney for coming to Cleveland to referee two of the bouts on the Medical Fund show . . . . the Arena was donated by Al Sutphin and the Boxing Commission waived all expenses, including the doctor and referees . . . . Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

CUBAN Golden Glovers, eight in number, are scheduled to journey over to Florida to meet some of the American fighters. Luis Gutierrez, Cuba's popular boxing man, will be in charge of the Cuban ringsters. Eugenio Canteras, known as Chile, bantamweight, and Cuban Canzoneri, flyweight, are the outstanding lads who will make the trip.

Kid Rebollar, local lightweight, scored an unexpected knockout victory over Sixto Morales in the eighth stanza. A hard right to the jaw put Morales away after the latter was ahead on points.

Pedro Medina, Cuban fly and bantam champion, scored an easy ten-round victory over Kid Jabao at the Cristal Arena. Medina jabbed and hooked like an artist, and used an effective uppercut that had his opponent at sea. Medina would go good in New York.

Juancito Leon came back to life again, and scored a four-round knockout victory over Kid Luaces, promising featherweight. Leon, a terrific puncher, is a great local favorite. He recently returned from a barnstorming tour in the U.S.A. and Mexico. Guajiro Salvage floored Kid Rayito several times, but lost a hard-fought six-rounder. Rayito is a good performer and came back after being floored to win the decision by the skin of his teeth.

GOLDEN GLOVE RESULTS—Pedro Cardenas beat Santos Hernandez, Armando Sanchez won from Joe Samchez, Roberto Diego beat Robert Lopez, Mario Tirador beat Reinaldo Puentes, Reinaldo Reyes beat Julio Gonzales, Jose Guerra beat Erasmo Morales; Lazaro Gonzalez beat Mario Diaz, Soldier Alvarez beat Manuel Navarrete, Baby Contino beat Etelvino Izquierdo, Eugene Canteras (Chile) beat Ferrer, Rafael Zayas beat Manuel Sanchez, Angel Diaz beat Everardo Pineda, Ramon Casanova beat Manuel Martinez, Placido Manrara beat Sergio Montesinos, Guillermo Barrios won from Raul Sanchez, Rolando Banos beat Juan Alvarez, Prudencio Gonzalez won from Horacio Lopez, Andres Dominguez beat Rogelio Garcia, Pedro Telleria beat David Pluma.

Lorenzo Safora, outstanding Golden Glove flyweight, won from Young Echevarria, and Cuban Canzoneri, crack flyweight, won from Armando Rodriguez.

Guillermo Barrios is in the running for bantam honors in the present Golden Glove tournament. In three starts he has scored three knockouts. He's a cyclone in action.

Conrad Conde and Baby Oriental will meet in July at the fifteen-round distance to decide Cuba's next featherweight champion.

SASKATCHEWAN NEWS

By SCOTTY MELVILLE

FRANKIE "Kid" Williams, dynamic southpaw from Regina, won the Canadian amateur lightweight title at the Dominion tourney staged in Winnipeg, Manitoba. The hard hitting youngster knocked out Harry Zillman, Manitoba champion, in the first round of the final.

Joe Ashenbrenner, another Reginan, now making his home in Vancouver, took the middleweight crown.

"Babe" Matthews of Weyburn supplied the thrills at the Saskatchewan championships, a two-day show staged in Regina. The battling schoolteacher disposed of three other scrappers to take the middleweight belt, winning the first bout by a technical knockout, and the other two, both on the final night, by knockouts.

Here are the Saskatchewan champions: Flyweight, Ken Robson, Regina; bantam, Joe Parisian, Regina; feather, Billy Moore, Regina; lightweight, Frankie Williams, Regina; welter, Ossie Herlen, Saskatoon; middle, "Babe" Matthews, Weyburn; light-heavy, Gas Eichel, Regina; heavy, Constable Primrose, R.C.M.P., Regina.

Joe Ashenbrenner, the Canadian champion, and "Babe" Matthews, Saskatchewan title-holder, will meet in a middleweight bout to headline the next Olympic Club show in Regina. These boys are terrific punchers and when they meet the odds are that one or the other will go down for keeps.

In Saskatoon the professional game is staging a rousing comeback with Dick Demaray, the Bismarck bruiser, in the hero role. The North Dakotan welterweight recently disposed of Tiger Al Lewis, Seattle Negro, in the fourth round. He has waded through all opposition in Western Canada.

"Kid" Dalke, Moose Jaw, went a long way toward the western middleweight title when he knocked out Gordie Grayston, Edmonton, in the fourth round of a pro fight at Moose Jaw. Only man left in Dalke's way is Eddie McSporran, Edmonton, present holder of the title, who may retire from the ring.

Robin Carrington, Calgary, and Billy Evans, Regina, are both claimants of the western welterweight title. Carrington holds a decision over Johnny Loftus, Lestock, who was generally accepted as champion, and Evans recently decisioned Loftus in a Winnipeg ring to equal the Calgary boy's claim.

Jack Price, energetic Saskatoon promoter, is bringing in Jolting Joe Jamarillo, Denver welter, and Gordon Wallace, former Canadian champion of Vancouver, as opponent for Dick Demaray. Wallace will get the first chance with Jamarillo, appearing later in the summer.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

IT seems there isn't any suitable opponent that could take the measure of Otto Blackwell of Los Angeles, who is winning fights regularly. His latest victim was Flashy Sebastian, whom he flattened in the seventh round. During the early rounds Sebastian had the upper hand but as the fight progressed he wilted under the damaging blows of the Negro boy.

Another amateur made good in his debut when Gilbert Murakami won from Emilio Galizo . . . . Benny Dawson kayoed Young Dencio in one round . . . . Richard Miyashiro beat Fernando Soleban.

Johnny Ladao and Augie Curtis fought to a 10-round draw. The fight itself wasn't much to write home about. Both were content by boxing expertly without much damage inflicted to each other. But there is another angle to the bout. Maybe the Filipino fans score the fight differently from the judges when they threw chairs and stormed to the ring, making it into a general riot.

Joe Ledesma, hard hitting Hilo boy, pounded out a well earned decision over Kid Waianae in a six-rounder which stole the show from the main eventers.

The greatest upset fight in the Territory for a long time was the recent Fighting Carlos and Young Tony fiasco. Tony was the odds-on favorite to kayo the Filipino boy during the course of the bout but to the surprise of over 3,300 fans Fighting Carlos turned the tables by polishing off Tony in the very first round in 1 minute, 42 seconds. Tony rushed his opponent in the opening gong but Carlos stood pat and sent over two left hooks followed up by a hard right to Tony's jaw, putting the local pride out of commission for the night.

Cris Crispin won a close verdict from Adolph Samuels in a fast bout.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

JUNE was an idle month in Montreal boxing circles insofar as fights were concerned, but it was quite lively and eventful in the matter of other developments. A short and snappy summary would line them up like this: Vianney Gauthier, sturdy little Montreal battler, takes Canadian flyweight title from Aurelien Lamoth, Quebec pride, right in the latter's home town; official challenges for Canadian titles in their respective divisions filed by leading contenders, Oliver Shank, Al Shank and Harold "Babe" McLeod, following impressive victories; deadlock for dates between Promoters Raoul Godbout and Jules Racicot finally broken; Al McCoy licked by Bob Pastor at Boston; return of Alberta's punching Paul brothers with Manager Bud Davies from successful invasion of British rings; which, with other news, follows in more detailed fashion.

Vianney Gauthier, rugged and aggressive little Montrealer, captured the Canadian flyweight title when he earned a clean-cut twelve-round decision over Aurelien Lamoth in the headliner of a show at Quebec dominated by Montrealers. Orville Drouillard, Windsor's bulldog lightweight star, outslugged Johnny Becca, Detroit, in a thrilling ten-rounder, and Dave Castilloux, Montreal's newly-crowned Canadian featherweight champ, kayoed Eddie Scott, Detroit, in seven heats of a scheduled ten-rounder. Al Shank, in his fifth start since arriving in Montreal from Alberta, punched out his fourth knockout when he flattened Johnny Delaney, Buffalo middleweight, in five stanzas, while Jackie Dubois, Quebec welter, did likewise to Nick Martin, Halifax. It was a grand card staged by Promoter Ernest Lantier of the Champlain Athletic Club, the mainstay of both amateur and pro boxing in the Ancient Capital.

Oliver Shank, Montreal's heavyweight from Alberta, stunned Sherbrooke fans with his smashing knockout of Babe Beattie in one minute of the first round in the feature of Promoter Albert Kouri's all-star card. Shank did the job in spectacular fashion.

Babe McLeod retained his unbeaten record in more than a year's pro ring wars by turning in the classiest performance of his career to date in decisively whipping Rene Loubier in an eight-rounder. McLeod took seven of the eight rounds, outsmarting and outhitting the heavy punching Loubier all the way. Al Shank, Oliver's promising brother, continued his cleanup of the middleweights with a two-round knockout over Jean Lavigne.

Challenges for the Canadian titles in their divisions were filed with the Canadian Boxing Federation and Montreal Athletic Commission by the Shank brothers and McLeod. Oliver Shank is aiming at the heavyweight crown worn by dusky Tiger Warrington, who was nominated by the Federation for the then vacant title last year. Warrington has yet to defend his title since and his six months' time limit has expired long ago, therefore Shank can hardly be denied his crack at the title. Al Shank is after Ray McIntyre, flashy ex-Montrealer amateur who now lives in the Maritimes, and is eager to further prove his worth by battling it out with Len Wadsworth, Hamilton's heavy-hitting former titlist. McLeod is willing to meet Drouillard for the right to meet Maxie Berger.

Boxing in Montreal suffered a setback, eliminating prospects of any action in June, when Promoters Raoul Godbout and Jules Racicot tangled for dates. July action was also threatened when they applied for July 5th and 6th, respectively, but Godbout sportingly decided to run his next Forum show on July 26th and Racicot was granted July 7th for his outdoor ring opener, or July 11th in case of inclement weather. A late start and a slow, uncertain season.

Al McCoy's handlers made a mistake in having McCoy tackle Bob Pastor at Boston before he had a few tune-ups under his belt. Though McCoy was off in his timing, rusty from a layoff of six months, he made an interesting battle of it though the issue was never in doubt. Pastor floored him two or three times early in the battle but lacked the punch to put him away. McCoy had figured on a tune-up with Hans Haverlick in Montreal but the show was cancelled.

STRAY SHOTS—Bud Davies and his Paul brothers, Danny and Packy, stopped over in Montreal for a while on their return from England . . . . the punching Pauls did well in their campaign and may return for another busy time of it in the fall . . . . they are a likeable trio and we wish them well in future endeavors . . . . Tiger Warrington has returned from B. W. I. . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa welter, and Joey Lemieux, New Brunswick 140-pounder, are on their way to Australia for a campaign . . . . it may be that the eccentric pair will find their niche in Kangaroo Land . . . . Ray Arcel came along with Al McCoy, also the latter's attractive wife . . . . Babe McLeod would like to tangle with Bobby McIntyre, our Michigan colleague as RING correspondent, after hearing of Bobby's smart win over Paul Doucet (Kid Lulu) in Toronto . . . . Bobby is writer Mickey McIntyre, too.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

THE important fight of the month hereabouts attracted 4,000 boxing followers into the New Haven Arena, which was between George Fitch and Steve Carr.

Fitch got away to a good start, outboxing Carr and using a left jab to Carr's face. Carr kept boring in, sending punches to Fitch's body and head to win the nod.

The slated eight-round semi-final match between Ken Perry and Wally Banla was a great fight while it lasted. In the sixth round the referee intervened as Perry appeared to be in a bad way, awarding Banla the triumph on a technical knockout.

Due to a cut over the right eye, Paulie Warren, middleweight, was not permitted to carry on his combat with Frankie Young, New Haven boy, when the referee waved him to his corner in the second heat. In the opening contest, Gene Gregory and George Pepe staged a lively boxing exhibition for four rounds with Gregory taking the duke. In an uninteresting bout, Danny Buckley from Holyoke took a decision in six rounds over Billy Campanelli.

Johnny Bellus, world's No. 8 ranking lightweight in THE RING made a punching bag of Snag Trowbridge, battering his adversary about the ring to win a one-sided point triumph in the star attraction of eight rounds at the New Haven Arena. Twice Trowbridge hit the floor for counts of nine.

The semi-final between Roy Kelly of Boston and Larry Lovett from West Palm Beach was slow and the referee warned the fighters to mix it up. Kelly was given the decision.

It looked like an early finish for Sal Canata as Frankie Young pounded Canata's stomach that had him hanging on. But Canata recovered well as the fight progressed and came back to gain an even decision in their six-rounder.

A quick kayo triumph was scored by Irish Tommy Logan over Joe Triano in the first round after Triano having suffered two knockdowns in his brief stay.

Booing greeted the referee's draw verdict in the six-round contest between Julie Kogan, New Haven, and Joey Green, Washingtonian mitt slinger.

Fisticuff Topics—The extraordinary grand jury investigation of the municipal affairs in Waterbury accused Senator Joseph H. Lawlor, State Athletic Commissioner from Waterbury, of taking a bribe—a large number of stocks in the Electric Steam Sterilizing Co.—for legislative help, has resigned as State Athletic Commissioner, which Governor Wilbur L. Cross had asked him to do.

An effort is being made to pit Louis Kid Cocoa against Irish Eddie Dolan, the Waterbury welterweight, who is going places.

Gov. Cross has installed Frank S. Coskey of West Hartford to succeed Lawlor as the new State Athletic Commissioner. His first duty was performed in appointing Basil P. Fitzpatrick as his new Deputy Commissioner.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

BOBBY LITTLE, Holyoke bomber, made short work of Johnny Deciantis of Providence, R. I., by stopping him by a knockout in the first round of a scheduled six-round main bout.

Doug Murchie of North Adams stopped Battling Buck of Longmeadow in the third round of a six-round semi-final.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow won a decision from Pete Herman of Boston in four rounds; Eddie Goodman of North Adams lost a four-round decision to Ritchie Gibbons of Springfield; Johnny Baranowski of Dalton K.O.'ed Boots Brewster of Springfield in two rounds; Tommy Burns of Springfield won over Al Orman of Holyoke; Teddy Bogask of Holyoke won over Jimmy Stathis; Jackie Dupont won over Tommy Grady.

Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke lost a decision to Leroy Flowers of Georgia in a six-round main bout. Billy Campanelli of Worcester K.O.'ed Frankie Dais of New Bedford in the first round; Ritchie Gibbons of Springfield won over Sammy Athis of Springfield in a four-rounder.

Joey Washnis of Agawam won over Petey Burke of Chelsea in a four-rounder; Al Frieda of Holyoke defeated Al Castonquay of Holyoke in three; Teddy Bogash of Holyoke whipped Clarence Yates of New Bedford in three; Al Wallach of Holyoke k.o.'d Bobby Rancom of New Bedford in three; Domingo Montario technically k.o.'d Henry Barnes of New Bedford in the second round.

Danny Buckley of Holyoke surprised his followers when he fought a draw with K.O. Morgan in Thompsonville, Conn. Buckley and Morgan are welters.

The writer furnished a card of boxers and wrestlers for the Tri-Centennial in Chicopee on July 4.

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

EDDIE BOOKER, a mahogany-colored welterweight fighting out of San Jose, went to town in no small manner during the month past and as this is written, the ex-simon-pure whiz finds himself in line for greater things, after having scored impressive victories in three successive main events at the Dreamland Auditorium locally. While it is true that the opposition was strictly Grade B calibre, the fact remains that Booker, in swaddling clothes in regard to professional experience, showed real class. It wasn't so much the actual doing as the manner in which it was done.

Al Manfredo, the ringwise Fresno veteran; George Salvatore, a rock-jawed Portuguese cowboy from Texas, and Carlos Miranda, tough Los Angeles Mexican, comprised the trio that went down before the shifty, sharp-hitting Negro lad. Manfredo took a mean pasting for ten rounds, Salvatore was halted in the seventh, and Miranda's handlers threw in the towel in the third round.

Larruping Louie Nova, the tall, dark and handsome from Richmond, stopped Domingo Valin, rugged Haywards heavyweight in the seventh of ten scheduled rounds at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium. Nova belted Valin with every punch in the book for seven rounds and although he couldn't floor his man, it was so one-sided that a halt was called. This triumph was Nova's first start since he receipted for a discouraging boxing lesson at the capable hands of Maxie Rosenbloom in a Los Angeles ring.

Larry Derrick, nineteen-year-old 155-pounder from Sacramento, smashed out a sensational T.K.O. win over Dick Foster, a dead-game Berkeley youngster, in the eighth round of their main event meeting at the Oakland Muny Auditorium and thereby proved himself a man to be reckoned with in the middleweight division. Derrick is a fair boxer, as tough as an old shot, and can hit terrifically hard with a right hand.

Foster, who holds a previous victory over the Negro, had things well under control for seven rounds, scoring repeatedly with straight lefts and short rights to the head, meanwhile evading the lethal swipes of the Capitol City darky. But early in the eighth Derrick found the range and a thundering right-hand blow to the face spilled the Berkeleyite for a count of nine. Badly shaken up, Foster came off the deck all at sea and receipted for a two-handed battering to the head before another vicious right upset him for the second time. Dazed, bleeding badly from the mouth and nose, Dick managed somehow to beat the count again but he was in pitiful shape and referee Billy Burke intervened before the colored boy could let fly another right.

It was an important step up the ladder for Derrick and it means that Foster will have to start all over again. It wasn't so long ago that Foster was considered one of the best middleweight prospects but then a loss to Ken Overlin and now this setback by Derrick put him in the discard as top-flight timber, perhaps for good. Mr. Derrick, incidentally, will plant anyone he can hit, but definitely!

Ceferino Garcia, the bolo-punching Filipino, who is the Number One man among the welterweight contenders, knocked out Jackie Burke of Ogden, Utah, in the fourth round of a scheduled tenner at Stockton. Garcia had Burke down three times before applying the mercy wallop.

Eight California state amateur boxing championship bouts were staged before a crowd of near capacity proportions in Dreamland Auditorium and the north and the south split honors, winning four titles apiece. The 1938 champs are as follows: Flyweight, Mike Jimminez, Los Angeles; bantamweight, Sal Baca, Los Angeles; featherweight, Tony Williams, San Francisco; lightweight, Wesley Sellers, Los Angeles; welterweight, Karney Tope, San Francisco; middleweight, Tommy Garland, Los Angeles; light-heavyweight; Pat Guglielmi, San Francisco, and heavyweight, Bill Radunich, San Francisco. The best performances were turned in by Bill Radunich, who scored a thrilling third-round knockout over Vic Lindskog, George Blake's protege, and by Sellers, who showed amazing class for an amateur in defeating rugged Frank Moore, Oakland Negro.

George Latka, a graduate of the local amateur ranks, climbed out of the preliminary class in impressive fashion during the month, climaxing his rise with a great ten-round victory over Umio Gen, a Japanese whirlwind, who has tangled with the best on the Coast. Latka, who is working his way through San Jose State Teachers' College, started off by banging out a three-round T.K.O. victory over Henry Paz at San Jose, then made three successful appearances in supporting bouts at Dreamland, whipping Otis Garnett and Chief Evening Thunder in four rounds and defeating Benny Barrish in six, although he received only a draw for his efforts. Latka beat Gen in his first top spot and has possibilities of going further.

HERE 'N' THERE—In years to come, I will be remembered as the guy who picked Ross to beat Armstrong, Schmeling to stop Louis . . . . Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento Negro middleweight, defeated Charley (Killer) Coates, Akron, O., darky, in a bruising ten-rounder at Sacramento. Marshall put Coates on the floor in the seventh and by his victory broke Coates' string of knockouts at five straight . . . . Henry Woods, Yakima, Wash., colored welterweight, outpointed Carlos Miranda of Los Angeles in a ten-round headliner at Stockton . . . . Benny Barrish, Chicago lightweight, outwhacked Lester Marston, local toughie, in a sixer at National Hall . . . . Eddie Achstetter, Hippo Burns' newest welterweight find, held Al Avila, former amateur great, to a four-round even-stephen on the same program . . . . Hard-hitting Pat Guglielmi, state amateur middleweight champion, has turned to the monied side of the game and had his first start at National Hall, tackling Bob Monzo.

Little Dado, Filipino who holds the state bantamweight title, successfully defended his crown over ten rounds against Donnie Maes at Sacramento . . . . Dado's stablemate, Cunning Nene, 118 pounds, copped an eight-round duke over Bobby Wright of San Francisco in the semi-windup . . . . Ray Morales, Redwood City lightweight, trimmed Jimmy Boullard, this city, in six frames at National Hall . . . . Manuel Rondon, Redwood City, whipped Otis Garnett, Oakland darky, in four stanzas . . . . The Dale Sparr-Chief Paris middleweight set-to at Dreamland was called a draw in the sixth with Sparr suffering a cut eye inflicted when the Indian accidentally butted him . . . . Al Citrino, popular North Bean Italian featherweight, whitewashed Abie Israel of Oregon in six at National Hall . . . . Another "Hall" main bout saw Lloyd Deluchhi's win streak cut short by Les Morris, Milwaukee middleweight . . . . We'd like to see Baer tear into Joe Louis with both hands flying . . . . That's our idea of something to see! . . . . Nash Garrison, San Jose Mexican heavy, kayoed Bob Larue in five at Oakland and was awarded a disqualification win over Cleveland Frankie Simms in another Oakland bout when the Ohioan was ruled out for stalling . . . . The Ace of Spades pulled a surprise when he stiffened "Sunny Jim" McVey, Oakland light-heavyweight in-and-outer, in three rounds . . . . The Ace is a colored middleweight from Wisconsin.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

CHANUTE, KANS.: Les Showers, ace of amateur boxing promoters, is negotiating with officials of the Missouri Valley A.A.U. for the staging of the next M.V.A.A.U. meet to be held in Wichita instead of Kansas City, Mo. Winners will be sent to San Francisco instead of Chicago. This will give the boxers an opportunity to take in the big Fair. There is nothing definite on the above other than Showers is making a great effort to land this gigantic event for Kansas.

Neodesha, Kans.: Results of one-night amateur boxing show at C. C. Camp. Harvey Stover beat Tom Neal. Clarence Bartholomew beat John Mitchell. Max Pixley beat Everett Cole. Johnny Henderson knocked out Loren Harding in 2. Bill McCarthy won by T.K.O. over Floyd Everly. Ray Stover beat Fat Cawthorne. Doodle Dunham shaded Everett Ogle. Manuel Vasquez beat Bob Benson. Huey Long beat Jack Burnham.

Great Bend, Kans.: Les Showers just completed another great three-day amateur tournament and reports a highly successful show and receipts were in greater than the tournament staged at Wichita a few months ago. Showers is drawing bigger houses in Kansas every year.

Pittsburg, Kans.: Billy Atkinson and Steve Salin, amateur boxing promoters, have folded up for the summer months and will be back in the game again this fall.

Columbus, Kans.: Thomas Skahan, local promoter, will not stage any shows here until early fall. Tom has a fine stable of amateur boxers and is showing at various spots in Kansas and Missouri where boxing shows are held.

Neodesha, Kans.: Results of one-night amateur boxing show. Ira Krueger is promoter of shows for the C. C. Camp and boxers from a radius of one hundred miles are brought here to fight local C.C.C. boxers. Bouts are held twice each month and the last show had a turnout of 4000 spectators. Harvey Stover won a T.K.O. over Floyd Everly. Everett Ogle beat Doodle Dunham. Floyd Pruitt beat Bill McCarthy. Max Pixley beat Red Roberts. Gyp Bartholomew beat John Mitchell. Manuel Vasquez beat Kid Kaido. Kid McWade beat Young Bostos.

Kansas City, Mo.: Promoters are staging professional boxing shows again, and featuring Pat Kissinger, the fighting Irishman, who always gives the fans a run for their money. In the last pro show Kissinger beat Jimmy LaGrone in ten. Babe Breese knocked out Young Kid Chocolate in two. Jack Simmons beat Baby Lou Alcanter in a six-round bout. Charlie Neaves knocked out Jackie Harris in one. Spud Malone knocked out Speed Marilla in two rounds.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Jess Ackerman, lightweight champion of Iowa, dropped an eight-round decision to Lorenzo Lovings, clever Chicago Negro lightweight, at the Riverview Park boxing arena. Bud Lymer, Sioux City welterweight, fought to a fast draw with Swede Allen of Graettinger, Ia.; Jimmy Johnson, Sioux City welter, scored a T.K.O. over Johnny Cosgrove of Graettinger; Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, won a six-round decision over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia.

Des Moines, Ia.—In a slashing eight-round bout, Robert E. Lee, Price, Utah, outpointed Harold Ulmer of Milwaukee, Wis.

Waterloo, Ia.—Johnny J. Paychek of Des Moines and Ralph O'Dell of Ottumwa were named leading contenders for the Iowa Boxing Association heavyweight crown and the title was declared vacant at the annual meeting of the organization here. Arch Koop of Des Moines was elected president for the fourth straight year. It was decided that all state title matches must be for ten rounds and fighters must weigh in. No champions were named in the bantam and flyweight divisions because of lack of suitable talent. Champions and contenders named were:

Light-Heavyweights—Andy Miller, Sioux City, champion; Mike Klomp, Lime Springs, and Henry Jones, Fort Dodge, leading contenders.

Middleweights—Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, champion; Swede Allen, Graettinger, and Francis Warrington, Estherville, leading contenders.

Welterweights—Milt Aron, Dubuque, champion; Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, and Mel Rice, Sioux City, leading contenders.

Lightweights—Jess Ackerman, Des Moines, champion; Al Manriquez, Atlantic, and Bobby LaSalle, Des Moines, leading contenders.

Featherweights—Everette Rightmire, champion.

Davenport, Ia.—Eddie Dempsey of Moline, Ill., national Golden Gloves featherweight champion, was awarded the national A. A. U. title when he defeated Bill Eddy of Flint, Mich. Through his victory, Dempsey gained undisputed ownership of the national title. The total tabulation gave Dempsey 297 points to Eddy's 290.

Sioux City, Ia.—Andy Miller, light-heavyweight champion of Iowa, scored an eight-round decision over Henry Jones of Fort Dodge, his foremost challenger, at the Riverview Park Arena. Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, knocked out Charley Downs of Chicago in four rounds. Buddy McCrae, Omaha welterweight, knocked out Johnny Rock of Chicago in three rounds. Leo Bardell, Chicago welterweight, won a decision over George Ryan in six rounds. Billy Clancey, Sioux City lightweight, dropped a close one to Stanley Novak of Omaha.

Graettinger, Ia.—"Swede" Allen, Graettinger, Ia., welterweight and leading challenger, won by a decision from Francis Warrington of Estherville in eight rounds. Wild Bill Hendricks, Oskaloosa welter, shaded Santos Reyes of Centerville, in eight. Claude Pettit, Emmetsburg lightweight, shaded Johnny Cosgrove of Wesley in six; Sleepy Thompson of Emmetsburg won over Fritz Bruzotti by a kayo in three rounds; Clarence Cagler, Bancroft bantamweight, and Ken Ridemour of Curlew fought four rounds to a draw.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Russ Wasser, Minneapolis heavyweight, ran into a tough customer in Frank Reise of Wichita, Kans., in a billed ten-round bout, but managed to catch up with him in the ninth round and score a clean knockout. "Son" Flowers, former all-state football player from Waterloo, drew with Carl Deerfield of Mount Auburn in a four-round prelim.

Sioux City, Ia.—Lorenzo Lovings, clever Chicago Negro lightweight, won an eight-round decision over Ray Baker of Grand Forks N. D., at the Riverview Park Arena. Henry Jones, Fort Dodge, Ia., heavyweight, won an eight-round decision over Verne Trickle of Albert Lea, Minn.; Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, scored a T.K.O. over Joe Delaney of Tulsa, Okla.; Don Swenson, St. Paul lightweight, fought on even terms with Mel Rice in six; Danny O'Heara, St. Paul welterweight, and Eddie Wagner of Kansas City drew in four.

Omaha, Nebr.—Knocking his man down three times in the six-round bout, Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, scored a victory over Paul Hartneck, former Creighton University teammate, in a main event bout. Promoters estimated 5,000 fans turned out for the card. Paul Atlas, St. Paul heavyweight, scored a T.K.O. over Keith Weaver. Tuffy Dial, Sioux City heavyweight, won over Mike Klomp of Lime Springs, Ia., in six. Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight, and Phil McQuillan of Denver drew in four.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paychek, up and coming Des Moines heavyweight, won a ten-round decision over Charlie Belanger of Canada.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines welterweight, dropped a decision to Pat Kissinger in eight rounds at Kansas City . . . . Several fighters from St. Paul and Minneapolis have been showing their wares in Sioux City . . . . At present Lee Savoldi of St. Paul and Jack Jersey, two popular heavyweights, are making Sioux City their headquarters . . . . Everette Rightmire is back in town . . . . At Minneapolis, Minn., Frank Androff won a decision over Fred Lenhart of White Bear Lake, Minn., in ten rounds . . . . on the same card, Tuffy Dial, Sioux City heavyweight, dropped a decision over Paul Hartneck of Omaha . . . . Davey Day, ranking lightweight, spent a brief vacation in Des Moines . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show their wares out here are urged to get in touch with the writer at once . . . . Mail pictures, record, newspaper clippings regarding yourself to Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City . . . . Bob Capocy, Chicago manager, was in Sioux City with several fighters . . . . Billy Colbert of St. Paul was also in with some boys.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG, needless to say, has been the fistic toast of the town since relieving Barney Ross of his welterweight credentials. Henry the Hammer came home for a few days' rest with his family before going to the Coast. Few St. Louisans, however, conceded him much chance with Ross, which reminds one that a prophet is still not without honor save in his own country.

John Henry Lewis, according to Promoter Larry Atkins, begged off from the proposed match with Harry Thomas here. J. Henry is alleged to have sustained a heavy cold, though there is a lot of bum talk around to the effect that the whole thing was only a mirage anyway. With Junior Munsell supposedly meeting Red Bruce, the least that can be said is that it was a grand idea.

Vesuvio Pete Fabro, volatile local promoter, tried out his first little show at the Coliseum. Tarzan Leonard Bostick kayoed Johnny Miles in the main event. It required four rounds. In the semi-final, Carley Dawson and Clarence Jones drew in the best bout of the evening. Another thriller found Henry Huerta getting a shade over Wild Bill Henley. No less severe a critic than Mordie Wolfe thought the card to be the best that St. Louis has been subjected to in years and years. The winner of the headliner, Bostick, was promised a match with One Ton Tony Musto in Pete's next one.

Russell Murphy is Missouri's new boxing commissioner. Russ played quarterback at Yale in the days of such immortals as Mal Stevens, Neidlinger, Century Milstead, Memphis Bill Mallory and others. So, at last, boxing is to have a new deal that will be a square deal. In the future there will be no tying up of dates and other privileged abuses that have shamed this community in the past. Those who have played the game as it should be played, and who will continue to do so, will swear by the commissioner. The others had better duck.

JABS AND JIBES—Allen Matthews has joined the trek to Australia. His manager, George Wilsman, stopped in St. Louis long enough to pack his bag and scoop up Alton's Kid Irish, an Italian. Having missed an opportunity to say good-bye, may we say "hello" . . . . Fans from Down Under as sure to go for the colorful Matthews . . . . The Black Dempsey is one of the least appreciated and best fighters in the game today of any weight . . . . Incidentally, one of Allen's greatest admirers, Harry Trendall, himself St. Louis' No. 1 old-timer, called the turn on both Armstrong-Ross, Schmeling-Louis jousts. Harry is the only fellow around town who early predicted Armstrong's greatness and at the same time retained his confidence in Joe . . . . Wonder what prompted Sid Keener to decide that Londos had gotten old and fat . . . . Maybe Sid wants to get fat . . . . Ditto Shev . . . . Kid Bandy doesn't look so much like Simon Legree, but when he paired Charley Dawson down to eleven iron men for keeping up with the Joneses he came closer . . . . Frank Foss, an old meany, is Commissioner Murphy's able lieutenant.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ANOTHER indoor boxing season is over and locally the fight game has not developed one outstanding headliner. Lack of competition and unhealthy conditions whereby one manager has open sesame to the front office of the only active club killed all the interest the fans might have had.

No one is kidding the fans. Make no mistake about this. The boys who pay the freight know what they want and how they want it. Let keen competition arise, two or more boxing clubs start operations, new faces pop up among the fighters, managers and seconds and a little color added and the town will be talking fights and fighters again.

In other days Buffalo always had one or more boxers of international reputation. This city has produced any number of great ringmen. First and foremost was Frank Erne, one of the really marvelous lightweight champions; Jimmy Goodrich and Rocky Kansas, who also had a grip on the title; Jimmy Duffy of Lockport with his splendid left hand, was a strong contender for the lightweight and welterweight championships; Jimmy Slattery was light-heavyweight champion for a short spell and he was also an outstandingly clever boxer; Lou Scozza was one of the best of the 175-pounders. Lou should have been declared champion when he fought Jimmy Slattery. "Slats" was down and almost out in the 13th round and Scozza rightfully won 10 rounds of the 15.

Other star performers who fought around here either as native sons or adopted Buffalonians: Frankie Schoell, a topline welterweight and middleweight contender; Dick Loadman, star bantam; K. O. Brennan, one of the best middleweights of his day; Jack Oakes, Negro welter; Harry Cook, colored lightweight luminary; Benny Ross, light-heavyweight; Art Weigand, light-heavy, and many others too numerous to mention.

Before these lines appear in print Tommy Moore, the hustling Jamestown impresario, will have gotten off to a start in his open air promotions at Celeron Park, Jimtown's big amusement center. Moore is after some real matches and if he can get the right kind of an opponent for Jim Clark he'll pack 'em in.

Bert Finch has been in boxing over 30 years and has handled some of the best scrappers ever developed in these parts. Finch will be back with a good stable in the fall. He is also figuring on opening a new gym in the downtown sector.

Jack Singer, who can parse a Greek verb as quickly as you can say Jack Robinson, is managing the Buffalo Colored Aces in the Negro National League. Singer is also operating his big gym but there is little activity in gymnasiums during the warm months.

FACES ABOUT TOWN—George (Pop) Needham, the boxing judge, is an old ballplayer . . . . Used to cavort at second base for Montreal . . . . Politicians who were in office last season scratch their heads in dumbfounded amazement when the postman fails to deliver punched fight tickets from C. J. Murray . . . . The Q.A.C. matchmaker has a poor memory for ex-office holders . . . . Ben Irvine, the Silver Fox, may get a new start in pro boxing next season . . . Ben was quite a character around the game and added color to the local fistic scene . . . . Chick Johnson, well known second and manager, is employed by the City Water Department.

Good boxers who can win, especially heavyweights, middleweights and bantamweights, desiring to enter competition in Buffalo, Toronto and other nearby cities should write to Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers must be free from managerial tieups and contracts. Good two-handed bantams can make plenty of money in this area.

Bert Finch, who rates with the best handlers in the country, will always be in Rudy Stiller's corner when the German cyclone goes to bat. Finch is also gathering a fine stable of his own and will be very active again before fall.

Many former Buffalo boxers are working in the various city departments. Among them are Rocky Kansas, Charlie Pinto, Shabby Mariano, Frankie Schoell and others. Red Carr, former manager for Jimmy Slattery, is employed with the water department.

Willie K. O. Brennan looks better every time he officiates in the ring. Most of Willie's assignments are for wrestling. This column would like to see Brennan get a chance at some boxing shows.

Results of bouts on the Buffalo S. C. card of June 11 at Broadway auditorium follow:

Steve (Crusher) Casey, 232, Ireland, drew with Ed Don George, 226, North Java; bout stopped at 11:22 o'clock by State Athletic Commission curfew law after each won a fall; Casey won first in 23:31, top body lock; George won second in 10:44, body slam; no fall in last 13 minutes of wrestling.

Chief (Sunnyboy) Saunooke, 330, Charlotte, N. C., threw Dan (Red) O'Connor, 230, California, 21:39, body slam.

Hans Steinke, 242, Germany, threw Pete Managoff, 221, Chicago, 8:48; "boomerang," double leglock and shoulder stand.

Don McIntyre, 223, Kansas City, threw Bill Middlekauff, 239, Orlando, Fla., 21:12; flying tackle and body press.

George Harben, 219, Atlanta, Ga., threw Benny Ginsburg, 215, Hollywood, 16:18; body press.

Officials: Referee, Luke Carr; judges, Art Scott, Bill Meyers; timer, Frank Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS — Big Boy Brackey made the mistake of his life when he left the management of Tommy Timlin, the Gray Eagle . . . . The Eagle was intensely interested in Brackey's future and had built him up from a rank preliminary fighter to a main event performer in a remarkably short space of time . . . . Since leaving Timlin, Brackey has had plenty of ups and downs . . . . Buffalo is without a standout main bout fighter and the only one who looks as though he might get somewhere next season is Rock-'Em-Rudy Stiller from East Buffalo . . . . Stiller is under the management of Mr. Timlin and is handled in the ring by a well qualified and ring wise veteran—Bert Finch.

Buffalo is a sweet boxing center but without competition the game has stagnated . . . . And with wrestling going good on Friday nights there isn't much hope for a promoter to make any money with boxing right now . . . . Of course, the wrestling slump is sure to come and boxing again will have its day . . . . When this will happen no one can say . . . . All young fighters make the same mistake . . . . They try hard and train well until they get into the big money . . . . Then it's high-priced and powerful automobiles, plenty of night clubs and a letup in gym work . . . . Hence the dearth of good fighting material and worthy championship contenders in all classes . . . . Henry Armstrong must be a great fighter . . . . Your correspondent was greatly impressed with his smashing attacks that laid low Barney Ross but nevertheless one must pause to consider the present status of the welterweight division . . . . Does anyone think for one moment that Armstrong could have gone out of his class to fight welterweight champions like Jack Britton, Ted-Kid Lewis, Jimmy McLarnin or even strong contenders like Soldier Bartfield and Jimmy Duffy . . . . And Benny Leonard, that champion par-excellence, would have been far too good for him . . . . Homicide Henry ranks high among the featherweight champions of all time and he may be a three class champion before he quits, but Barney Ross is not a Leonard, a Britton or a Ted Lewis.

Jimmy Clark suffered a knockout at the hands of Tony Zale, Gary, Ind., middleweight, in the eighth round of their bout at Chicago. It was Clark's first knockout in six years of professional and amateur fighting. The colored lad was a great card in Buffalo but mismanagement and poor matchmaking put the skids under him.

Clark took a severe pasting from Popeye Woods in their bout here some weeks back. Before these lines appear in print it is likely Jimmy will again have faced Woods. It's a bad match for him for Popeye hits too hard.

Billy Mitchie arrived back home from England with his fighters, George Burke of St. Catherines, heavyweight, and Mike Martyk, featherweight. Billy speaks very highly of the fine sportsmanship of the British and says he was royally treated, especially by John Harding, matchmaker for the National Sporting Club of London. Burke, Mitchie declares, is going after the topnotchers among the heavies.

Eddie Pierce, South African 160-pounder, will make Buffalo his headquarters and box under Mitchie's management. The invading boxer is said to be a whale of a fighter and should find plenty of work in the Buffalo-Toronto field if he can win fights.

FISTIC MISCELLANY — Tommy Timlin, manager of Rudy Stiller, wants to match his budding young heavyweight with some one of reputation . . . . The Gray Eagle believes Stiller is the best around this part of the state and your correspondent agrees with him. . . . Stiller will not fight until late summer or early fall . . . . Rudy would like to take on Maxie Rosenbloom or Steve Dudas . . . . Marve Cicero, Niagara Falls 126-pounder, has decided to turn pro and will fight for the Q.A.C. here soon . . . . Cicero holds a decision over Jackie Donovan, but Jackie is now a fullfledged lightweight . . . . Donovan, by the way, may also quit the amateurs before next fall . . . . Prof. Billy Michael has Jackie taking things easy during the warm months.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

DESPITE threatening weather, a crowd of 6,500 paid $5,470 to see Ralph De John score an upset knockout victory over Eddie (Babe) Risko, former middleweight champion, in the seventh round of a scheduled eight-round battle at the Municipal Stadium. Heavy rain the night prior to the fight, and dark, overhanging clouds all day the day of the scrap caused many to remain away, believing the contest would be postponed. All three of Syracuse's newspaper offices were flooded with calls asking if the show would go on, and although every radio station in central New York broadcast the fact the long awaited bout would positively be held, the elements did their bit in cutting down the attendance at one of the best fights staged in this vicinity in fifteen years.

Badly beaten for two rounds, during which he suffered a cut over his left eye which further handicapped him when the optic closed entirely, De John upset the dope and walked into Risko in the third blasting with both hands. Babe was floored twice before he was completely kayoed in the seventh, all of the knockdowns being caused by Ralph's persistent body bombardment. Risko was dropped in the third with a hard right to the heart. Again in the sixth the ex-title-holder hit the deck for another nine-count, barely beating the referee's tenth stroke. During a mix-up on the ropes, exactly forty-four seconds after the round started, a barrage of left hooks combined with a vicious right to the solar-plexus sent Babe crashing to the ring floor, his head hanging half out of the ring, while the crowd roared, and Referee Lou Marks of Utica tolled him out.

Even though he was gradually being worn down by De John's battering attack, Risko never ceased trying, and as a result the fight was one-sided only in the fatal seventh when Babe was unable to withstand Ralph's heavy hammering to the mid-section. Risko slugged like a demon, but didn't have enough to keep the well conditioned, determined young North Side comer off.

De John, a marvelous, natural boxer, did not try to box Babe, but fought him, beating Risko at his own game—slugging. Trained to the proverbial pink after a two weeks' conditioning grind at Trumansburg, N. Y., seventy-two miles south of Syracuse, De John gave the most impressive performance of his colorful career, and established himself as a forthcoming threat to the middleweight championship by the manner in which he methodically cut down the one-time boss of the 160-pound crop.

Another natural match looms, one that would outdraw twenty De John-Risko scraps, a meeting between De John and Belting Bert Courage, the amateur knockout artist, who has anounced his intention of turning professional. If Courage does, a battle with De John would pull a gate of more than $10,000.

As an amateur, Courage has fought light-heavyweights and heavyweights, winning fifty-one of sixty starts by sensational knockouts. A deadly puncher with a left hook, Courage packs a wallop that has to connect only once to terminate a battle. Many think Bert hits too hard for De John.

Joe Boscarino, capable New York lightweight, making his first start in two months, won handily over Mel Glionna, Toronto boxer, in a six-round semi-final. Glionna won the early rounds, but Boscarino came back in the last three to annex a glorious triumph. Johnny Lasinski, New Haven, Conn., light-heavyweight, got off the floor in the first round, dropped Eddie Saxon, local Negro, in the second, then proceeded to give Saxon a first-class lacing in the last five heats to win over the boy many believed unbeatable here.

Eddie Alzek, a cool, crafty New York youngster, made a hit in knocking out Louis (Kid) Oswald of Watertown in the second round of a scheduled sixer. Steve Halaiko, Auburn Ghost, whose successful comeback has the fans buzzing like bees over his future, turned in a sparkling six-round decision victory over Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse Negro welterweight. The opener showed Joey Kushner, Syracuse featherweight, winning by a knockout in three rounds over Frankie Graham, brother of Bushy, the Utica dancing master.

The amateurs have been idle here for three months, and indications were as this was written that the simon-pures will return to the firing line in August minus the biggest box-office drawing card in A.A.U. fistic history upstate—Bert Courage. This colorful collegian from Hobart College will become a paid assassin, thereby increasing the popularity of the pro game in this section twice as much as it is today. His followers are legion, his fights thrillers, and all the world loves a hitter.

LEFT HOOKS—Irv Robbins, the amateur matchmaker, says one of the reasons the A.A.U. leather-tossers provide so much action is the fact they only have to fight two-minute rounds . . . . Frankie Custer, Minetto featherweight, with a long list of wins in the amateurs, is another who plans to join the pros . . . . The Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., offices are now located at 403-405 Eckel Theater Building in Syracuse . . . . Don Willets, Utica mat maestro, is getting ready for a busy fall season with the burpers . . . . Don also plans a couple of fight cards headed by the magnetic Bushy Graham for Pent Up City fans during the month . . . . Joey Brown, Syracuse's crack featherweight socker, was matched with Kayo Morgan for three dates at Toledo, but all three fell through after the Little Dempsey trained faithfully for more than a month . . . . Babe Risko was installed an eight to five favorite over Ralph De John, the bettors who laid it on the favorite losing heavily . . . . Opinion before the match was that Risko's body punches would mow Ralph down, but it was De John's thumps to the mid-sector that turned the trick . . . . Matt Jackson, Rochester *Times-Union* sports editor, accompanied by Photographer Fred Powers, saw the fight and both said it was more exciting than the Louis kayo of Schmeling . . . . Risko does not intend to quit, just because he was stiffened by De John . . . . The Babe seeks another crack at his conqueror . . . . Baby Salvy Saban whipped Bobby Pacho at New York's Dykman Oval in a ten-rounder . . . . To Joe Bosco: Get New York licenses for your fighters and I will try to place them here . . . . The De John-Risko fight, which takes up most of our space this month, received extensive publicity and was covered by thirty-two sports writers from upstate papers . . . . "Ringsider" of the Syracuse *Journal* picked Louis to flatten Schmeling in an early round . . . . He did! . . . . Bob Kenefick, Jr., aired the De John-Risko fight, giving a round-by-round description over WFBL.

ABOUT PHILADELPHIA
By HEN DE VOS

LEW TENDLER, probably the greatest of all time southpaw lightweights, is still very active within the squared circle. Lefty Lew is not only a manager and second of fighters, but also occasionally acts in the capacity of referee.

Benny Bass, former two-time world's champion, is training for a comeback. At thirty-four, Benny feels that he can still give these "kids" a lot of trouble and he will make his initial start against Tony Strazzeri at the Cambria Stadium this month. Bass, who has been a whisky salesman, probably can use some extra money, but "What price money?" In his last bout, Benny was K.O.'d by Henry Armstrong.

Matt Raymond, Tommy Loughran's protege, has a tough assignment, in your writer's opinion, when he tackles tough Frank Zamaris at the Cambria Club where Jesse Pierce, promising young colored middleweight, hooks up with Scranton's Jack Munley. Both will be 10-round bouts. Zamaris, incidentally, is a sparring partner of Two Ton Tony Galento.

Tommy Forte, local bantam star, continued his winning ways when he knocked out Reds Transparenti of Baltimore in 2 minutes, 16 seconds of the second round of a scheduled 10-round windup at Johnny Burns' Cambria Stadium. In the 10-round semi, Jackie Sheppard handed Gene Gallotto a pretty good shellacking. In other bouts, Bobby Winters K.O.'d Johnny Granger in the fifth; Bobby Masters defeated Willie O'Rourke, and in the opener, Pete Kelly bested Joe Stack.

Jim Robinson, young Philadelphia heavyweight, now managed by Sammy Goldman, scored his fourth victory in a home town ring when he defeated Nick Young in 10 rounds at the Cambria. In the other feature bout, Matt Raymond picked himself off the floor after a count of nine in the third to grab an impressive 10-round decision over Chester Palutis of Scranton.

Johnny Craven, hard hitting local lightweight, added another victory to his long list of triumphs when he knocked out Midget Wolgast, former world's champion, in the feature contest of Dick Curley's initial open air show at Norristown. The punch which finished Wolgast came in the first round and had so much steam that it fractured his forearm. It certainly looks very much as if the Conshohocken Kid will have to be reckoned with in the scramble for lightweight championship honors.

Le Roy Haynes, local colored heavyweight, who suffered a knockout at the hands of Tony Galento in his last start in this city, traveled to Paris and lost a close 10-round decision to the French champion, Andre Lenglet.

Promoter Howard Dougherty started off with a bang with his first open air show at Leiperville, Pa. Jack Dempsey, the old Manassa Mauler, appeared in the capacity of referee, and in the feature bout of the evening, Charley Massare of New York, 189, defeated Steve Martin, Camden, 200 (10). Massare was entirely too cute and experienced for Steve and easily won nine of the 10 rounds. Ellis Stewart, Leiperville, 152, won from Walter Padlo, Philadelphia, 153, in the eight-round semi-final; Mayon Padlo, Philadelphia, 148, outfought Wendel Bubp, Indiana, 149 (six); Johnny Roach, Wilmington, 148, beat Reg Aungst, Williamsport, 154 (six); and Walter Markocki, Chester, 161½, stopped Eugene Richards, Chester, 161½ (two).

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

BOXING is rapidly regaining its popularity in Texas and the Lone Star State is fast becoming a Southern Mecca for fighters, which is more proof that the boxing game is picking up in the South. Houston is steadily rising to be acclaimed Dixie's Number One fight city.

Pinkie Lou Masters of Savannah, Ga., a leading authority on fisticuffing, now has for himself a stable of fighters and is operating in and around Dallas. Don't be surprised if he turns out a world beater among them. Best of luck, Pinkie.

Happenings in Jacksonville, Florida—Making his first appearance in a local ring, Chet Gideon, 160, Houston, Texas, stopped Floyd McClendon, 162, Atlanta, in the fourth round of a scheduled tenner. The sharp-shooting Texan easily found the range to McClendon's jaw in the first round and had things his way till the end.

The semi-final between Harry Kersey, 137, and Ollie Touchton, 140, Palatka, was a humdinger. After eight hard-fought rounds, it was called a draw, both boys receiving a fine ovation from the gallery.

Leon Fourcart, 153, and Leon Greelish, 150, local boys, slugged each other for six rounds. Fourcart emerged the winner.

Bobby Lyons, a graduate of the local amateur ranks, came through with a T.K.O. in three rounds over Frankie Coleman. Both are featherweights.

At a recent meeting held at Annapolis, Md., officials of the National Collegiate Athletic Association laid plans to recommend the use of a new standard type of glove for college boxers. The weight will be twelve ounces, two more than the present one. A major factor is that the new glove will be built so as combatants will not be able to work the padding down into the wrists, which is a very good plan as it leads toward safety in college boxing.

At Dallas, Texas, Chino Alvarez, hard-punching lightweight, was outpointed in a bout with Wesley Ramey, 133, Grand Rapids, Mich. Chino scaled 129 for this fight, four pounds less than his usual fighting weight.

Ben Brown, 162, the South's leading middleweight, showed his wares before Asheville, N. C., fans and had no trouble in flattening Jack Blalock, 158, Mobile, Ala., boxer, in three rounds.

At Baltimore, Joey Greb, 141, New York, outpointed Bucky Taylor, 140, a local product, in ten cantos.

At Corpus Christie, Texas, Young Stuhley, 170, Chicago battler, stopped Eddie Boyle, 175, Cleveland, in five rounds.

Lake City, Florida, held a benefit boxing-wrestling card for the disabled United States Army veterans stationed there. This department wishes to extend thanks to Mr. Jimmy Bell, Mr. Mac McGhee and all performers for their splendid cooperation and services in devoting their time to help a worthy benefit. It was nice work, boys.

Eddie Pierce is conducting professional and amateur boxing shows in his town, Brunswick, Ga.

At Miami, Manuel Flores, 119, an importation from Mexico City, outpointed Young Buddy Hayes, 110, Miami, in the ten-round main event.

Joey Parks, 165, St. Louis, kayoed Max Kayden, also 165, of Chicago, in the second round at Houston.

At St. Augustine, Leon Fourcart, 153, Jacksonville, did the unexpected in knocking out Floyd McClendon, 160, Atlanta, in twenty-eight seconds of the first round. On the same card, Bobby Lyons and Eddie Ponce boxed to a draw. Both weighed 123.

AGAIN AT JACKSONVILLE—Promoter Al Jensen enjoyed his largest house when he staged the Jim Bowden-Chet Gideon fiasco. Bowden stopped the tall Texan in the fourth by using a series of short powerful hooks to the head and body. Both are light-heavies.

In the eight-round semi, Jimmy De Witt, 153, local kayo artist, scored a knockout in the last round over Floyd (Tough Luck) McClendon, 160, who put up a good fight till the finish.

Carl Sivers, local youngster, continued on his long winning streak adding Sonny Yates to his kayo victims. Sivers weighed 133 and Yates 129.

Bobby Lyons, 125, defeated Eddie Ponce, 123.

Bouquets and orchids to sports writers Frank Matey and Sam Butz of the Florida *Times-Union* and to Walter Lynch and Ray Charleston of the Jacksonville *Journal*. These writers have boosted boxing in Jacksonville till the game is at its highest pitch. It may be recalled that this city was at a time the boxing center of the South and is now heading towards its former goal.

To all promoters: Please mail me your notes before the first of each month. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

WISHY JONES, Houston's bid for lightweight honors, forced his entry into the upper bracket of the country's top 135-pounders with a decisive victory over the highly-touted Grand Rapids flash, Wesley Ramey. Jones had a clear margin in seven of the ten rounds, scoring repeatedly with resounding left hooks to the head with an occasional right-hand smash for good measure. Both fighters were cut up considerably and it was a gory battle toward the finish, with Ramey fighting desperately to overcome his hard-hitting opponent's lead.

Al Bernard, New York middleweight knockout artist, did something no one else has ever been able to do, knock out Charley Jerome, the very clever Memphis boy. Al also stopped Babe Austin, but was upset by southpaw Tony Bruno, who used his unorthodox style and superior experience to outpoint him.

Jimmy Webb abruptly ended the winning streak of the Chinese Clipper, Ralph Chong, by blasting Chong right out of the picture in eight heats. Webb, a stablemate of Billy Beauhuld's, is a colorful, hard-punching battler and due to give top-notchers plenty of trouble in the very near future. Manager Johnny Connelly also has another future star in the person of Eddie Lee, sensational Chinese bantamweight.

OTHER RESULTS—Billy Pereira, Texas' top featherweight, scored a seven-round knockout over Eddie Flores. Babe Austin beat Evan Ritter. Wesley Ramey trounced Chino Alvarez. Ray Serrano punched out a ten-round verdict over Don Eddy. Red Hutchins beat Kid Comite and Red Roberts, but dropped unpopular dukes to K. O. Barrado and Frankie Rao. Cowboy Marlin Owens K.O.'ed Lou Duran and beat Jack Glazier. Rudy Ayon defeated Jimmy McNeill and drew with Eddie Cerda. Young Stuhley stopped Eddie Boyle. Charlie Jerome decisioned Babe Austin. Austin K.O.'ed Jack Irwin. Matt Martinez flattened Floyd Adams and beat Sammy Debes and Jack Irwin.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas should contact the local promoter, Hugh S. Benbow. His address is: 214½ Main Street, Houston, Texas . . . . Kenny LaSalle, Texas welter champ, got over in his first start in California, defeating Young Peter Jackson. Jackson was saved by the bell in the second, according to reports . . . . Houston, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Galveston and Port Arthur drawing well and getting better all the time.

Wishy Jones took the measure of Irish Johnny Dean. Joe Tierney, a real prospect, defeated Cecil McClelland and Johnny Dundee. Jimmy Hall beat Cecil McClelland and drew with Jerry Brown. Billy Deeg beat Bobby Allan. Buffalo Barcus, promising colored heavy, K.O.'ed Young Jack Johnson and beat Leo Haynes. Snow Ross stopped George Coffey and lost to James Sheppard. Stanley won and lost with Emory Latiolas and drew with Coldon Aubert. Cowhand Henry Newmann K.O.'d Jimmy Shannon. Ray Serrano drew with Bruce Atwell. Atwell beat Ted Tellos. J. D. Turner lost via foul to George Brown. Eddie Lee drew with Stanley Adams. Billy Deeg dropped a decision to Sebastian Gonzales, but came right back to flatten Gonzales in one round . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Boxing fans of Houston and vicinity are assured of better bouts now that two clubs are in operation here with each promoter vieing for better class boys. Promoter Jimmie Wayne held his first show at his open-air arena and drew approximately 2000 paid customers, which was not bad considering the short notice for his publicity work.

The two clubs hold their shows on successive nights and each of the promoters has to put something on the ball to outdo the other.

The sensational St. Louis Blond Bomber, Joey Parks, put the blast on Florida's Jim Bowden in the third of their ten-round go after the rugged Bowden had staggered Joey in the second. It appeared that the Florida lad was not at his best and perhaps could have waged a far better battle.

In the second half of the double main event attraction, Irish Paddy McDuff, who just returned from a Miami fight with Melio Bettina, threw some mighty punches at the veteran Moose Irwin, had him down three times and finally stopped him in the fourth. Paddy seems to have picked up a few pointers from his last few fights and was taking good care of himself. These boys are heavies.

In the six-round special event, Jo-Jo Passante beat Kid Leva of Dallas, Texas. This was a whale of a scrap, Leva going through the ropes in one stanza. In one of the prelims, Carl Sivers, who is handled by Bowden's manager, Al Jensen, won a decision from Eddie Forrest of Boston. Forrest is a southpaw. Jimmy McLaughlin fought a draw with Norman Miller in another prelim.

Promoter Wayne is anxious to contact managers of good boys of all weights. He may be reached by writing—Jimmie Wayne, 1000 Waugh Drive, Houston, Texas.

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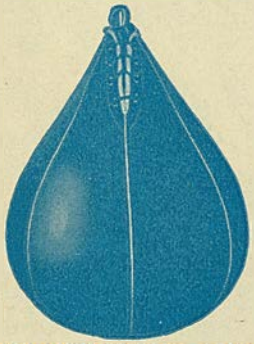

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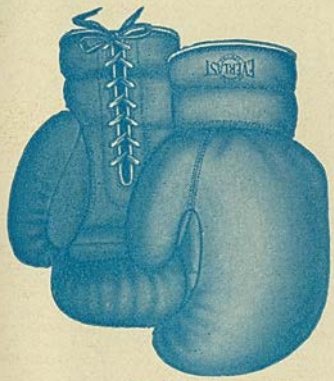

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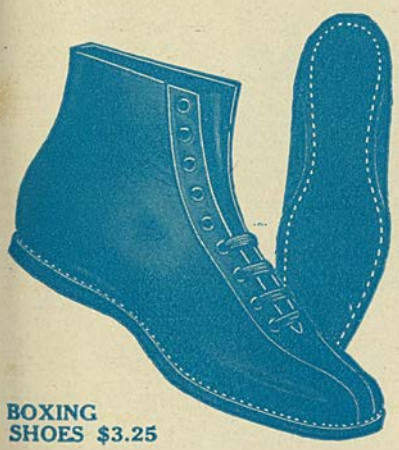

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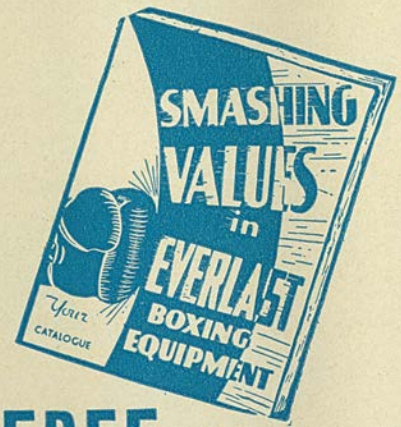

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